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Fiction and Fantasy of

GERMAN ROMANCE

FICTION AND FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE

Selections from the German Romantic Authors, 1790-1830

IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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PREFACE

THE German romantic movement was so unique, such an interesting example of well known literary tendencies carried to an extreme, that no student of nineteenth century literature in our own country should be without a knowledge of it. Whatever was most characteristic in that nineteenth century is here found in its purest form, like a germ isolated in a laboratory, and can be studied with any number of interesting results, with additional light on the work of scores of English and American writers. Unfortunately no adequate book of selections has yet appeared in English translation. The editors of the present volume have tried to meet this need. They have attempted to give extracts representing the general spirit of the German Romanticists; and, in the main, to give selections not obtainable elsewhere. In harmony with the latter purpose, they have omitted such well known and easily accessible works as Fouqué's "Undine," Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," and most of the highly valuable material given in "The German Classics" edited by Kuno Francke, all of which can be found in English versions in most of our leading libraries. For similar reasons they have omitted the work of the Schlegel brothers. Any earnest student of the movement must begin with a study of their writings, but these already exist in translation, and cannot be adequately represented by a few extracts. Novalis's "Henry of Ofterdingen," though out of print, has been found too bulky for inclusion in a book of this kind. By supplementing the scattered and incomplete list of earlier translations, the editors believe that they are giving the English reading public for the first time a reasonably comprehensive view of a great literary movement which may not have always achieved artistic perfection, but which is one of the most interesting and original of all literary movements.

The editors wish to thank two eminent German scholars, Ricarda Huch and Josef Nadler, for valuable advice in connection with this work.

F. E. Pierce,
C. F. Schreiber.

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FICTION AND FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE

THE GERMAN ROMANTICISTS AND ANGLO-SAXON ROMANTICISM

ON first impressions, the German Romantic Movement seems unique, far apart from related schools. One who knew only its more bizarre or mystically philosophical works might think it the half-crazed hermit of romantic movements, begotten, born, and buried in the isolated wilds of the Teutonic imagination. The tendency to such an opinion has been increased by various critics, especially by George Brandes, with his delightful style and partisan bias. But in reality the followers of Tieck and Schlegel were part of the international currents of their day. Something peculiarly German, something mystic and a little provincial, they unquestionably gave to all they touched; yet in a hundred ways they were related to the outside world, both by direct influences and by parallel tendencies.

This is no place to discuss all that they received from Spain or all that they gave to France. The interest of the Anglo-Saxon turns naturally to their relations with authors of his own tongue; and his first question is, What did they borrow from that literature of ours? The answer is far from simple. In one sense of the word their debt was great; but what they borrowed they moulded in their own work-shops, and changed often past recognition. During the latter part of the eighteenth century British literature influenced and dominated the literatures of Europe as it had never done before. Germany did not escape that esthetic invasion. Sentimentalism and medievalism, the love of natural landscapes, the revival of the folk-ballad, romances of ruins and elegies over grave-yards — all these English ingredients were

mixed in the seething cauldron of the *Storm and Stress Period.* The Romantic School came later, and were in less immediate touch with England; but indirectly through their *Storm and Stress* predecessors — and to some extent directly too — they drew inspiration from beyond the North Sea. Most of the *Romantiker* had read Macpherson's "Ossian" and echo somewhere his vaguely haunting rhapsodies of the past. The ballad collections of Percy and Walter Scott had helped to inspire von Arnim in his collection of folk-lore, and Uhland in writing his Swabian ballads. The ponderous blank verse sermons of Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" in crossing the ocean had suffered a sea change into the rich, strange "Hymns to the Night" of Novalis. The *Romantiker* cared little for the shrewd humanness in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," but they imitated with enthusiasm his bizarre tricks of typography. In Volume II of Brentano's "Godwi," the hero reads the previously published chapters of his life, and says, "This is the pond into which I fall on page 266 of the first volume." Hoffmann, ostensibly through the mistake of a printer, but really in imitation of Sterne's humor, alternates, with the most startlingly sudden transitions, the biographies of a musician and a tom-cat. If it had not been for the great literary impetus from England, the German Romantic School would have had a different history, perhaps a history with no interest for us.

Yet it is true that what the German *Romantiker* received from England was an impetus rather than a model. The debt was great, but the likeness slight. Their love of mystic philosophy in thought, of musical incoherence in style, were traits foreign to the modern English mind, and, in the very act of imitating, led them farther and farther from the authors imitated. Their movement was part of an international wave; but it was a portion of the wave driven far among isolated headlands, overhung by the sighing fir-trees of Eichendorff, lighted by the pale moon of Tieck, and breathed over by the mystic ghost of Boehme. Our English fathers helped to produce it; but we cannot feel at home with its creations as we do with the Italian imitations of Scott by Manzoni or the imitations of Byron by the Slavic poets.

When the critic, reversing his course, traces German influences in England, he is forced to consider dates and periods. From 1800 to 1815 such influences were slight. Napoleon, fighting for empire and life, was doing all in his power to stop intercourse between Great Britain and the continent, and British authors in patriotic reaction were turning eagerly to themes and models at home. During these years Coleridge was almost alone in standing for German romantic influence. Before 1800 he had thought of writing a life of Boehme, and studied Kant in the original under a German roof. Several years afterward he pilfered from A. W. Schlegel — without the slightest acknowledgment — materials for his famous lectures on Shakespeare; and later he was the friend of Tieck. His borrowings in prose are definite and traceable; those in verse are intangible but easily felt, the qualities which made a contemporary call him, " Mr. Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge." Passages of Teutonic or Neoplatonic mysticism occur in Wordsworth, in his "Ode on Immortality," and those other poems which made the public consider him " too German," — but they are few in number, and may have been inspired by Coleridge. At least they stop after he and Wordsworth drifted finally apart.

With the fall of Napoleon's empire internationalism broke loose in literature. Shortly before the catastrophe of Waterloo, Madame de Stael, that restless " whirlwind in petticoats," published her famous book on Germany, which was issued in both French and English versions, spreading through two nations at once its propaganda for German poetry and thought. A few months later it was followed by an English translation of Schlegel's lectures, read and reviewed by Hazlitt, who was in intellectual contact with most of the poets of the day. A few months more, and Byron in Switzerland was visiting Madame de Stael, met her friend Schlegel, and for the only time in his life, like a German romanticist, devoted his poetry to " the feeling infinite." Peacock felt in Keats' " Endymion " a likeness to " the German chaser of shadows "; and, in a way, both " Endymion " and Shelley's " Alastor " are Anglicized versions of the quest for the Blue Flower. In them, as in Novalis's " Heinrich," the hero,

through labyrinths of incoherent melody, pursues his vision of art's perfection and woman's love. All three works open with a dream of a beautiful female face.

With the third decade of the century, German romanticism invaded English magazines. Blackwood's, especially, printed stories turning on supernatural omens and fantastic *Doppelgängerei*, stories distinctly reminiscent of Brentano and Hoffmann. In 1824 the publishing house of Blackwood's issued a translation of Hoffmann's "Devil's Elixir," which was reviewed in the magazine at length and with numerous quotations. Minor authors also fell under the spell. In the early work of Bulwer-Lytton one wanders with the elves of Tieck by the haunted castles of the Rhine. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans, widely popular and sweetly superficial, was charged with Teutonic romance. Around 1825 Croker, the Irish antiquary, was doing for the folk-lore of Ireland what the Grimms had done for that of Germany, and was in friendly correspondence with the Grimm brothers while doing so.

Then came Thomas Carlyle. In some ways it was in him that the influence of the German Romantic School reached its climax. Other English authors borrowed from the *Romantiker* mere tricks of the trade, mere clever devices for enthralling an audience; Carlyle reached out toward the essential, toward what was inmost in their philosophy of life. His early translations from Tieck and Hoffmann were but stepping-stones to that later enthusiasm for Fichte, Schelling, and Novalis wherein the real significance of his relationship appears. The German attitude, for example, crops out strongly in his well known "Heroes and Hero-worship." He endorses the statement of Novalis that we touch Heaven when we lay our hands on a human body, finds poetic grandeur in Fichte's conception of the world as "the realized thought of God," and in his definition of poetry as "musical thought" embodies a conception going back to Wackenroder.

After the middle of the nineteenth century came a change. A certain kind of public interest in German literature increased, as was evidenced by the rapid multiplication of translations. Yet at the same time the influence of the *Romantiker* on creative writ-

ing died out, and was replaced by foreign influences from France and Italy. Matthew Arnold declared that Carlyle had laid too much emphasis on Tieck, Richter, and their fellows; that they had lost themselves in the night of the Middle Ages, and that English literature needed other models. Such debt to Novalis as is found in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," [1] is overshadowed by the far greater debt to Italian pessimism and poetry. Stevenson uses *Doppelgängerei* with masterly effect, both in "Dr. Jekyll" and "Markheim"; but he is borrowing tools from the German masters rather than taking over their tradition or spirit.

The general impression that one gets from a study of English Nineteenth Century literature is that the British temperament and the *Romantiker's* mood are hopelessly irreconcilable. In a way the influence of the latter was great. Yet it floated over English poetry and fiction, coloring them but not mingling with them, like a sheet of oil on water. Every great British author who borrowed much from that influence was unpopular in his day; every one of them would still be unpopular, were it not for the artificial stimulus given to his vogue by lecture platforms and college classrooms. Yet, small as was its hold on the popular taste, the breath of German romanticism kindled great thoughts in great minds, thoughts that no student of English literature can ignore.

One would naturally expect the history of literature in America to be much like that of the mother country. In sequence of events it was. In the United States, as in Great Britain, there was very little German influence during the Napoleonic wars, and a marked increase in it after their close. Here, as in England, the greatest influence on creative geniuses was found between 1815 and 1850. Here, as in England, that died out, to be replaced later by a steadily increasing number of translations for popular consumption.

On the whole, however, the Americans were more in sympathy with the German romantic spirit than their English cousins.

[1] In Thomson's pen name "Bysshe Vanolis," the first part is the middle name of Shelley, the second part an anagram of "Novalis."

Perhaps a mood generated among the pine-woods of Germany found itself more at home in the forest primeval of the New World than among the trim lawns and neat meadows of England. Perhaps also the fact that Germany at that time was esthetically a new country, emerging from the dark shadows of internal discord and the Thirty Years' War, made its thoughts akin to the new culture of America. A discussion of the *Romantiker's* influence on our own writers involves works so popular that they are household words.

The two foremost exponents of German romanticism were Longfellow and Poe. Longfellow travelled widely in continental Europe, and was the friend of continental authors. Both by direct contact and natural affinity he became heir to the spirit and style of the Teuton romanticist. Not only was his first volume, " Voices of the Night," written to the goddess of Novalis's Hymns, but it also paraphrases Brentano, " There is a Reaper, whose name is Death," [2] invests the city of Prague with an army of spectres, and quotes ancient sages " by the castled Rhine." His prose romance " Hyperion " has translations from Uhland, fantastic descriptions of Hoffmann, and fades away sadly to the sighing of Eichendorff's pine-trees. His " Golden Legend " is of the same family as Tieck's drama about Saint Genevieve,

> " Tales that have the rime of age,
> And chronicles of eld."

As a canny Harvard professor, Longfellow had no great sympathy with mysticism and horror; but the other traits of the *Romantische Schule,* their sentimentalism, their medievalism, their moons and ivy-covered towers, their love of varied experiments in metre — all these he has.

Poe's debt is found chiefly in his prose tales. Many of these show a startling likeness to similar stories by Hoffmann, while others contain quotations from Novalis, or definite mention by name of half a dozen kindred *Romantiker.*[3] *Doppelgängeri* is used with terrible skill. In " William Wilson " it produces an

[2] " Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Todt." — Brentano.

[3] Novalis, Tieck, Fouqué, Uhland, Schlegel, Fichte, Schelling.

effect similar to that of Chamisso's poem " Erscheinung." In " Ligeia " the dead first wife lives again in the second one, as Novalis fancied that his dead sweetheart relived in his new betrothed. In " Morella " the heroine was led by " the wild Pantheism of Fichte " and " the doctrines of *identity*, as urged by Schelling " to foresee that strange identity in dualism that was to be her lot. Unlike Longfellow, Poe was drawn to his German models, not by their sentimentalism, but partly by their *à priori* reasoning, in harmony with his own, and partly by their mastery of atmosphere in narrative.

The most direct effect of the *Romantiker's* philosophy, however, was found among those New England mystics and minor poets known as the Transcendentalists. How much of their thought was derived from Fichte, how much from the Puritan mystics among their ancestors, we dare not say, for the two streams of influence had likenesses and blended imperceptibly. But unquestionably the borrowing from Germany was considerable. Emerson tells us that the name " Transcendentalist " was derived from Kant's use of the adjective " transcendental." Emerson himself, who outgrew the Transcendentalists, yet was of them, talks at times like a disciple of Fichte: " All that you call the world is the shadow of that substance which you are, the perpetual creation of the powers of thought, of those that are dependent and of those that are independent of your will. . . . I — this thought which is called I — is the mould into which the world is poured like melted wax." One of the founders of the Transcendental School was F. H. Hedge, a man steeped in German literature and still remembered as among its ablest translators. Margaret Fuller (Ossoli), later called " the priestess of Transcendentalism," had read Uhland, Tieck, Novalis, and Richter before she was twenty-five.

The relation of Hawthorne to the German romanticists is more hard to judge. Unlike Poe, he hardly mentions them by name, and does not seem conscious of being in their debt. Yet with the Transcendentalists at his side, with the writings of Poe and Longfellow before him, he could hardly have escaped the general influence. His " Blithedale Romance " is a disguised record of the

Brook Farm experiment, introducing under a mask of fiction several of the Transcendentalists who were familiar with the German *Romantiker*. Poe found in his work affinities with " the German Tieck, whose manner, in *some* of his works, is absolutely identical with that *habitual* to Hawthorne." Like Arnim, Brentano, Hoffmann and Werner, the author of " The Marble Faun," and " The House of the Seven Gables " loved to dwell on the theme of the ancestral curse. Whether he borrowed much or little from the Germans, his likenesses to them are unquestionable.

One might expect that the wave of German immigration in the mid-nineteenth century would have brought a flood of Teutonic mysticism with it. The opposite was the case. These immigrants came from a Fatherland in which their poet Freiligrath, years before, had declared: " Romanticism is dead." They came to an adopted country full of the crude romance found by Bret Harte, but one in which even Fichte could hardly have interpreted six-shooters and squatter sovereignty as manifestations of his own *ego*. Since the Civil War the works of the *Romantische Schule* have been translated and studied, but not imitated. One of the few exceptions to this rule is Henry Van Dyke's " Blue Flower," published in 1902, containing a paraphrase from Novalis and stories written in conscious imitation of his " Heinrich "; but the exception proves the rule. The Yankee seems to find these writings interesting precisely because they are so unlike any life which he sees or wishes to see, bringing to the contemporaries of Schwab and Edison the charm of quaint customs in foreign lands or quaint heirlooms from forgotten ages. Yet the ghosts of the dead authors can hardly be offended by such an attitude on the part of their readers; that attitude is itself the essence of romanticism.

So far, we have spoken only of influences proved or probable. There is another relationship which makes these German dreamers of interest to us. In them there recur moods and superstitions found in our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, attitudes toward life that our fathers had but which we have discarded. Sometimes these crop up spontaneously because romantic minds run in the same chan-

nels; sometimes they represent common gleanings from the ancient folk-literature of Europe; but in neither case have Englishman and German directly influenced each other. The chance likenesses which we stumble on are comments on the history of human thought. They suggest that, as our great-grandfathers had affinities with Novalis, so our great-grandsons may have too, and wonder why we had not.

The reader of this volume, turning to Arnim's "Isabella of Egypt," finds the wild superstitions there in relation to mandrakes distinctly foreign. Yet these very details that Arnim gives had been mentioned in the seventeenth century by a great English writer, Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors." [4] It is the superstitious world of Shakespeare's and Milton's unlearned contemporaries that Arnim is reviving without knowing it.

Brandes quoted from Novalis's "Hymns to the Night" an example of what he considers beautiful, morbid, and characteristic of the German romanticist: "I turn to thee, holy, ineffable, mysterious Night! Far off lies the world, as if it had sunk into a deep grave, deserted and lonely is its place. . . . Costly balsam drips from thy hand, from thy poppy-sheaf. Thou unfoldest the heavy wings of the soul. . . . How poor, how childish seems the day, how joyful and blessed its departing! . . . Praised be the Queen of the earth, the august revealer of holy worlds, the guardian of blessed love! She sends me thee, my beloved, sweet sun of the night. Now I wake, for I am thine and mine. Thou hast proclaimed to me the life-giving gospel of Night, hast made of me a human being. Consume my body with the glowing flame of the spirit, that I may mingle yet more ethereally, yet more closely with thee, and the bridal-night be eternal." Novalis borrowed from Young, and Longfellow borrowed from him; but the closest likeness to his mood is found in an English mystic poet of whom he probably had never heard, Henry Vaughan, the contemporary of Milton. In his poem, "The Night," Vaughan voices a mood less erotic, perhaps, yet strikingly similar, strange to millions of people, yet ancient as humanity:

[4] Book II Chapter VI.

"Dear Night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress, and His prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking-time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here. . . .

There is in God — some say —
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!"

The charge which Kaetchen's father makes against Count von Strahl, — that of seducing a young girl by love philtres, — is exactly the charge which the father of Shakespeare's Desdemona makes against Othello. Even the *Doppelgängerei* of Hoffmann and Tieck is an elaborate development of a thesis laid down by George Herbert, another seventeenth century poet:

"Oh, what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour." [5]

[5] Giddiness.

There is more in the psychology of our ancient race than is dreamt of by most modern Horatios; and the reader of the German romanticists, like some of their own heroines, when he thinks that he is lost in strange lands finds that he is coming back to his own door.

F. E. P.

THE GERMAN AND HIS ROMANTICISM

" Und jeder Busen ist, der fühlt, ein Räthsel."
Heinrich von Kleist.

A VOLUME of selected translations from German Romanticism represents in itself a characteristically German endeavor. It strives to give one more worthy example of that art in which Germans have proved themselves past masters since the last decades of the eighteenth century. By virtue of their ingrained historical sense, their passion for all things exotic, and their intense longing to project themselves into the moving forces of foreign civilizations, both ancient and modern, the Germans have become a race of translators, and have made their country the clearing-house for the spiritual products of the entire world. It is the special honor of the German Romanticists, that they were the instigators and consummate artists of that great wave of translation, which has made the masterpieces of literature the common property of mankind. Gifted with an uncanny critical capacity and filled with the Pentecostal blessing, the Romantic mind laid hold on the great foreign creations, struggled to grasp their meaning, and made them accessible to its countrymen.

Shakespeare, Dante, Tasso, Cervantes, Calderon, Molière and Voltaire, as well as the poetry of the Hindus and the Persians, were in rapid succession put into German. One of the most active and accomplished artists in this field was August Wilhelm Schlegel. Conscious of his powers he went to the length of emphasizing his life's endeavor in a sonnet:

" So early learned in ways of many a land,
Of many a foreign city, foreign tongue,
Blending, as on one chain of wisdom strung,
What ancient times and modern wrought and planned,

Forever rhyming, if he walk or stand,
Wake, sleep or travel, or at home among
His household gods; of wisdom old and young
The conqueror, model, — sonneteer's skilled hand;

The first who ventured here on German ground
To wrest from Shakespeare, Dante, inspiration,
For rules of art creator, model too:

How through the future's mouth his name will sound,
I know not; but this present generation
That man as August Wilhelm Schlegel knew." [1]

Whatever interpretation one may choose to put on the term Romanticism, or as Professor Lovejoy insists, on Romanticisms, the conclusion that a generous part of the inspiration with which the German movement was leavened came from Romance literature is inescapable. And as Luther translated the Bible so that the just might know the faith in order to live by it, so did the German Romanticists strive to give the literature of the nineteenth century a romantic turn by making accessible the finest creations of the master minds of the Italian, Spanish and French past. Theirs was not a haphazard and foolhardy invasion of foreign literatures; on the contrary, the Schlegels, who were looked upon as the literary popes of the time, made very definite pronouncements anent the fine art of translation. These critical commandments were printed in the *Athenäum*, the proselyting organ of the early German Romanticists. In this magazine Friederich Schlegel set up definite theories for the guidance of his fellow translators.

He draws a sharp line of demarcation between unembellished, scholarly translation and an idealistic circumlocution; between a strictly grammatical and a " mystical " translation, and ends his categories by showing a distinct preference for the free inspirational translation, whereby the translator becomes " the poet of the poet."

With a superior degree of reverence, but with no show of dismay, the Romantic translators venture to clothe Shakespeare and Dante in German dress. " These Titans, they clearly feel, so far

[1] Translated by F. E. Pierce.

transcend the language and the time in which they wrote, that like giants they are untrammelled by their native idiom. Mere language proves insufficient to express the full meaning of these poets' thoughts, so that one may venture a transference to another culture tongue, but only a Samson can perform this taxing feat. They will always be transplanted oaks, that were shorn of their lesser roots to be planted in the new soil." The objectivity of Dante and Shakespeare enticed to translation and assured the skilled artist a rich measure of success.

If we turn from translation to original work, the typically Romantic creation presents a peculiarly difficult problem, for this work of art does not solely denote, but its every denotation has in addition a varicolored connotation. The form of presentation itself in the romantic is bodied forth as a work of art — this form above all must be translated. But these intrepid explorers make still more drastic demands on themselves. Characteristic is a discussion regarding the translation of Tasso. How shall the translator reproduce the religious fervor, the seriousness, the burning ardor of the great Italian unless he himself in large measure possess these characteristics of the poet? And if he be body and soul a Protestant, he must first translate himself into Catholicism, and then conjuring up a full measure of historical sense, he must translate himself into the temperament and language of Tasso. He must do a prodigious amount of translating before he may address himself to the translation of the works; for every Romantic poet saturates his creations with his own life-blood.

Yes, they assert, " Romanticism is *per se* a translation."

The meticulous pains which the German Romanticists gave themselves in approaching the literary creations of other countries would plead for a not less careful appraisal of their own literary aims and aspirations. The German has proved an enigma to all other peoples from the time, when in youthful exuberance, he burst in upon the mighty Roman Empire. An understanding of the Romantic Movement in Germany is tantamount to a clear comprehension of the German people themselves; for it has often been stated — and there is much wisdom in the assertion — that Romanticism, as we know it, is most characteristically German.

It would be well then to begin at once translating ourselves into the German and his civilization, so that our judgment of this movement may be tempered by a just and discriminating forbearance.

It is no part of a brief introduction to a volume of translations to present a history of the German Romantic movement. Such an attempt would only prove sketchy and confusing. The needs of the general reader who would plumb the depths have been amply cared for in such able presentations as those of Mr. Porterfield and Mr. Wernaer. Let us rather in these few pages try to project ourselves, if that be possible, into the German soul to the end that we may show that Romanticism is its hyperbole.

In comparison with other peoples, the German soul is characteristically lacking in unity. It is not enough to say that it is cleft in twain. The psychic life of the German is actually shivered into many and varied particles. Nietzsche felt this most clearly when he said: " The German soul is first and foremost of a manifold, divergent origin. It is rather more a composite stratification than an organic unity. Its ancestry is in no small part responsible for this condition. A German who should make bold to assert, ' Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,' would do serious violence to truth, or better said, he would remain in truth's debt by many souls. As a people springing out of an almost unbelievable crossing of different races, perchance embodying a preponderance of pre-Arian elements — a so-called ' Middle-race ' in every sense of the word, the Germans themselves feel that they are less easy of comprehension, more inclusive, richer in contradiction, less understood, more incalculable, affording greater surprise, yes, are even more alarming, than any other people." Whether Nietzsche's reasons for the " shivered " German soul will stand the test, matters but little; the fact remains that the German soul throughout history has given the impression of a being at variance with itself, living in an atmosphere of fantastic extravagance, prone to whims, confused and bare of logic. Only turn the pages of German history; it is a record rich in inexhaustible energy, unfortunately too often misspent. Thus it has been from the beginning of " The Long Journey " to the days following August 1914. What rivers of blood flowed to maintain that fantastic

anomaly the *imperium Romanum;* how close to annihilation were the German people brought by their protest against the church universal; — and what did the unprecedented development since 1870 profit this nation of dreamers? Where is the people whose history is so replete with miraculous flood-tides of idealism that are dashed into spray on the reefs of reality!

Centuries of such experience would have driven a race less buoyant into the arms of fatalism; but on wings of fantasy and song the German mind has perpetually hovered above its national misfortunes. One great comfort they have evolved for themselves, ephemeral though it may seem to the non-German; it is the unshaken belief: "Der Deutsche ist nicht, er wird, er entwickelt sich." [2] And the greatest exponent of this faith was the greatest of all Germans — Goethe. What the Divine Purpose is, who can tell, but the fate of two historic races appears to be quite definitely fixed: the Jew seems to be destined to remain expatriated and the German to be eternally recuperating without ever attaining to a state of perfect health.

Here Goethe ventures a word of wisdom which opens a vista upon the soul-life of his countrymen: "Sentimentality,[3] especially a finely attuned susceptibility, is a condition in many respects akin to that of convalescence. The tender heart is now susceptible to every new impression. It is the very essence of health that nothing unduly affects us, that we are indifferent to so many things — in a word that we can the better endure a buffeting. The sentimentality of lament more nearly equals a neurasthenic condition in which everything affects us, we feel out of sorts and are fretful." But the German is not sentimental in this Goethean sense by choice; he is sensitive by nature, and his endeavor throughout the ages has been to bring harmony into his life and to combat an innate discontentment with his surroundings. The pages of German literature abound in stirring outbursts against the wretched existence of an overwrought, impressionable soul. Nothing is more typically German than the impassioned

[2] German character is not fixed, it is evolving.

[3] To place this word on the same high plane in English as in German the reader should lay the emphasis on the meaning: susceptibility.

feeling in which the ego revolts against inherited depression. It is most characteristic of the German to give vent to his inward discontent, and, like Faust, to wrestle with the fate which oppresses him. The humor which smiles forth under tears — that, too, is a reaction against this condition. To seek a respite from this unending struggle, the German is inclined to flee the visible world and to construct for himself a realm in which harsh reality is but a name. From this lonely vantage point outside society he begins a fantastic playing off of unreality against reality. And thus like a fixed revolving sphere this soul struggle swings round, now into the clear light of comprehensibility, now to be dimmed in the warm mental fog of vaporish fancy. He appears in his own mind's eye like an irresolute, helpless creator, who knows not how he shall construct the world, because it already exists. Faust is the incarnation of the German in the province of the spirit. Faust, who at first thought translates, " In the beginning was the word " (logos), and then boldly recants, " In the beginning was the deed "; — he typifies the German mind which has such a passion for deeds, yet finds consummation of the deed so difficult, because his goal is the unattainable, the impossible.

Here a group of characteristically German concepts come crowding around us: Sehnsucht, Heimweh, Fernweh, Wanderlust, Schwärmerei — all sired by the same impulse. Longing, sheer longing is the essence of the German soul; how otherwise could such absolute contrasts as Fernweh and Heimweh be reconciled? — the intense longing to go forth into the world and the gripping homesickness to be back on native soil! In this respect nothing is more significant of the German than his intense urge to roam. It drove the German mercenary into foreign service; the knights of the Crusades to the Orient; the travelling scholars from one university to another, and the journeyman on his far travels. " O! man is the strand on which all the waves of life come surging up. He stands eternally on the shore and longs to be there whence the breezes blow. His thoughts freighted with plans of conflict and eager for gain, sail like ships into the far-off blue. What remains at home in his heart stands hoping and sorrowing. Shall he plunge into the flood or will the waves come vengefully

searching for that which was carried to them from the strand on the wings of the wind."

This longing for the unattainable, the boundless, the infinite, transcends the province of literature and philosophy. All the arts are impregnated with this intangible urging. In architecture the German masters reveal a chief passion for the soaring towers — a typical expression of the unrestrained yearning toward the illimitable. The paintings are indicative of a strange unique preference for themes about events that have never happened anywhere. The artist takes his subject matter from the unreality of the dream-world, from fables, from mythology, the Apocalypse. He surrounds his finest works of art with a haze of mysticism.

Music, however, is the one rallying point on which all the divergent aspirations of the German soul converge. One cannot go far amiss in characterizing German feeling as musical. Music is the medium through which German emotions are best expressed and by which the German has best expressed them. Luther extols music as a beautiful, glorious gift of God and a near relative to theology. Goethe perfected the lines of his " Iphigenie " to the strains of music; Kleist's dramatic themes hovered about him in polyphonic melody; E. T. A. Hoffmann made music his chief occupation during the first thirty years of his life. The music of the German aspires to the indefinite, infinite, absolute. Under its magic influence, feeling with all its mystical content permeates him to the finger tips and holds the universe to its course. In sweet and mellow tones the German can pour forth his burden of sadness and longing. Music is in many respects the most romantic of the arts, whose kingdom is not of this world, and only on wings of fantasy can it be attained. Music penetrates realms in which non-Germans fail to feel its force. Only a German was capable of coining the phrase that architecture is " congealed music." Often, however, it has been pointed out that the cathedrals of the Middle Ages conjure up a soul reaction similar to that produced by the Passions of Bach and Beethoven's Symphonies.

It will not seem unusual then to find that the German lyric is more closely allied to music than the lyrics of other nations. By

common accord the Germans have been acclaimed a nation of singers. Their greatest poet is a lyrist; he waxes lyrical even in his dramas and novels. This tendency also predominates in the works of the lesser authors. The most direct reflection of German individualism is found in the lyric. Little wonder then that Goethe calls his creations all fragments of a great confession. It is no mere accident that in the German lyric the antithesis between individual and world is so forcefully emphasized. Goethe's outcry: "Blessed is he who can close himself against the world without hatred," might well be set as a motto for at least half of the German lyrists. Their poems are incomprehensible to him who is incapable of translating himself into the author's ego. The German poet feels quite uniquely that he is not a competitor in a great race over the same course with a similar goal. He prefers to run his course alone over devious paths. In the full vigor of their youthful revolt the Romanticists especially assert their right to be different. "Shall I perchance allow my life to be packed on a cart and creak it away on wheels, which continually revolve about themselves and slush through every puddle! No, on a spirited steed, a mighty rider, I'll run off my course, and circling far on circuitous paths, I'll arrive with you who are slower at the common objective, despite the many pauses by the way to sip a draught from the brim of the golden beaker and steal a kiss from ruddy lips. Life means more than living to be a hundred, life means feeling and making others feel that you exist, through the pleasure you get out of life and the force with which you impart it to others."

It is this same musical-lyrical temperament which is reflected in the German's intense love of nature. He lives nature, for his soul is a part of the landscape about him. The true hero of German story often seems to be a landscape. The very scenery is a product of the Teutonic soul, and vice versa this soul is a product of the landscape. It is scarcely probable that after so many centuries with an excess of population the forests of Germany would still be so extensive, her ruined castles so numerous and so reverently cherished, if they had not proved themselves so necessary to the German character. "Nature's poems hover gently about me,

and I am sadly pensive when I look into the rose-tinted dawn, and into the red of the evening, into the hot pulsing day and into the deep, full night. These shifting scenes stir me as though they had come into my presence and cried aloud, beseeching: O! give us a soul and a life, that we may become like you, that we may be with you, and love as you love. Then I stand before them like a mirror, they look into me and I into them."

" He who would be a master, let him exercise restraint," says Goethe. A great poet is the best prophet of his race. He prophesies out of the soul of a people for that people. The German soul, is, as we have endeavored to show, *per se* romantic, and German literature is romantic always where it develops independently of slavish adherence to foreign models. The " Faust " from the pen of Germany's so-called most classical author is titanic. Schiller sponsors Goethe's " Iphigenie " as " intensely romantic and modern." And Schiller, too, as the first fruit after a long and intimate study of ancient literature brought forth his most German creation, the polyphonic and thoroughly unclassical " Wallenstein's Lager." His " Braut von Messina " and Goethe's " Roman Elegies," both cast in truly classical moulds, found little appreciation among the romantic Germans. But where Goethe and Schiller by dint of superior discipline wrested form out of chaos, the lesser poets who grouped themselves under the standard of Romanticism, allowed the innate lack of restraint to rob their genius of the title of masters. Goethe's dictum, however, extends beyond the province of literature into the practical life of the individual. In his great wisdom he had felt the history of his people, had been and still was a part of their struggle. Out of the richness of his experience he pointed a solution.

The German is not averse to outward restraint in his every-day life; he feels that it is for his good and he thrives when it is justly exercised. To him the law is the objectivity of the spirit; an emanation of the will as truth. Only the will which is obedient unto the law is free, for the will then obeys itself, is with itself, and free. In art, however, the German lacked this very restraint, which he so much needs. He failed to feel the force in this respect

which might hold him in check, and on that account his fancy, untrammelled by restraint, could develop with such unique vigor. This tendency has, then, beyond question produced in German literature such uncouth formlessness in the works of the lesser authors and, on the other hand, the bold grandeur in the creations of its truly great masters.

The German has been constantly reproached for his lack of form, his defective sense for clarity of expression, his lack of balance, his proneness to the illimitable. It seems more just and less prejudicial to put a positive complexion on these reproaches, and say that the German has a decided inclination toward the immeasurable, sharp contrasts, the infinite. To the German, as to any other race, the right must be accorded to be judged from the standpoint of what he is. What is more, it would be rank folly to demand of him that he evolve his poetic creations otherwise than out of his own inner consciousness. A poet writes for his own people; their plaudits are his rewards; what the rest of the world may think of his aspirations must not and cannot alter his purpose. There are great masters who rise above their people and their times; their works are assigned to that great world literature on which man, whatever his language or nation, may draw for inspiration and comfort. But in the works of the lesser poets, the pulsing life of a people can be felt more distinctly.

By way of emphasis let us place the aims of classical literature side by side with German literary aspirations. In the first place, clarity is a requisite of the classical form; it works for simplicity, it arranges, offers a clear perspective, is easy of comprehension. Secondly, it strikes a balance between the different parts and is harmonious and symmetrical. And in the third place, it demands a final settlement, limit, completion. In the first instance, the German form on the contrary often consciously revels in vagueness, in the dreamy atmosphere of mystery and premonition. Secondly, it does not aim to attain to balance and symmetry; sharp contrasts, forceful accentuation and climax are much more to its liking. In the third place, it eschews limitation and finality, and heartily embraces every opportunity to launch forth into the immeasurable — for the essence of its soul is illusion.

He must indeed seem an outlaw from any community of boisterous spirits who should profess as Goethe did a liking for a revolt which went forth to conquer in the sign of "restraint." The German Romantic Movement was a revolt, fostered and waged by a young generation who had freed itself from the older literary tradition. A revolt in two directions. In the first place, it loosed its pent-up energy against a classicism which was rapidly taking form in German literature in the provinces to the south and west. Again, it mustered its forces in an attempt to break down the spirit prevailing in the lands lying east of the Elbe and north of the Saale — hide-bound orthodoxy, the hegemony of a Protestant church grown dogmatic, and spirit-blasting rationalism.

In the Napoleonic period political and literary decentralization was the order of the day in the countries situated east of the Rhine. In literature the Romantic generation set up an independent standard by the side of Goethe, whose authority had held supreme command over the prevailing *Zeitgeist*. On the periphery of the literary circle the sentimentalism of Jean Paul kept a large group under its spell, while the atmosphere of Berlin was surcharged with the most unimaginative rationalism. In this chaos Romanticism thrived and, bared of every restraint, grew into a tangle into which non-Germans have been able to penetrate with the greatest difficulty. Balked by the rank herbage and stumbling along through the dense gloomy undergrowth, they have returned vexed and wearied before their explorations had brought them to the proper vantage-point, from which they could have surveyed this primitive wilderness. Nor in most instances did they possess the requisite patience and endurance, permitting them to linger long enough to become acclimated to the sweltering atmosphere in which enchantment and hallucination breed.

Geographically the standard bearers of the German Romantic Movement present an almost perfect unity; and the traditions to which they had fallen heir were indigenous to the land of their birth. From out of the midst of the north-eastern region came the pioneers of the spiritual rejuvenation. From East Prussia: Kant, Hamann, Herder, Werner, Hoffmann; from Silesia and Lusatia: Schleiermacher, Fichte, Eichendorff; from the Mark of Branden-

burg: Wackenroder, Tieck, Arnim, Kleist, Fouqué, Adam Müller; from Meissen: the Schlegel brothers; from Pomerania: the two most prominent painters of the movement, Runge and Friederich. Novalis was born just west of the Saale, but he grew up in the Moravian faith.

A movement, gradually gathering force, takes its beginning with Hamann and Herder with an ever increasing emphasis on the primordial in the individual as well as in the race. Man begins to reflect about himself; and finding his own soul more difficult to comprehend than the world about him, he takes refuge in mysticism. But mysticism had long since laid this eastern territory under conscription. Kasper von Schwenkfeld, Johann Arndt, Jacob Böhme, these sturdy men of faith, had spread this gospel during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Coming directly in their wake, Philipp Jacob Spener had succeeded in making the University of Halle the seat of Pietistic thought. For the most part, the faithful who made up the membership of the many sects of this great East-country were plain, quiet people, whose influence was augmented by peaceful penetration. The Romanticists made religion an issue. Immediately they had emblazoned religion on their standard, they fell into a great confusion. They eschewed the slavish submission to the will of God practiced by the brotherhoods. Were they not creators too; youthful Titans who in bold effrontery were ever ready to alter the faith to accord with their individuality? It was religious preoccupation and not a definite faith, nor the outworking of that faith which proved itself the impelling force among the still youthful dissenters. In the midst of this general confusion Novalis seizes the standard and with the impassioned words of his essay, "Christianity or Europe," turns the trend of religious speculation back to the Middle Ages. It was Novalis, thinking in the terms of the then rising science of chemistry, who was father to the expression, that out of a mixture of two elements a third new element always emerges: out of the Middle Ages and modern civilization a third new force — Romanticism. The rallying point, however, of the Middle Ages was Catholicism. The terrific contradiction between an almost heathen deification of the individual and the faith

which is nothing less than inimical to a flaunting vainglory, was not unusual in a race for whom in a loftier sense the sharpest contrasts gracefully join hands. German feeling seems able to bridge contradiction, where reason would scorn to undertake the task.

There were reasons, however, divorced from all religious fervor, which made the transition to the Middle Ages with its Church Universal easy and palpably logical.

To arrive at any clear understanding of these freakish leaps of the imagination it will be necessary to drive out contradiction with paradox. Apparently from time to time a sudden longing comes over a people to delve deep into its archives for the spiritual and literary monuments of its own past. It becomes seized with the ambition to quicken this material, to revive a past age, regaling itself with the form and content of a long-forgotten time. Herder first gave the impetus backward. His eloquent portrayal of the past fell upon ready and receptive ears. The modern generation found two enticing spectacles when their minds began to survey the civilization which had gone before. The glaring contrast of chaos and unity side by side was quickly stripped of every veil and made to stand forth in the pleasant light of their imaginings. Friederich Schlegel, with mind scintillating and vigorous, leaped back to the dawn of Germanic history and availing himself of Novalis's apt figure, brought forth the Middle Ages out of the commingling of Roman civilization and the rude conventions of the great Germanic tide. A world out of chaos; there was an idea which readily lent itself to the Romantic mind. Friederich Schlegel blows this spark into a flame, and tends it to serve his purpose. "Only that confusion may be considered chaos, from which a world can come. Chaos is unending profusion, the world a well-knit unity." And Germanic unity manifested itself in all its glory during the Middle Ages. Then it shone forth resplendent in all its entirety — politically, socially and in the arts. Above it all rested that glorious super-structure, the Holy Catholic Church. The church not only, however, made the Germans a unit, all the peoples of western Europe were considered at that time kin. In the romantic, childlike imagining, peace prevailed throughout this vast region, and the minds of men were

free from wars and rumors of wars; left unimperilled to devote their time to industry and the arts.

This interpretation of a momentous and splendidly productive epoch was baseless and foolish. We cannot go far astray by applying to the Romanticists what was said of Saul, son of Kish, " he went forth to find his father's asses and he found a kingdom." What they actually found was the material out of which our modern era has been constructed. Their knight errant brought back from his quest into the Middles Ages the " Nibelungenlied," the " Parzifal," the " Minnelieder," besides great cycles of fables and garlands of song. Their labors laid a solid foundation for philology and opened the way for the spirit of research which has proved one of the most active forces of our time. It was they who first saw clearly that from India to England most of the important peoples of Europe had once migrated out of a common home, where they had all spoken one common language. It is Arnim, the physicist, who has one of his characters construct a submarine, which crosses back and forth under the waters of the English Channel. Arnim, too, the Romanticist, lets Faust perform one of the most successful blood transfusions in history. His close friend and immediate countryman, Kleist, describes the possibilities of an automatic mail tube and a dirigible balloon.

No conscious apportionment of the past could well have been deliberately made; but it is significant to note that Novalis and Fouqué took for their portion the life of the thirteenth century; Tieck and Wackenroder carried the search forward to the turn from the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries, while Arnim made the seventeenth century his special field of endeavor. The whole panorama of German history was thus unrolled before the eyes of the young generation in a span of comparatively few years. Novalis's " Heinrich von Ofterdingen," Fouqué's " Zauberring," Arnim's " Kronenwächter," yes, Hoffmann's " Elixiere des Teufels "; what a row of serious creations! All these foster the one great thought of the renaissance of the German, be it a personal rebirth, be it a national rejuvenation. The nation had made a thorough-going inventory of its past performances. Or, to put it differently, the leading spirits born and bred east of the Elbe and

north of the Saale — this territory so chaotic in its endeavor, so chaotic in the racial crossing — had gone forth to find a German unity. In their belief they had found the place thereof in the Middle Ages. It made them bold to hope that their endeavors would bring the German people to take thought of themselves, unite and throw off the Napoleonic yoke. It was from the northeast that the movement got under way which, accelerated by the patriotic ministrations of an Arndt and a Körner, surged past Waterloo, an embattled milestone, to the first Versailles and beyond. The intense pleasure these strange romantic spirits got from the belief that in the Middle Ages all Europe was peace and harmony under the hegemony of the Roman Catholic Church, was in so brief a space replaced by a zeal which was destined to fan the most Protestant sections of Germany into an active and vigorous nationalism. No longer need we stand astonished in the presence of German paradox. It obtrudes on every hand. The Athens of Pericles was probably a city of eight or nine score thousand inhabitants — about equal in size to Shakespeare's London. The Paris of Louis XIV was perhaps three times as large, and Augustan Rome was very much larger still. The Weimar of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, on the other hand, was a dull and shabby village of about six thousand inhabitants, and yet there flourished the great geniuses of Germany. Nor should it surprise us to hear the German in his happiest moments sing out in lusty strains: " Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin."

There was, however, another acceptable reason for this return to the centuries bygone. We are ashamed of the strange and miraculous in our every-day lives; we endure and respect it only in a remove to the past. The Romanticists, by nature and temperament committed to the irrational and fanciful, were not slow in their evaluation of this aesthetic principle. The further the remove from the present, the less became the restraint on their imagination, and the more acceptable to their readers the pictures their fancy conjured forth. The fable, the myth, the legend, with all their improbabilities, these breathed an atmosphere in which the Romanticists felt at their ease. The great Germanic migra-

tions, the lives of the saints and the martyrs, the Crusades, a knighthood ensconced in its ivy-clad towers, or sallying out on errands of chivalry gave rich and ample milieu for a fancy craving the strange and miraculous. This inclination to evade facts, the proneness to revel in confusion, warped their minds from the normal. Soon their spirit returned home from these far quests, and now finding their own soul's condition as fabulous as the dim past ages, they begin to explore themselves in length and breadth, height and depth. Not long, and the urge becomes paramount and obligatory to accentuate every eccentricity discoverable in themselves. It is their strangest wish to lift the depths of their souls to the surface. By so doing they gravely impaired their adjustability to the society about them. But, little daunted, they promptly make a virtue of this self-imposed exile. As exiles now they soon became free-booters, and from their covert isolation they made organized forays on society and literature. They proved themselves untiring in their endeavor to lug society into the utopian province which lies somewhere beyond the border of good and evil. Literature they would draw into the deep full night or into the dim vagueness of the mediaeval forest; or yet farther removed into the world of dreams. " Gainsay it I cannot, I live in a dream world, and am I not justified in living therein, if I may? You have often complained that everything we know, all that we do is a shadow. But see, I am now living your shadow-life, and am happy in the circle of my friends, in the shade of the oaks. We pledged ourselves bound to one another in the day's dying hour, in the evening red — a time in which the shadows all are born."

This atmosphere envelops tale and novel. If you are in the mood of " sweet peace " it will urge you to whisper, " Augenblick verweile! " The quiet of twilight; night in the forest with its gentle rustling; pale moonlight. Under the forest oaks friends saunter along; at a distance elflike shapes dart in and out among the trees; a song to the accompaniment of the harp or shawm comes on the wings of the wind; birds twitter drowsily in the dense foliage; a ruined castle is limned on the hilltop against the deep red of evening; the tinkling of the vesper-bell from the her-

mitage dies on the air. At evening the sharply outlined landscape of day becomes a unity indistinct and lovely. " At eventide all heaven's gates are thrown open and the far-away approaches for a friendly communion. Of all solicitations, Good-evening, is the most hearty. It bids you be peaceful and loving, in an harmonious intercourse with all that you lack. At evening all hearts are opened, and up out of all the souls' caverns rise the most cherished thoughts, and our mightiest desires. Night! Night! thou impenetrable, eternal, thou my loving love, thou peak of the immeasurable depths, thou my consummate peace! "

Inanimate nature, too, is made lustrous with fancy. The magic forces in the deeps of the earth are loosed; metals and precious stones exert a hapless or helpful influence over man's fate, luring him to bliss or destruction with a vague call like that of enchanted waters.

All this emotional atmosphere is shot through with a great confusion of the senses. These dreamers hear what ordinarily is seen; they see what is customarily heard, and they profess to feel what can neither be seen nor heard, but is. They would lead eternity captive. Their works are their souls laid bare to the eyes of the world. Indeed, their subjectivity is so great that surely when first they shaped these thoughts, they were writing for no other eyes than their own. " What of sorrow and joy, of fear and of comfort has been my life's share, takes shape and, marrying itself to my words, trips from my tongue in a wild bacchic dance." " All my plannings; all my hopes are of a truth no longer a part of myself. I looked up at them calmly in longing rapture as gently they floated past over me like great, light balloons."

Such are the methods employed by the Romanticists in their writing. In the poems, atmosphere is the sole, important element. Novalis boldly asserts that poems are thinkable which " are only melodious and crowded with sweet sounding words, but devoid of all sense and bared of every relation. At most a verse now and then comprehensible, as fragments of a varied assemblage of impressions." Flowers, birds, sounds, colors, stars, the beloved are commingled to produce a general effect. " Language has be-

come incorporeal and resolved into a spiritual breath. Words seem scarcely to be uttered, so that the effect of the poem becomes fairly sweeter than song." Poets at the end of the century just past worked for effects similar to those of the Romanticists. The Symbolists choose a store of words, whose meanings become negligible; the overtones solely hold the attention. Like the Romanticists, our modern poets create a poetical-mystical twilight in order the better to lift the veil from the world-riddle. It may not be counted an accident that Maurice Maeterlinck addressed himself to a translation of Novalis.

The acting drama fared badly at the hands of the Romanticists. Only Kleist and Werner got onto the boards during that generation, and the former alone has survived the passing of time. As for the rest, their genius inclined toward the closet drama. No great dramatist has ever been a great fabulist (that is to say not a teller but rather a deviser of tales). Putting the material at hand in new dress and not its interpretation is the essence of the poetic art. It is significant, however, of the fantastic temperament of the German that the fable as a high poetical category has never died out and that great literary genius occasionally turns to the writing of fables.

In conclusion, it were proper to muster a few of the principles which the Romanticists promulgated toward the emancipation of the flesh, and of woman. A milieu which brought forth a Carolina Schlegel-Schelling, that much married woman, and a Dorothea Mendelssohn, the faithful "house friend" of Friederich Schlegel, is of no passing importance. The Romanticists would place the social structure "jenseits von Gut und Böse." Woman, marriage, the sexual relation were as household words in their little community. There was much of the intuitive, mystical about woman, which they felt, but could express less delicately than Goethe. "Woman remains to us moderns the only vessel into which we can decant our idealism. Men avail us but little. In Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and the wisest, Homer has anticipated our every endeavor." To the Romanticists art, religion, and love became a trinity, one and indivisible. "Couched in the purity of nature, there is a universal cogent answer, a gentle positive solu-

tion to every riddle of art, and nature in turn has transferred the solution to the love of the most virtuous woman." That is religious devotion, " if one cease to pray as a human being, but offer up his supplications as man or as woman. Man, however, can never attain to true devotion, because the human in him constantly outweighs the masculine."

Love and devotion are here translated to a realm of the spirit untrammeled by human convention. But marriage, that keystone of the state, becomes a stumbling block and a rock of offence. " It was with some malignity that I turned my thoughts on marriage. It spreads itself and becomes so expansive that its surface may serve the state as a foundation. Whatever love feels in its impulsiveness, without taking thought, must needs aspire aloft, since unfortunately in the state height is still uninhabitable. Marriage appeared to me like an immeasurable level, ' imbued ' with the deepest hatred for every urge toward height. And the condition of the emancipated woman seemed to me like a perpendicular line, which must needs be unstable, because marriage will not look charitably on height. I shall eternally feel that love has taken her refuge in virtuous sinners in this era of marriage, as all that was noble and good found an abiding place in poetry during the barbarous ages."

This charitable, purifying attitude toward the " lost woman " came into vogue through the efforts of Friederich Schlegel. He preached the gospel of the inwardly and outwardly emancipated woman. Brentano, his diligent disciple, has given us the most impressive summation. " It sounds paradoxical," writes Brentano, " but it is nevertheless true; he who is born to voluptuousness, and does not practice it, leads a truly sinful life. Nothing is less chaste than a passionate girl who remains virtuous. And should a virtuous sinner repent of her passion, she would forthwith lose her innocence. The state, however, can countenance only one manner of living, and consequently is made up of very bad people, because a part of its constituents must become good and the other part bad in order to be virtuous, as the state will have it."

These speculations smack much of the philosophy of " As If." They are quite as unprofitable in a world of relentless fact as the

much moonlight, the dim, resounding forest with castles ruined and secluded hermitages. We have moved about in a circle. Sentimentality was our point of departure. We return to it again, not affirming it but rather in a spirit of negation. No need that we make haste to destroy these romantic illusions, the creators of them have long since put a hand to their destruction. Like petulant children, who, when their simple, diligently wrought creations are not interpreted rightly, demolish them before a second guess can be ventured, the Romanticists, equally childlike, made sport at the end of their fanciful structures. This romantic irony Novalis shrewdly diagnoses as a sign of the soul's unstable equilibrium. The sentimentalism in their creations becomes excessive; it threatens to wax laughable. Yet in time, before the reader becomes fully aware of a drift toward the comical, the author of his own free will introduces the forces which dissolve the very spirit he has heretofore labored to engender. Humor and sentimentality go hand in hand; not that the effect of the one may be heightened in contrast with the other. By making sport of sentimentality, its illusion is to be dispelled. The reader is driven from the steam-bath of sentimental emotion under the cold spray of frosty, biting satire. Tieck in his fairy-comedies no longer takes his characters seriously; he looses his satire upon them. In his " Puss-in-Boots " he parodies the super-emotional yearnings of two lovers. In Brentano's novel " Godwi," Maria, the author, coming to see the hero, exclaims in the second part: " This then was Godwi, of whom I have written so much. I really had a very different impression of him." But this bit of literary trickery has a long and noble tradition. From the lips of Samson Carrasco, Don Quixote learns that his exploits have been edited and printed, to which he exclaims: " Is it of a fact true, that there is a history of my adventures! " Laurence Sterne had a fiendish delight in dispelling his readers' illusion. He goes to the length of tweaking his audience by the nose when he regales them first with the 304th chapter closely followed by the 297th. This he asserts to be his just right, so that the public henceforth shall not restrain him from telling his story as he wills. Jean Paul domesticates this jovial trickery among the Germans, and from his world it becomes dis-

seminated throughout Romanticism and reaches its climax in Heinrich Heine.

Sentimentality then finds its own antidote, and the German soul again becomes convalescent.

" Many and admirable things, unless ye can misbelieve them all, fall out daily according to their faith, and their world is to thy soul as another planet of nature."

C. F. S.

SECTION I

The Romantic Short Story

LUDWIG TIECK

(1797 — 1853)

Tieck lived to an advanced age, while his friends, Wackenroder and Novalis, died even younger than Keats and Shelley. In his varied experience of life, in his changing theories of literary art, in his combination of fantastic expression and wholesome philosophy, he has affinities — on a much lesser scale — with Goethe. He was the most versatile of all the Romanticists. Translations, works of scholarship, carelessly written "pot-boilers," studies in downright realism, bizarre romantic experiments, almost flawless masterpieces of narrative art, can all be found in his varied output. He was at once the visionary chaser of shadows and the romantic artist *par excellence,* with the inborn sixth sense for the essentials of the romantic art. It was for this reason that the Schlegels chose him as the representative Romanticist. He has not escaped the curse of versatility; he has neither the intense esthetic faith of Wackenroder nor the intense mystic faith of Novalis; but he has a broader, more humanized philosophy of life than either; and, although his worst work is at times absurd, his best attains a degree of technical perfection which his contemporaries failed to reach.

THE RUNENBERG

A YOUNG hunter was sitting in the heart of the Mountains, in a thoughtful mood, beside his fowling-floor, while the noise of the waters and the woods was sounding through the solitude. He was musing on his destiny; how he was so young, and had forsaken his father and mother, and accustomed home, and all his comrades in his native village, to seek out new acquaintances, to escape from the circle of returning habitude; and he looked up with a sort of surprise that he was here, that he found himself in this valley, in this employment. Great clouds were passing over him, and sinking behind the mountains; birds were singing from

the bushes, and an echo was replying to them. He slowly descended the hill; and seated himself on the margin of a brook, that was gushing down among the rocks with foamy murmur. He listened to the fitful melody of the water; and it seemed to him as if the waves were saying to him, in unintelligible words, a thousand things that concerned him nearly; and he felt an inward trouble that he could not understand their speeches. Then again he looked aloft, and thought that he was glad and happy; so he took new heart, and sang aloud this hunting-song:

Blithe and cheery through the mountains
  Goes the huntsman to the chase,
By the lonesome shady fountains,
  Till he finds the red-deer's trace.

Hark! his trusty dogs are baying
  Through the bright-green solitude;
Through the groves the horns are playing:
  O, thou merry gay green wood!

In some dell, when luck hath blest him,
  And his shot hath stretch'd the deer,
Lies he down, content, to rest him,
  While the brooks are murmuring clear.

Leave the husbandman his sowing,
  Let the shipman sail the sea;
None, when bright the morn is glowing,
  Sees its red so fair as he,

Wood and wold and game that prizes,
  While Diana loves his art;
And, at last, some bright face rises:
  Happy huntsman that thou art!

Whilst he sung, the sun had sunk deeper, and broad shadows fell across the narrow glen. A cooling twilight glided over the ground; and now only the tops of the trees, and the round summits of the mountains, were gilded by the glow of evening. Christian's heart grew sadder and sadder: he could not think of going back to his birdfold, and yet he could not stay; he felt himself alone, and longed to meet with men. He now remembered with

regret those old books, which he used to see at home, and would never read, often as his father had advised him to it: the habitation of his childhood came before him, his sports with the youth of the village, his acquaintances among the children, the school that had afflicted him so much; and he wished he were again amid these scenes, which he had wilfully forsaken, to seek his fortune in unknown regions, in the mountains, among strange people, in a new employment. Meanwhile it grew darker; and the brook rushed louder; and the birds of night began to shoot, with fitful wing, along their mazy courses. Christian still sat disconsolate, and immersed in sad reflection; he was like to weep, and altogether undecided what to do or purpose. Unthinkingly, he pulled a straggling root from the earth; and on the instant, heard, with affright, a stifled moan underground, which winded downwards in doleful tones, and died plaintively away in the deep distance. The sound went through his inmost heart; it seized him as if he had unwittingly touched the wound of which the dying frame of Nature was expiring in its agony. He started up to fly, for he had already heard of the mysterious mandrake-root, which, when torn, yields such heart-rending moans, that the person who has hurt it runs distracted by its wailing. As he turned to go, a stranger man was standing at his back, who looked at him with a friendly countenance, and asked him whither he was going. Christian had been longing for society, and yet he started in alarm at this friendly presence.

" Whither so fast? " said the stranger again.

The young hunter made an effort to collect himself, and told how all at once the solitude had seemed so frightful to him, he had meant to get away; the evening was so dark, the green shades of the wood so dreary, the brook seemed uttering lamentations, and his longing drew him over to the other side of the hills.

" You are but young," said the stranger, " and cannot yet endure the rigour of solitude: I will accompany you, for you will find no house or hamlet within a league of this; and in the way we may talk, and tell each other tales, and so your sad thoughts will leave you: in an hour the moon will rise behind the hills; its light also will help to chase away the darkness of your mind."

They went along, and the stranger soon appeared to Christian as if he had been an old acquaintance. "Who are you?" said the man; "by your speech I hear that you belong not to this part."

"Ah!" replied the other, "upon this I could say much, and yet it is not worth the telling you, or talking of. There was something dragged me, with a foreign force, from the circle of my parents and relations; my spirit was not master of itself: like a bird which is taken in a net, and struggles to no purpose, so my soul was meshed in strange imaginations and desires. We dwelt far hence, in a plain, where all round you could see no hill, scarce even a height: few trees adorned the green level; but meadows, fertile cornfields, gardens stretched away as far as the eye could reach; and a broad river glittered like a potent spirit through the midst of them. My father was gardener to a nobleman, and meant to breed me to the same employment. He delighted in plants and flowers beyond aught else, and could unweariedly pass day by day in watching them and tending them. Nay, he went so far as to maintain, that he could almost speak with them; that he got knowledge from their growth and spreading, as well as from the varied form and colour of their leaves. To me, however, gardening was a tiresome occupation; and the more so as my father kept persuading me to take it up, or even attempted to compel me to it with threats. I wished to be a fisherman, and tried that business for a time; but a life on the waters would not suit me: I was then apprenticed to a tradesman in the town; but soon came home from this employment also. My father happened to be talking of the Mountains, which he had travelled over in his youth; of the subterranean mines and their workmen; of hunters and their occupation; and that instant there arose in me the most decided wish, the feeling that at last I had found out the way of life which would entirely fit me. Day and night I meditated on the matter; representing to myself high mountains, chasms and pine-forests; my imagination shaped wild rocks; I heard the tumult of the chase, the horns, the cry of the hounds and the game; all my dreams were filled with these things, and they left me neither peace nor rest any more. The plain, our patron's castle, and my father's little hampered garden, with its trimmed

flower-beds; our narrow dwelling; the wide sky which stretched above us in its dreary vastness, embracing no hill, no lofty mountain, all became more dull and odious to me. It seemed as if the people about me were living in most lamentable ignorance; that every one of them would think and long as I did, should the feeling of their wretchedness but once arise within their souls. Thus did I bait my heart with restless fancies; till one morning I resolved on leaving my father's house directly and forever. In a book I had found some notice of the nearest mountains, some charts of the neighbouring districts, and by them I shaped my course. It was early in spring, and I felt myself cheerful, and altogether light of heart. I hastened on, to get away the faster from the level country; and one evening, in the distance, I described the dim outline of the Mountains, lying on the sky before me. I could scarcely sleep in my inn, so impatient did I feel to have my foot upon the region which I regarded as my home: with the earliest dawn I was awake, and again in motion. By the afternoon, I had got among my beloved hills; and here, as if intoxicated, I went on, then stopped a while, looked back; and drank, as in inspiring draughts, the aspects of these foreign yet well-known objects. Ere long, the plain was out of sight: the forest-streams were rushing down to meet me; the oaks and beeches sounded to me from their steep precipices with wavering boughs; my path led me by the edge of dizzy abysses; blue hills were standing vast and solemn in the distance. A new world was opened to me; I was never weary. Thus, after some days, having roamed over great part of the Mountains, I reached the dwelling of an old forester, who consented, at my urgent request, to take me in, and instruct me in the business of the chase. It is now three months since I entered his service. I took possession of the district where I was to live, as of my kingdom. I got acquainted with every cliff and dell among the mountains; in my occupation, when at dawn of day we moved to the forest, when felling trees in the wood, when practising my fowling-piece, or training my trusty attendants, our dogs, to do their feats, I felt completely happy. But for the last eight days I have stayed up here at the fowling-floor, in the loneliest quarter of the hills; and tonight I

grew so sad as I never was in my life before; I seemed so lost, so utterly unhappy; and even yet I cannot shake aside that melancholy humour."

The stranger had listened with attention, while they both wandered on through a dark alley of the wood. They now came out into the open country, and the light of the moon, which was standing with its horns over the summit of the hill, saluted them like a friend. In undistinguishable forms, and many separated masses, which the pale gleam again perplexingly combined, lay the cleft mountain-range before them; in the background a steep hill, on the top of which an antique weathered ruin rose ghastly in the white light. "Our roads part here," said the stranger; "I am going down into this hollow; there, by that old mine-shaft, is my dwelling; the metal ores are my neighbours; the mine-streams tell me wonders in the night; thither thou canst not follow me. But look, there stands the Runenberg, with its wild ragged walls; how beautiful and alluring the grim old rock looks down on us! Wert thou never there?"

"Never," said the hunter. "Once I heard my old forester relating strange stories of that hill, which I, like a fool, have forgotten; only I remember that my mind that night was full of dread and unearthly notions. I could like to mount the hill some time; for the colours there are of the fairest, the grass must be very green, the world around one very strange; who knows, too, but one might chance to find some curious relic of the ancient time up there?"

"You could scarcely fail," replied the stranger; "whoever knows how to seek, whoever feels his heart drawn towards it with a right inward longing, will find friends of former ages there, and glorious things, and all that he wishes most." With these words the stranger rapidly descended to a side, without bidding his companion farewell; he soon vanished in the tangles of the thicket, and after some few instants, the sound of his footsteps also died away. The young hunter did not feel surprised, he but went on with quicker speed towards the Runenberg: thither all things seemed to beckon him; the stars were shining towards it; the moon pointed out as it were a bright road to the ruins; light

clouds rose up to them; and from the depths, the waters and sounding woods spoke new courage into him. His steps were as if winged; his heart throbbed; he felt so great a joy within him, that it rose to pain. He came into places he had never seen before: the rocks grew steeper; the green disappeared; the bald cliffs called to him, as with angry voices, and a low moaning wind drove him on before it. Thus he hurried forward without pause; and late after midnight he came upon a narrow footpath, which ran along by the brink of an abyss. He heeded not the depth which yawned beneath, and threatened to swallow him forever; so keenly was he driven along by wild imaginations and vague wishes. At last his perilous track led him close by a high wall, which seemed to lose itself in the clouds; the path grew narrower every step; and Christian had to cling by projecting stones to keep himself from rushing down into the gulf. Ere long, he could get no farther; his path ended underneath a window: he was obliged to pause, and knew not whether he should turn or stay. Suddenly he saw a light, which seemed to move within the ruined edifice. He looked towards the gleam; and found that he could see into an ancient spacious hall, strangely decorated, and glittering in manifold splendour, with multitudes of precious stones and crystals, the hues of which played through each other in mysterious changes, as the light moved to and fro; and this was in the hand of a stately female, who kept walking with a thoughtful aspect up and down the apartment. She seemed of a different race from mortals; so large, so strong was her form, so earnest her look; yet the enraptured huntsman thought he had never seen or fancied such surpassing beauty. He trembled, yet secretly wished she might come near the window and observe him. At last she stopped, set down the light on a crystal table, looked aloft, and sang with a piercing voice:

What can the Ancient keep
That they come not at my call?
The crystal pillars weep,
From the diamonds on the wall
The trickling tear-drops fall;
And within is heard a moan,
A chiding fitful tone:

In these waves of brightness,
Lovely changeful lightness,
Has the Shape been form'd,
By which the soul is charm'd,
And the longing heart is warm'd?
Come, ye Spirits, at my call,
Haste ye to the Golden Hall;
Raise, from your abysses gloomy,
Heads that sparkle; faster
Come, ye Ancient Ones, come to me!
Let your power be master
Of the longing hearts and souls,
Where the flood of passion rolls,
Let your power be master!

On finishing the song, she began undressing; laying her apparel in a costly press. First, she took a golden veil from her head; and her long black hair streamed down in curling fulness over her loins: then she loosed her bosom-dress; and the youth forgot himself and all the world in gazing at that more than earthly beauty. He scarcely dared to breathe, as by degrees she laid aside her other garments: at last she walked about the chamber naked; and her heavy waving locks formed round her, as it were, a dark billowy sea, out of which, like marble, the glancing limbs of her form beamed forth, in alternating splendour. After a while, she went forward to another golden press; and took from it a tablet, glittering with many inlaid stones, rubies, diamonds and all kinds of jewels; and viewed it long with an investigating look. The tablet seemed to form a strange inexplicable figure, from its individual lines and colours; sometimes, when the glance of it came towards the hunter, he was painfully dazzled by it; then, again, soft green and blue playing over it, refreshed his eye: he stood, however, devouring the objects with his looks, and at the same time sunk in deep thought. Within his soul, an abyss of forms and harmony, of longing and voluptuousness, was opened: hosts of winged tones, and sad and joyful melodies flew through his spirit, which was moved to its foundations: he saw a world of Pain and Hope arise within him; strong towering crags of Trust and defiant Confidence, and deep rivers of Sadness flowing by.

He no longer knew himself: and he started as the fair woman opened the window; handed him the magic tablet of stones, and spoke these words: "Take this in memory of me!" He caught the tablet; and felt the figure, which, unseen, at once went through his inmost heart; and the light, and the fair woman, and the wondrous hall, had disappeared. As it were, a dark night, with curtains of cloud, fell down over his soul: he searched for his former feelings, for that inspiration and unutterable love; he looked at the precious tablet, and the sinking moon was imaged in it faint and bluish.

He had still the tablet firmly grasped in his hands when the morning dawned; and he, exhausted, giddy and half-asleep, fell headlong down the precipice.—

The sun shone bright on the face of the stupefied sleeper; and, awakening, he found himself upon a pleasant hill. He looked round, and saw far behind him, and scarce discernible at the extreme horizon, the ruins of the Runenberg; he searched for his tablet, and could find it nowhere. Astonished and perplexed, he tried to gather his thoughts, and connect together his remembrances; but his memory was as if filled with a waste haze, in which vague irrecognisable shapes were wildly jostling to and fro. His whole previous life lay behind him, as in a far distance; the strangest and the commonest were so mingled, that all his efforts could not separate them. After long struggling with himself, he at last concluded that a dream, or sudden madness, had come over him that night; only he could never understand how he had strayed so far into a strange and remote quarter.

Still scarcely waking, he went down the hill; and came upon a beaten way, which led him out from the mountains into the plain country. All was strange to him: he at first thought that he would find his old home; but the country which he saw was quite unknown to him; and at length he concluded that he must be upon the south side of the Mountains, which, in spring, he had entered from the north. Towards noon, he perceived a little town below him: from its cottages a peaceful smoke was mounting up; children, dressed as for a holiday, were sporting on the green; and

from a small church came the sound of the organ, and the singing of the congregation. All this laid hold of him with a sweet, inexpressible sadness; it so moved him, that he was forced to weep. The narrow gardens, the little huts with their smoking chimneys, the accurately-parted corn-fields, reminded him of the necessities of poor human nature; of man's dependence on the friendly Earth, to whose benignity he must commit himself; while the singing, and the music of the organ, filled the stranger's heart with a devoutness it had never felt before. The desires and emotions of the bygone night seemed reckless and wicked; he wished once more, in childlike meekness, helplessly and humbly to unite himself to men as to his brethren, and fly from his ungodly purposes and feelings. The plain, with its little river, which, in manifold windings, clasped itself about the gardens and meadows, seemed to him inviting and delightful: he thought with fear of his abode among the lonely mountains, amid waste rocks; he wished that he could be allowed to live in this peaceful village; and so feeling, he went into its crowded church.

The psalm was just over, and the preacher had begun his sermon. It was on the kindness of God in regard to Harvest; how His goodness feeds and satisfies all things that live; how marvellously He has, in the fruits of the Earth, provided support for men; how the love of God incessantly displays itself in the bread He sends us; and how the humble Christian may therefore, with a thankful spirit, perpetually celebrate a Holy Supper. The congregation were affected; the eyes of the hunter rested on the pious priest, and observed, close by the pulpit, a young maiden, who appeared beyond all others reverent and attentive. She was slim and fair; her blue eye gleamed with the most piercing softness; her face was as if transparent, and blooming in the tenderest colours. The stranger youth had never been as he now was; so full of charity, so calm, so abandoned to the stillest, most refreshing feelings. He bowed himself in tears, when the clergyman pronounced his blessing; he felt these holy words thrill through him like an unseen power; and the vision of the night drew back before them to the deepest distance, as a spectre at the dawn. He issued from the church; stopped beneath a large lime-tree; and

thanked God, in a heartfelt prayer, that He had saved him, sinful and undeserving, from the nets of the Wicked Spirit.

The people were engaged in holding harvest-home that day, and every one was in a cheerful mood; the children, with their gay dresses, were rejoicing in the prospect of the sweetmeats and the dance; in the village square, a space encircled with young trees, the youths were arranging the preparations for their harvest sport; the players were seated, and essaying their instruments. Christian went into the fields again, to collect his thoughts and pursue his meditations; and on his returning to the village, all had joined in mirth, and actual celebration of their festival. The fair-haired Elizabeth was there, too, with her parents; and the stranger mingled in the jocund throng. Elizabeth was dancing; and Christian, in the mean time, had entered into conversation with her father, a farmer, and one of the richest people in the village. The man seemed pleased with his youth and way of speech; so, in a short time, both of them agreed that Christian should remain with him as gardener. This office Christian could engage with; for he hoped that now the knowledge and employments, which he had so much despised at home, would stand him in good stead.

From this period a new life began for him. He went to live with the farmer, and was numbered among his family. With his trade, he likewise changed his garb. He was so good, so helpful and kindly; he stood to his task so honestly, that ere long every member of the house, especially the daughter, had a friendly feeling for him. Every Sunday, when he saw her going to church, he was standing with a fair nosegay ready for Elizabeth; and then she used to thank him with blushing kindliness: he felt her absence, on days when he did not chance to see her; and at night, she would tell him tales and pleasant histories. Day by day they grew more necessary to each other; and the parents, who observed it, did not seem to think it wrong; for Christian was the most industrious and handsomest youth in the village. They themselves had, at first sight, felt a touch of love and friendship for him. After half a year, Elizabeth became his wife. Spring was come back; the swallows and the singing-birds had revisited the

land; the garden was standing in its fairest trim; the marriage was celebrated with abundant mirth; bride and bridegroom seemed intoxicated with their happiness. Late at night, when they retired to their chamber, the husband whispered to his wife: "No, thou art not that form which once charmed me in a dream, and which I never can entirely forget; but I am happy beside thee, and blessed that thou art mine."

How delighted was the family, when, within a year, it became augmented by a little daughter, who was baptized Leonora. Christian's looks, indeed, would sometimes take a rather grave expression as he gazed on the child; but his youthful cheeriness continually returned. He scarcely ever thought of his former way of life, for he felt himself entirely domesticated and contented. Yet, some months afterwards, his parents came into his mind; and he thought how much his father, in particular, would be rejoiced to see his peaceful happiness, his station as husbandman and gardener; it grieved him that he should have utterly forgotten his father and mother for so long a time; his own only child made known to him the joy which children afford to parents; so at last he took the resolution to set out, and again revisit home.

Unwillingly he left his wife; all wished him speed; and the season being fine, he went off on foot. Already at the distance of a few miles, he felt how much the parting grieved him; for the first time in his life, he experienced the pains of separation; the foreign objects seemed to him almost savage; he felt as if he had been lost in some unfriendly solitude. Then the thought came on him, that his youth was over; that he had found a home to which he now belonged, in which his heart had taken root; he was almost ready to lament the lost levity of younger years; and his mind was in the saddest mood, when he turned aside into a village-inn to pass the night. He could not understand how he had come to leave his kind wife, and the parents she had given him; and he felt dispirited and discontented, when he rose next morning to pursue his journey.

His pain increased as he approached the hills: the distant ruins were already visible, and by degrees grew more distinguishable; many summits rose defined and clear amid the blue vapour.

His step grew timid; frequently he paused, astonished at his fear; at the horror which, with every step, fell closer on him. "Madness!" cried he, "I know thee well, and thy perilous seductions; but I will withstand thee manfully. Elizabeth is no vain dream; I know that even now she thinks of me, that she waits for me, and fondly counts the hours of my absence. Do I not already see forests like black hair before me? Do not the glancing eyes look to me from the brook? Does not the stately form step towards me from the mountains?" So saying, he was about to lay himself beneath a tree, and take some rest; when he perceived an old man seated in the shade of it, examining a flower with extreme attention; now holding it to the sun, now shading it with his hands, now counting its leaves; as if striving in every way to stamp it accurately in his memory. On approaching nearer, he thought he knew the form; and soon no doubt remained that the old man with the flower was his father. With an exclamation of the liveliest joy, he rushed into his arms; the old man seemed delighted, but not much surprised, at meeting him so suddenly.

"Art thou with me already, my son?" said he: "I knew that I should find thee soon, but I did not think such joy had been in store for me this very day."

"How did you know, father, that you would meet me?"

"By this flower," replied the old gardener; "all my days I have had a wish to see it; but never had I the fortune; for it is very scarce, and grows only among the mountains. I set out to seek thee, for thy mother is dead, and the loneliness at home made me sad and heavy. I knew not whither I should turn my steps; at last I came among the mountains, dreary as the journey through them had appeared to me. By the road, I sought for this flower, but could find it nowhere; and now, quite unexpectedly, I see it here, where the fair plain is lying stretched before me. From this I knew that I should meet thee soon; and, lo, how true the fair flower's prophecy has proved!"

They embraced again, and Christian wept for his mother; but the old man grasped his hand, and said: "Let us go, that the shadows of the mountains may be soon out of view; it always makes me sorrowful in the heart to see these wild steep shapes,

these horrid chasms, these torrents gurgling down into their caverns. Let us get upon the good, kind, guileless level ground again."

They went back, and Christian recovered his cheerfulness. He told his father of his new fortune, of his child and home: his speech made himself as if intoxicated; and he now, in talking of it, for the first time truly felt that nothing more was wanting to his happiness. Thus, amid narrations sad and cheerful, they returned into the village. All were delighted at the speedy ending of the journey; most of all, Elizabeth. The old father stayed with them, and joined his little fortune to their stock; they formed the most contented and united circle in the world. Their crops were good, their cattle throve; and in a few years Christian's house was among the wealthiest in the quarter. Elizabeth had also given him several other children.

Five years had passed away in this manner, when a stranger halted from his journey in their village; and took up his lodging in Christian's house, as being the most respectable the place contained. He was a friendly, talking man; he told them many stories of his travels; sported with the children, and made presents to them: in a short time, all were growing fond of him. He liked the neighbourhood so well, that he proposed remaining in it for a day or two; but the days grew weeks, and the weeks months. No one seemed to wonder at his loitering; for all of them had grown accustomed to regard him as a member of the family. Christian alone would often sit in a thoughtful mood; for it seemed to him as if he knew this traveller of old, and yet he could not think of any time when he had met with him. Three months had passed away, when the stranger at last took his leave, and said: " My dear friends, a wondrous destiny, and singular anticipations, drive me to the neighbouring mountains; a magic image, not to be withstood, allures me: I leave you now, and I know not whether I shall ever see you any more. I have a sum of money by me, which in your hands will be safer than in mine; so I ask you to take charge of it; and if within a year I come not back, then keep it, and accept my thanks along with it for the kindness you have shown me."

So the traveller went his way, and Christian took the money

in charge. He locked it carefully up; and now and then, in the excess of his anxiety, looked over it; he counted it to see that none was missing, and in all respects took no little pains with it. "This sum might make us very happy," said he once to his father; "should the stranger not return, both we and our children were well provided for."

"Heed not the gold," said the old man; "not in it can happiness be found: hitherto, thank God, we have never wanted aught; and do thou put away such thoughts far from thee."

Christian often rose in the night to set his servants to their labour, and look after everything himself: his father was afraid lest this excessive diligence might harm his youth and health; so one night he rose to speak with him about remitting such unreasonable efforts; when, to his astonishment, he found him sitting with a little lamp at his table, and counting, with the greatest eagerness, the stranger's gold. "My son," said the old man, full of sadness, "must it come to this with thee? Was this accursed metal brought beneath our roof to make us wretched? Bethink thee, my son, or the Evil One will consume thy blood and life out of thee."

"Yes," replied he; "it is true, I know myself no more; neither day nor night does it give me any rest: see how it looks on me even now, till the red glance of it goes into my very heart! Hark how it clinks, this golden stuff! It calls me when I sleep; I hear it when music sounds, when the wind blows, when people speak together on the street; if the sun shines, I see nothing but these yellow eyes, with which it beckons to me, as it were, to whisper words of love into my ear: and therefore I am forced to rise in the night-time, though it were but to satisfy its eagerness; and then I feel it triumphing and inwardly rejoicing when I touch it with my fingers; in its joy it grows still redder and lordlier. Do but look yourself at the glow of its rapture!" The old man, shuddering and weeping, took his son in his arms; he said a prayer, and then spoke: "Christel, thou must turn again to the Word of God; thou must go more zealously and reverently to church, or else, alas! my poor child, thou wilt droop and die away in the most mournful wretchedness."

The money was again locked up; Christian promised to take

thought and change his conduct, and the old man was composed. A year and more had passed, and no tidings had been heard of the stranger: the old man at last gave in to the entreaties of his son; and the money was laid out in land, and other property. The young farmer's riches soon became the talk of the village; and Christian seemed contented and comfortable, and his father felt delighted at beholding him so well and cheerful; all fear had now vanished from his mind. What then must have been his consternation, when Elizabeth one evening took him aside; and told him, with tears, that she could no longer understand her husband; how he spoke so wildly, especially at night; how he dreamed strange dreams, and would often in his sleep walk long about the room, not knowing it; how he spoke strange things to her, at which she often shuddered. But what terrified her most, she said, was his pleasantry by day; for his laugh was wild and hollow, his look wandering and strange. The father stood amazed, and the sorrowing wife proceeded: " He is always talking of the traveller, and maintaining that he knew him formerly, and that the stranger man was in truth a woman of unearthly beauty; nor will he go any more into the fields or the garden to work, for he says he hears underneath the ground a fearful moaning when he but pulls out a root; he starts and seems to feel a horror at all plants and herbs."

" Good God! " exclaimed the father, " is the frightful hunger in him grown so rooted and strong, that it is come to this? Then is his spell-bound heart no longer human, but of cold metal; he who does not love a flower, has lost all love and fear of God."

Next day the old man went to walk with his son, and told him much of what Elizabeth had said; calling on him to be pious, and devote his soul to holy contemplations. " Willingly, my father," answered Christian; " and I often do so with success, and all is well with me: for long periods of time, for years, I can forget the true form of my inward man, and lead a life that is foreign to me, as it were, with cheerfulness: but then on a sudden, like a new moon, the ruling star, which I myself am, arises again in my heart, and conquers this other influence. I might be altogether happy; but once, in a mysterious night, a secret sign was imprinted

through my hand deep on my soul; frequently the magic figure sleeps and is at rest; I imagine it has passed away; but in a moment, like a poison, it darts up and lives over all its lineaments. And then I can think or feel nothing else but it; and all around me is transformed, or rather swallowed up, by this subduing shape. As the rabid man recoils at the sight of water, and the poison in him grows more fell; so too it is with me at the sight of any cornered figure, any line, any gleam of brightness; anything will then rouse the form that dwells in me, and make it start into being; and my soul and body feel the throes of birth; for as my mind received it by a feeling from without, she strives in agony and bitter labour to work it forth again into an outward feeling, that she may be rid of it, and at rest."

"It was an evil star that took thee from us to the Mountains," said the old man; "thou wert born for calm life, thy mind inclined to peace and the love of plants; then thy impatience hurried thee away to the company of savage stones: the crags, the torn cliffs, with their jagged shapes, have overturned thy soul, and planted in thee the wasting hunger for metals. Thou shouldst still have been on thy guard, and kept thyself away from the view of mountains; so I meant to bring thee up, but it has not so been to be. Thy humility, thy peace, thy childlike feeling, have been thrust away by scorn, boisterousness, and caprice."

"No," said the son; "I remember well that it was a plant which first made known to me the misery of the Earth; never, till then, did I understand the sighs and lamentations one may hear on every side, throughout the whole of Nature, if one but give ear to them. In plants and herbs, in trees and flowers, it is the painful writhing of one universal wound that moves and works; they are the corpse of foregone glorious worlds of rock, they offer to our eye a horrid universe of putrefaction. I now see clearly it was this, which the root with its deep-drawn sigh was saying to me; in its sorrow it forgot itself, and told me all. It is because of this that all green shrubs are so enraged at me, and lie in wait for my life; they wish to obliterate that lovely figure in my heart; and every spring, with their distorted deathlike looks, they try to win my soul. Truly it is piteous to consider how they have

betrayed and cozened thee, old man; for they have gained complete possession of thy spirit. Do but question the rocks, and thou wilt be amazed when thou shalt hear them speak."

The father looked at him a long while, and could answer nothing. They went home again in silence, and the old man was as frightened as Elizabeth at Christian's mirth; for it seemed a thing quite foreign; and as if another being from within were working out of him, awkwardly and ineffectually, as out of some machine.

The harvest-home was once more to be held; the people went to church, and Elizabeth, with her little ones, set out to join the service; her husband also seemed intending to accompany them, but at the threshold of the church he turned aside; and with an air of deep thought, walked out of the village. He set himself on the height, and again looked over upon the smoking cottages; he heard the music of the psalm and organ coming from the little church; children, in holiday dresses, were dancing and sporting on the green. "How have I lost my life as in a dream!" said he to himself: "years have passed away since I went down this hill to the merry children; they who were then sportful on the green, are now serious in the church; I also once went into it, but Elizabeth is now no more a blooming childlike maiden; her youth is gone; I cannot seek for the glance of her eyes with the longing of those days; I have wilfully neglected a high eternal happiness, to win one which is finite and transitory."

With a heart full of wild desire, he walked to the neighbouring wood, and immersed himself in its thickest shades. A ghastly silence encompassed him; no breath of air was stirring in the leaves. Meanwhile he saw a man approaching him from a distance, whom he recognized for the stranger; he started in affright, and his first thought was, that the man would ask him for his money. But as the form came nearer, he perceived how greatly he had been mistaken; for the features, which he had imagined known to him, melted into one another; an old woman of the utmost hideousness approached; she was clad in dirty rags; a tattered clout bound up her few grey hairs; she was limping on a crutch. With a dreadful voice she spoke to him, and asked his

name and situation; he replied to both inquiries, and then said, "But who art thou?"

"I am called the Woodwoman," answered she; "and every child can tell of me. Didst thou never see me before?" With the last words she whirled about, and Christian thought he recognised among the trees the golden veil, the lofty gait, the large stately form which he had once beheld of old. He turned to hasten after her, but nowhere was she to be seen.

Meanwhile something glittered in the grass, and drew his eye to it. He picked it up; it was the magic tablet with the coloured jewels, and the wondrous figure, which he had lost so many years before. The shape and the changeful gleams struck over all his senses with an instantaneous power. He grasped it firmly, to convince himself that it was really once more in his hands, and then hastened back with it to the village. His father met him. "See," cried Christian, "the thing which I was telling you about so often, which I thought must have been shown to me only in a dream, is now sure and true."

The old man looked a long while at the tablet, and then said: "My son, I am struck with horror in my heart when I view these stones, and dimly guess the meaning of the words on them. Look here, how cold they glitter, what cruel looks they cast from them, bloodthirsty, like the red eye of the tiger! Cast this writing from thee, which makes thee cold and cruel, which will turn thy heart to stone:

See the flowers, when moon is beaming,
  Waken in their dewy place;
And, like children roused from dreaming,
  Smiling look thee in the face.

By degrees, that way and this,
  To the golden Sun they're turning,
Till they meet his glowing kiss,
  And their hearts with love are burning:

For, with fond and sad desire,
  In their lover's looks to languish,
On his melting kisses to expire,
  And to die of love's sweet anguish:

This is what they joy in most;
To depart in fondest weakness;
In their lover's being lost,
Faded stand in silent meekness.

Then they pour away the treasure
Of their perfumes, their soft souls,
And the air grows drunk with pleasure,
As in wanton floods it rolls.

Love comes to us here below,
Discord harsh away removing;
And the heart cries: "Now I know
Sadness, Fondness, Pain of Loving."

"What wonderful incalculable treasures," said the other, "must there still be in the depths of the Earth! Could one but sound into their secret beds and raise them up, and snatch them to one's-self! Could one but clasp this Earth like a beloved bride to one's bosom, so that in pain and love she would willingly grant one her costliest riches! The Woodwoman has called me; I go to seek for her. Near by is an old ruined shaft, which some miner has hollowed out many centuries ago; perhaps I shall find her there!"

He hastened off. In vain did the old man strive to detain him; in a few moments Christian had vanished from his sight. Some hours afterwards, the father, with a strong effort, reached the ruined shaft: he saw footprints in the sand at the entrance, and returned in tears; persuaded that his son, in a state of madness, had gone in and been drowned in the old collected waters and horrid caves of the mine.

From that day his heart seemed broken, and he was incessantly in tears. The whole neighbourhood deplored the fortune of the young farmer. Elizabeth was inconsolable, the children lamented aloud. In half a year the aged gardener died; the parents of Elizabeth soon followed him; and she was forced herself to take charge of everything. Her multiplied engagements helped a little to withdraw her from her sorrow; the education of her children, and the management of so much property, left little time for mourning. After two years, she determined on a new marriage;

she bestowed her hand on a young light-hearted man, who had loved her from his youth. But, ere long, everything in their establishment assumed another form. The cattle died; men and maid servants proved dishonest; barns full of grain were burnt; people in the town who owed them sums of money, fled and made no payment. In a little while, the landlord found himself obliged to sell some fields and meadows; but a mildew, and a year of scarcity, brought new embarrassments. It seemed as if the gold, so strangely acquired, were taking speedy flight in all directions. Meanwhile the family was on the increase; and Elizabeth, as well as her husband, grew reckless and sluggish in this scene of despair: he fled for consolation to the bottle, he was often drunk, and therefore quarrelsome and sullen; so that frequently Elizabeth bewailed her state with bitter tears. As their fortune declined, their friends in the village stood aloof from them more and more; so that after some few years they saw themselves entirely forsaken, and were forced to struggle on, in penury and straits, from week to week.

They had nothing but a cow and a few sheep left them; these Elizabeth herself, with her children, often tended at their grass. She was sitting one day with her work in the field, Leonora at her side, and a sucking child on her breast, when they saw from afar a strange-looking shape approaching towards them. It was a man with a garment all in tatters, bare-foot, sunburnt to a black-brown colour in the face, deformed still farther by a long matted bread; he wore no covering on his head; but had twisted a garland of green branches through his hair, which made his wild appearance still more strange and haggard. On his back he bore some heavy burden in a sack, very carefully tied, and as he walked he leaned upon a young fir.

On coming nearer, he put down his load, and drew deep draughts of breath. He bade Elizabeth good-day; she shuddered at the sight of him, the girl crouched close to her mother. Having rested for a little while, he said: " I am getting back from a very hard journey among the wildest mountains of the Earth; but to pay me for it, I have brought along with me the richest treasures which imagination can conceive, or heart desire. Look here, and

wonder! " Thereupon he loosed his sack, and shook it empty: it was full of gravel, among which were to be seen large bits of chuck-stone, and other pebbles. " These jewels," he continued, " are not ground and polished yet, so they want the glance and the eye; the outward fire, with its glitter, is too deeply buried in their inmost heart; yet you have but to strike it out and frighten them, and show that no deceit will serve, and then you see what sort of stuff they are." So saying, he took a piece of flinty stone, and struck it hard against another, till they gave red sparks between them. " Did you see the glance? " cried he. " Ay, they are all fire and light; they illuminate the darkness with their laugh, though as yet it is against their will." With this he carefully repacked his pebbles in the bag, and tied it hard and fast. " I know thee very well," said he then, with a saddened tone; " thou art Elizabeth." The woman started.

" How comest thou to know my name? " cried she, with a forecasting shudder.

" Ah, good God! " said the unhappy creature, " I am Christian, he that was a hunter: dost thou not know me, then? "

She knew not, in her horror and deepest compassion, what to say. He fell upon her neck and kissed her. Elizabeth exclaimed: " O Heaven! my husband is coming! "

" Be at thy ease," said he; " I am as good as dead to thee: in the forest, there, my fair one waits for me; she that is tall and stately, with the black hair and the golden veil. This is my dearest child, Leonora. Come hither, darling: come, my pretty child; and give me a kiss, too; one kiss, that I may feel thy mouth upon my lips once again, and then I leave you."

Leonora wept; she clasped close to her mother, who, in sobs and tears, half held her toward the wanderer, while he half drew her towards him, took her in his arms, and pressed her to his breast. Then he went away in silence, and in the wood they saw him speaking with the hideous Woodwoman.

" What ails you? " said the husband, as he found mother and daughter pale and melting in tears. Neither of them answered.

The ill-fated creature was never seen again from that day.

LEONHARD AND KUNIGUNDE

A Story from
The Novel "The Young Cabinetmaker"

LEONHARD said after some reflection: "Why should I be so secretive about this matter? What I am about to tell you lingers with me as one of the pleasantest memories of my younger days. On the contrary, I am rather proud of my behavior; young and carefree as I was then. It was during the Corpus Christi festivities that first I saw her — a girl of such striking beauty and bearing that she brought to mind immediately a painting of one of the old masters. She was tall and vigorous, although slender of stature, her face oval, her hair dark, shading in the sunlight into a reddish-golden hue, her eyes large and deep-blue, and her complexion of a transparent delicacy. She was one of the praying, singing, festive crowd. An old man walked at her side and an elderly woman, from all appearances her parents, who either belonged to the working class or were peasants. Her dignity and devotion, sweet and natural as they were, contrasted so favorably with the faces about her, that I was drawn along in the procession, as my eyes involuntarily sought her out again and again. Several times I fancied that she too was aware of my presence.

I followed her into the great cathedral. Within, the music held me in its spell; the mass and the splendor of the priest in his robes filled me with awe. I stood quite near her. Amid the solemn surroundings her eyes seemed possessed of miraculous powers, and my thoughts were changed to prayer and love. The congregation knelt down; as she sank to her knees in the full grace of her maidenly beauty, she cast a fleeting glance toward me, which plainly begged me to do likewise. I was gladly obedient. Suddenly she kissed the pendant cross on her rosary, and gave it to me, because I knelt there empty-handed. Abashed and

untutored in the catholic service I grasped the full meaning of her considerate act. Still I was unable to go through the service in the traditional manner.

When the mass had ended I went with the throng out of the cathedral, but in the seething mass I lost sight of her. When I arrived in the street, she had disappeared from my sight. Suddenly I felt forlorn. I sought her in the street, before the city gates, in the churches; wherever I saw people gathered, or suspected that crowds might collect; she, however, had vanished completely."

" And the pious child's rosary? " inquired Elsheim.

" Remained in my possession, of course," answered Leonhard. " Just to look at it gave me a pleasant sensation. I am never without it." He opened a small secret compartment of his portfolio and handed the beads to his friend. " This is the very same rosary, my Frederick," added he smiling.

" The same one," exclaimed Elsheim, " and you still carry it with you after these twelve or thirteen years? Indeed, you are a born collector. Astonishing! But your story surely doesn't end there? "

" Assuredly not," continued Leonhard, " if that were the end, scarcely should I have preserved the rosary with such care.

About six weeks had passed, when one fine Sunday found me roaming about through a lonely region. Close by a little stream bordered by pleasant hills lay a hamlet. It was toward evening, and I could hear the music of a dance. I followed the sound, which soon brought me into the midst of a company of peasants making merry; the young folks moving in a gay dance about a linden tree. I was on the point of turning my back on this jollity, when the sounds of quarreling voices fixed my attention. A young man, the worse for liquor, was having words with another about a dancing-partner; each claimed her for the dance. The sober rival was not a match for the drunkard, who was big and strong, and, as it seemed, generally feared by the onlookers. With a mighty lunge he bowled the second dancer back, and shouting made his way toward the girl, who barely eluded his clutches.

Just then I recognized her; it was she whom so long I had

sought in vain. Without taking second thought, I sprang into the circle and dragged the brawler back; he, not a little astonished, squared up to me. A struggle ensued, in which his great anger tripled his strength, but my agility proved more than a match for his violence. So finally I threw him. Peace was declared on the condition that my worsted opponent leave the company on the spot.

'We are deeply indebted to you, young man,' said the aged father of the girl, 'that you, a complete stranger, have taken my daughter's part so courageously. That ruffian must feel considerably humiliated, now that he has finally met his match. His boisterous insolence has marred every festivity and every dance in the past.'

I was fatigued; they brought me wine, which Kunigunde — so the daughter was called — smilingly poured for me. Later on I joined in the dance; and the other lads, without the least show of envy, seemed to grant me the right to claim this girl as my sole partner, because I had gained their universal respect by worsting that ruffian.

In the twilight and oncoming darkness, I chatted with the old people. Then the young folks began a game of forfeits. Kunigunde by some artifice or other brought it to pass that, although I did claim my rewards from the other girls, I never could claim a kiss from her. I felt sensitive, and she twitted me about it. Night brought the party to an end. She accompanied me some distance toward the city.

'Did you recognize me immediately?' she inquired. I replied that I had not forgotten her, and that I took some comfort from the fact that she had not treated me quite as a complete stranger. She remarked my sensitiveness and said: 'Dear friend, what pleasure can there possibly be in kissing in company, where anyone can claim a kiss by the rules of the game? Is not the joy of a kiss claimed in such fashion from some one you really like greatly diminished? If you so wish, give me, here alone as we are, a kiss, and so let us part.' Trembling my lips met hers; and with a troubled heart I left her and slowly went through the darkness back to the city, alone with my thoughts.

From that day on my charming dancing-partner was never out of mind; constantly I saw her in my dreams as I had seen her that Sunday, perceived the quick joyousness of her heart followed soon by quiet earnestness and gentle tenderness. I made oft-repeated visits to the hamlet and soon became intimate with her parents, who were very respectable people. The daughter treated me like a brother or a friend from childhood.

'You need not to have taken the pains to tell me that you were not of our faith,' she said to me one afternoon. 'I was well aware of that in the cathedral; your devotions told me that plainly. I could see how confused you were in following the service; what a stranger you were to the mass. All about you were worshippers, who felt themselves so extremely pious, that they took offence at your ignorance of the service. To be of aid to both you and them, and to make you more kindly disposed one toward the other, I gave you my rosary. Keep it to remember me by. Here in my home we hear so many terrible tales about the people who live in your country. My parents and friends call you a heretic, and think you condemned and eternally lost. I cannot believe what they say; and since I have come to know and regard you, the very last trace of distrust has vanished from my mind.

But my parents, as much as they like you, are saddened whenever the thought plagues them that you are not a Catholic and they know that you are lost in eternity. How can human hearts contain both love and hate?'

Daily we grew fonder of one another, and even the parents became accustomed to my presence. I respected their prayers and customs and did not affront them by any expression of opinion on these matters; mutually we avoided any references to religion. My state of mind was perplexing; restless as I was, I could scarcely await the moment when again I should be in her presence; beside the spinning-wheel or sitting with her in the arbor or accompanying her into the garden to help in gathering the fruit or assist in staking and tying the flowers.

But her mere presence often did not suffice, and I demanded an embrace and a kiss. Her fair beauty, the expression in her bright eyes, the pressure of her hand caused me not a little anxiety.

Sometimes through sheer willpower I was able to hasten my departure, only to lament soon after that I had not remained longer. I felt that she loved me, still she was free of that strange magic spell, such as held me in its grasp; free of every anxiety and confusion. She was so completely happy, when I was with her; it was evident from her charming manner and the calm of her soul that my presence alone satisfied all of her longings.

It pleased her to enter into discussions with me and thereby add to her store of knowledge — a privilege which she lacked in her rural surroundings. Thus as she lived and moved with me in my larger world, her contentment became full and complete. Often she confided in me how happy she was, now that she knew me; how she was becoming conscious of her heart, and her reason, and even her religion was quickened and its glories more apparent. And the summer passed in the happiest of such pleasant hours; but we were not to be spared our share of pain and displeasure.

The trouble arose through that boisterous fellow who, up to the time of my coming, had played the rôle of an unconquered bully, in which capacity he had transgressed every limit of common decency, because he had so rarely been balked. To this fellow my happiness and my superior strength were a constant source of annoyance. He had vowed vengeance, and I was constantly warned by Kunigunde about his behavior. The lawless rascal was frequently intoxicated and when in this condition quite unmanageable. Not infrequently he went to the length of throwing aside every precaution in order to gain his brute ends.

So it came to pass that one day he armed himself with a cudgel, went out into the oak forest, and hid himself beside the path, knowing that I was soon expected in the village. Kunigunde had hastened out to warn me to take another path so that I might avoid the encounter. The ruffian, however, had caught sight of her and surmised on what errand she was bent. I cannot describe to you the revolting sight that met my eyes as I came out of the forest by the accustomed path which runs along down by the river. She and the maniac struggled together; he fumed as he

tightened his hold on her. The kerchief had slipped from her shoulders exposing to the unaccustomed glare of the sunlight her maidenly breasts. The brute was attempting to drag her down to the river; her hair had come down, and her dress was in the greatest disorder; with full presence of mind she braced herself to balk his vile purpose. However, she began to show that her strength was fast flagging.

I lunged toward him and soon succeeded in freeing her. But he, filled with grim joy at seeing the object of his hatred before him, fell upon me like a mad-man. Cleverly I avoided his blows until finally I saw an opportunity to grasp both his arms and to hold him securely. He bit, he bellowed, he used every possible means either to free himself or to do me some injury. At last I threw him. So exhausted and bruised was he — for in the heat of the combat I had given myself up completely to anger — that I had to beg two passing fishermen to take him into their boat and to bring him safe to his lodgings.

All this happened so quickly that it took me some time to regain my composure. I found her sitting on the grass of the sloping bank in the shade of the trees. She was arranging her kerchief and smoothing her dress. I had really never appreciated how pretty she was; now as I knelt at her feet and the first sunbeam broke through the lowering sky and gilded forest, mountain, and stream, — but reflected most charmingly from her heavenly features, — I felt myself translated to Paradise.

Amid tears she ran to my arms, and while we held one another in close embrace forgetting everything else, she turned her head slightly aside and said: ' Indeed, I am yours! There is no power on earth that can part us; I can resist you no longer. Do with me, my love, what you think right and your conscience does not forbid. I cannot say no to your wishes. But this bear in mind; I cannot go with you to your country; it would mean the death of my old parents to know that I had gone to dwell among heretics. You cannot stay here, nor do you wish to, as I have often heard from your lips; least of all could I prevail upon you to become one of our faith. Our bringing-up and our environment both make for our separation, but in love I am yours, whatever

will make you happy, do or leave; my heart shall reëcho only the call of your heart.'

My Frederick, there are moments in life unprecedented when everything vanishes, which but a moment before was the soul of our wishes. Yea, when all within is transformed, and there arises out of our consciousness — how shall I say it? — a vision, which so fills our inmost being to overflowing, that we feel as though joy were at the breaking point. Sheer joy brings us pain, and still what we feel, we are unable to express; we are entranced, but not through possession or gain; rather it is a sweet peace in the midst of commotion that fills us, and the depletion of all our powers is at hand. This was my experience.

Again our eyes met; in hers was a look which reflected the heavenly joy of submission. I could not restrain my tears; some time elapsed before I broke the silence: 'Beloved! with these words you have given me more than all; for the final most sacred favor is but the sign of submission, the holy bond of marriage. Let us cherish this divine moment. Let me not consign both you and me to the world's disillusionment, and perchance conjure up an unpropitious fate, so that in the future we would have occasion to curse this sweet experience.' I accompanied her home, took leave of her, begged her to extend my heartiest greetings to her parents, and left the city without seeing her again."

Elsheim looked at his friend fixedly. Leonhard flushed slightly. "I marvel at you," said Elsheim finally, "I should not have been equal to that."

"Do not ascribe to me a virtue," replied Leonhard, "that was not mine. Had it been the question of a sacrifice demanded of me, no doubt, I should not have be able to resist; but there was really no struggle. On the contrary the consciousness that she was unreservedly mine, that she, might I say, dwelled soul and body in my heart, this knowledge quelled every desire. I cannot explain to you how very strange nature and people, love and longing, body and soul appeared to me as a result of this experience. It seemed as though I had awakened from life for a moment, and as if in the new dream the memory of the truth continued for a time to hold sway."

"I do not quite comprehend you," said Elsheim, "nothing short of a similar experience would be the proper aid in fathoming this. You will admit that there are people who would hold up to ridicule the very thing which in your story has struck in me a sympathetic chord."

"Let them ridicule," sighed Leonhard, "they are bound to the earth; such as they I have always avoided."

"Be frank, friend," Elsheim began anew, "weren't you ever sorry over this lost opportunity?"

"Well, I am human," answered Leonhard, "and yet whenever my passion debated this question and at times gained an advantage over my heart, then I could never help despising myself for giving ground."

E. T. AMADEUS HOFFMANN

(1776 — 1822)

Hoffmann was at once a dissipated neurotic and a shrewd, experienced man of the world. He walked through the streets of Berlin as strange a figure to look on as one of his own characters; yet he was a famed legal expert and gave wise decisions. The neurotic side of his nature produced that long series of wild, uncanny incidents which make his stories so thrilling to young readers. The man of the world in him showed itself, not only in the clean-cut and logical structure of these stories but also in the shrewd, practical comments on life which he weaves into them. In the same narrative one finds at times the harrowing Gothic machinery of Ann Radcliffe and hard-headed satire on high society like that of Pope or Thackeray. He was a versatile genius, producing, among other works, musical compositions of high merit; but his best work appears in his short stories. These were widely read in foreign countries and had considerable influence on English and American authors, especially on E. A. Poe. Hoffmann had no deep literary faith; but he had great fecundity of mind, great powers of expression, and a powerful personality. In the field of morbid ingenuity he is one of the foremost of authors.

THE VOW

On Michaelmas[1] day, just as the bells af the Carmelite monastery were ringing for vespers, there drove into the little Polish border town of L—— a dignified traveling coach, drawn by four post-horses, thundering and rattling through the streets. It came to a halt finally before the door of the old German burgomaster. The children in the house thrust their heads out the window in curiosity, but the burgomaster's wife rose from her seat and cast her sewing on the table in vexation. As her aged husband entered from the next room, she cried: " Here are some

[1] Sept. 29th.

more strangers who take our quiet house for an inn; but that has been brought on us by your sign. Why did you have the stone dove over the door regilded?" The old man smiled shrewdly and significantly, without making any answer. In a moment he had thrown off his smoking-jacket and put on his state dress, which was hanging on the back of a chair and well brushed in preparation for his walk to church. Before his astonished wife could open her mouth for a question, he was already standing — silk cap under arm and silver hair gleaming in the twilight — before the coach-door, which in the meanwhile had been opened by a servant. An elderly lady in gray traveling-cloak descended from the coach. Then followed a tall, youthful figure with face heavily veiled, who leaned on the burgomaster's arm, rather staggered than stepped into the house, and the moment that she had entered the room sank as if half lifeless in an easy chair which her hostess, in answer to the burgomaster's sign, had quickly placed for her. The elder lady said softly and very sadly to the burgomaster: "Poor child! — I must stay with her a few minutes more." So saying, with the help of the burgomaster's eldest daughter, she started to remove her own traveling-cloak; and in a moment the sight of a nun's costume as well as a sparkling cross upon her breast revealed her as the abbess of a Cistercian nunnery. Meanwhile the veiled lady by a soft, barely audible sighing had made it known that she was still conscious, and finally asked her hostess for a glass of water. That worthy dame, however, brought in all kinds of bracing drops and essences and praised their marvelous curative power, while she begged the lady to lay aside the thick, heavy veil which must make free breathing impossible. But the sick guest rejected this proposal, warding off with her hand every approach of the hostess and bending her head back with all indications of abhorrence. Even when she finally consented to inhale the odor of a powerful restorative, even when she drank the water which she had requested and into which the care-taking hostess had poured a few drops of a treasured elixir, she did all this under her veil without lifting it in the slightest. "Dear old friend," said the abbess, turning to the burgomaster, "you have, I am sure, got everything ready as well as could be

wished?" "Surely," replied the old man, "surely! I hope his Highness, my Prince, will be satisfied with me, as well as the lady, for whom I am ready to do everything which is in my power." "Then leave me for a few minutes," continued the abbess, "alone with my poor child." The family immediately were dismissed from the room. The abbess was heard eagerly and movingly to address the lady, who, in turn, also began to speak finally with a tone that penetrated deep into one's heart. Without exactly listening, the hostess remained standing close to the door of the room. The speech of the strangers was in Italian, and this very fact made the whole event more mysterious for her and increased the sense of foreboding which sealed her lips. Her aged husband drove his wife and daughter away to bring wine and other refreshments, while he himself returned to the room. The veiled lady seemed more comforted, more composed, as she stood with bowed head and folded hands before the abbess. The latter deigned to accept some refreshments which her hostess offered her, then she cried, "Now the time has come!" The veiled lady sank upon her knee; the abbess, with hands laid on her head, uttered a soft prayer. When this was ended, with tears streaming down her cheeks she embraced the veiled stranger in her arms and pressed her violently to her own bosom in excess of sorrow. Then with dignity and self-possession she gave the family her benediction, and hastened, under guidance of the old burgomaster, to her carriage, in front of which fresh post-horses, newly harnessed, were neighing noisily. With cheery racket and blowing of horns the postilion drove through the streets and out of the gate.

As soon as the burgomaster's wife saw that the veiled stranger had remained behind and that two heavy trunks had been unloaded from the carriage and brought in, sure sign that their guest had come for a long stay, she could not free herself from painful curiosity and anxiety. She stepped out into the hall, across the path of her aged husband, who then was just preparing to enter the room. "In Heaven's name," she whispered softly and anxiously, "in Heaven's name, what kind of a guest are you bringing into my house? You must know all about this and have kept it from me." "All that I know you shall learn too," answered

the old man with perfect composure. "Ah, ah," continued his wife with increasing anxiety, "but perhaps you don't know everything; if you had only been in the room just now! When the abbess left us, this lady probably found the air too close under her thick veils. She unfastened the great black crepe one, which hung down to her knee, and then I saw — " "Well, what did you see then?" interrupted the old man, as his wife looked around her trembling, like one who beheld spectres. "No," continued his wife, "I could not see her features clearly under the thin veils, but I could see her corpse-like pallor, ah, — that horrible corpse-like pallor! But now, sir, now listen to me. It is clear, only too clear, obvious as the noon-day, that the lady is with child. She will be in child-bed in a week or so!" "I know that well enough, wife," returned the old man, quite sullenly, "and to save you from dying of curiosity and uneasiness, I'll explain everything for you in two words. Know then that Prince Z——, our high patron, wrote to me a few weeks ago that the abbess of the Cistercian convent at O——would bring me a lady whom I was to receive at my house very quietly, with as little sensation as possible. The lady, who was to be known merely as Celestina, would await her approaching confinement at my house, and then, with the child that she had borne, be carried away again. Let me add that the Prince in most emphatic language urged me to watch over the lady with the greatest care and supplied, for our preliminary expenses and trouble, a fine purse of ducats. You can find it in my bureau and eye it all you want to. Now I hope your scruples will end." "So then," said his wife, "we must perhaps, lend a helping hand to some ugly sin, as committed by our betters."

Before the old gentleman could make her any answer, their daughter came out of the room and called him in to the lady, who, she said, was anxious to rest and desired to be led to her chamber. The aged burgomaster had furnished the two small rooms of his top story as well as possible, and was not a little taken aback when Celestina asked if he had not any chamber other than these, whose windows looked out toward the back. He said he had not, and merely added for the sake of thorough exactness that there was, to be sure, a single room with one window facing the garden,

but this could not be called a chamber, merely an attic room scarcely large enough to contain a bed, a table, and a chair, like a wretched convent cell. Celestina instantly demanded to see this room, and, the minute she had entered it, declared that this chamber met exactly her wishes and needs, that she would stay in this and no other, and only when her circumstances should require more space and a nurse, would she exchange it for a larger one.

If the old burgomaster had already compared this narrow chamber to a cloister cell, by the next day it had become that in actual fact. Celestina had fastened an image of the Virgin on the wall, and placed a crucifix on the old wooden table which stood under the image. The bed consisted of a straw mattress and a woollen blanket, and, aside from a wooden stool and a second small table, Celestina allowed no other furniture. The burgomaster's wife, reconciled to the stranger through the deep, gnawing anguish that her entire being revealed, thought it a duty to cheer up the newcomer in the usual manner and entertain her; but the visitor begged, in most touching language, that her hostess would not disturb a solitude in which alone, with all her thoughts concentrated on the Virgin and the saints, she found consolation. Every morning, as soon as the East turned gray, Celestina went to the Carmelite cloister to hear early mass; the rest of the day she seemed to have consecrated without intermission to practices of devotion, for whenever occasion called the family to her chamber, she was found either praying or reading in pious books. She rejected disdainfully all food except vegetables, every drink except water, and only the urgent representations of her aged host that her condition, the being living within her, demanded better nourishment, finally persuaded her to taste occasionally broth and a little wine. Even if every one in the house believed this severe convent life an atonement for past sin, it none the less aroused at the same time an inner sympathy and deep respect, which was increased not a little by the nobility of her figure and the winning charm of her every movement. But with these sympathies for the saintly stranger there was mingled a sense of shuddering awe due to the fact that she never laid aside her veils and that no one had

been able to see her face. No one came near her except her aged host and the female part of her family; and they, who had never gone outside of their little town, could not possibly unravel her secret by recognition of a face that they had never seen. Why then this close veiling? — The busy fancy of the women soon invented a horrible, fantastic story. A fearful mark — so ran their romantic account — the scar of the devil's claw, had disfigured the stranger's face horribly, and hence the heavy veils. The old burgomaster exerted himself to check and restrain such twaddle, so that at least before the door of his own home there should be no romantic gossip about the stranger, whose stay in his house had certainly become known in the city. Her journeys to the Carmelite cloister also did not pass unobserved, and soon she was called the burgomaster's black lady, a title which unquestionably carried with it the idea of a spectral apparition. Chance decreed that one day, as the burgomaster's daughter was bringing the stranger her food in her room, a breath of air caught the veil and lifted it; the stranger turned quick as lightning so as to avert her face that instant from the girl's glance. But the daughter came downstairs white and trembling in all her limbs. Like her mother, she had seen no disfigurement, but a deathly pale, a marble white face, from whose deep eye-sockets a strange light flashed out. Her old father rightly imputed a good deal to the girl's imagination; but even he at bottom took the matter as seriously as the others; he wished that this disturbing being, spite of all the piety that she showed, were well out of his house.

Soon after, one night the old gentleman woke up his wife and told her that he had heard for several minutes a soft whimpering and moaning, a knocking on the wall, that seemed to come from Celestina's room. His wife, seized with a presentiment of what this might be, hurried upstairs. She found Celestina, dressed and closely wrapped in her veils, lying half unconscious on her bed, and was soon convinced that the patient's confinement was near. Everything that had so long been kept ready for the occasion was quickly brought, and in a short time a healthy, charming youngster was born. Though this event had been long foreseen, yet it occurred unexpectedly; and, with the train of consequences which

it brought, it abolished entirely that oppressive, strange relationship with their unknown guest which had weighed so heavily on the family mind. The boy, like an atoning intermediary, seemed to bring Celestina once more in reach of humanity. Her condition made severe ascetic practices impossible, and her helplessness forced her to accept the attentions of those who cared for her with loving anxiety, so that she gradually became accustomed more and more to their presence. On the other hand, now that the burgomaster's wife could wait on the invalid, cook nourishing broth for her with her own hands and serve it, the good lady in these domestic cares forgot every thought of evil which had entered her head earlier concerning this enigmatic stranger. She had ceased to think of the possibility that her respectable house might serve as a hiding-place for shame. Her aged husband was delighted as if he had renewed his youth, and petted the boy as if a grandson had been born to him. He, like all the rest, had become accustomed to the fact that Celestina remained veiled, yes, even in the hour of travail. She had made the midwife swear that if she should become unconscious the veils were not to be lifted, except by the midwife herself, even if there were danger of death. It was certain that this aged woman had seen Celestina unveiled, but all that she would say about that was, " The poor young lady, you know, has to go wrapped up like that." A few days later appeared the Carmelite monk who had baptized the infant. His interview with Celestina, at which no one was allowed to be present, lasted more than two hours. His voice was heard in fervent speech and prayer. When he had gone, the others found Celestina sitting in her easy chair with the boy in her lap, a scapular thrown around his little shoulders, and an Agnus dei hanging on his breast. Contrary to what the burgomaster had expected, and contrary to Prince Z——'s promise to him, weeks and months went by without any one coming to claim Celestina and her child. She might have become wholly one of the peaceful family circle, had it not been for those fatal veils which always checked the final step toward friendly approach. The old gentleman made so bold as to tell the stranger this frankly. But when with a hollow, solemn voice she replied:

" These veils shall fall only in death," he let the subject drop and wished more than ever for the appearance of the carriage with the abbess.

Spring had come; the burgomaster's family were returning from a walk, carrying bouquets of flowers, of which the most beautiful was intended for the pious Celestina. Just as they were about to enter the house, a horseman came galloping up, inquiring eagerly for the burgomaster. The old gentleman said that he himself was the burgomaster and in front of his own house. Then the rider leapt from his horse, tied it to the post, and rushed into the house and up the stairs with the shrill cry, " She is here, she is here! " They heard a door burst open and a shriek of fright from Celestina. The old burgomaster, seized with terror, hurried toward them. The horseman — easily recognizable now as an officer of the French Chausseurs with numerous orders on his bosom — had snatched the child from the cradle and taken it up in his left arm, which was drawn under his cloak. His right hand was grasped by Celestina, who was exerting all her energy to hold back the robber of her child. In their struggle the officer tore away her veils — a rigid, death-like countenance, white as marble, from the shadowy background of black tresses stared at him, shooting glowing beams of light from the deep eye-sockets, while piercing cries of anguish poured out of the half-open, unmoving lips. The burgomaster saw that Celestina was wearing a white mask fitted closely to her face. " You horrible woman! Do you want your madness to seize on me too? " cried the officer, meanwhile tearing himself violently loose, so that Celestina fell to the ground. Now, however, she seized his knees, while with a tone of the most unspeakable anguish, with a voice which pierced one's heart, she implored, " Leave me my child, oh! leave me my child! You shall not rob me of my eternal salvation. For Christ's sake, for the sake of the Holy Virgin, leave me my child! — leave me my child! " Not a muscle moved, there was no motion of the lips on the deathlike face that poured out these cries of grief, so that the aged host, the hostess, all of those who had followed him, felt the blood freeze with horror in their veins. " No! " cried the officer, like one in downright despair, " no, you unhuman, unpity-

ing woman, you have had power to tear the heart from this bosom, but your incurable madness shall not destroy the being that lies like healing comfort on my bleeding wound!" The officer pressed the child more closely to him, so that it began to cry, then Celestina broke out in a hollow shriek: "Vengeance — the vengeance of Heaven upon you — you murderer!" "Let go! let go! begone, you spectre of hell!" screeched the officer; with a convulsive motion of his foot he hurled Celestina far away from him and started out through the door. The burgomaster crossed his path; but he promptly drew a pistol, pointed it at the old man and cried: "A ball through the head of any one who thinks of snatching the child from its father!" He plunged down the stairs, leapt on his horse, without letting go of the infant, and rode off at full gallop. Anxiety as to how matters stood now with Celestina, and what was to be done with her, filled the heart of the hostess. She conquered her horror of that ghastly, death-like mask and hastened upstairs to offer her help. What was her astonishment when she found Celestina standing silent in the middle of the room, like a statue, with arms hanging limp. The good lady spoke to her; no answer. Feeling unable to bear the sight of the mask, the older woman draped Celestina in her veils, which were lying on the floor; no stir, no motion. Celestina had sunk into a condition like that of an automaton. This filled the burgomaster's wife with new alarm and anxiety, so that she prayed fervently to God only to be released from this uncanny stranger. Her prayer was heard immediately, for at that precise moment the very carriage which had brought Celestina halted before the door. The abbess entered, accompanied by Prince Z——, the old burgomaster's distinguished patron. When the latter learned what had just happened, he said very gently and calmly: "Then we have come too late and must resign ourselves to God's will." Celestina was brought downstairs. Rigid and silent, without any indication of her own wishes or choice she allowed herself to be led out and placed in the carriage, which rolled rapidly away. The old burgomaster, his whole family, felt as if they were just awaking from an evil, spectre-haunted dream, which had caused them great alarm.

Not long after these events took place in the house of the burgomaster of L——, a lay sister was buried with unusual state in the Cistercian nunnery at O——. A vague rumor spread that this lay sister was the Countess Hermengilda von C——, who was supposed to have gone to Italy with her father's sister, the Princess von Z——. At the same time Count Nepomuk von C——, Hermengilda's father, appeared in Warsaw. Here, keeping for himself only a small estate in the Ukraine, he transferred all the remainder of his considerable property to his nephews, the two sons of Prince Z——, by a legal deed without reservation. He was asked about the provision for his daughter. Then, raising his sad, tearful glance to heaven, he said with a hollow voice, "She is provided for." Without hesitation he not only confirmed that rumor regarding Hermengilda's death in the convent at O——, but also revealed the strange fate that had governed Hermengilda's life and drawn her like a patient martyr untimely to her grave. Many patriots, bowed but not crushed by their country's fall, formed plans of drawing the Count again into secret leagues aiming at the restoration of the Polish state; but they found no longer the fiery man, enthusiastic for freedom and fatherland, who once had offered his hand for every bold undertaking with unshakable spirit. Rather they found a feeble graybeard, his heart torn with bitter anguish, one averse to all public activities, who stood ready to bury himself in deeper loneliness.

Once, at that time when the insurrection was brewing after the first division of Poland, the ancestral estate of Count Nepomuk von C—— had been the secret gathering place of the patriots. There at solemn assemblies hearts were inspired to battle for their fallen fatherland. There, like an angel's image sent from heaven for holy consecration, Hermengilda appeared in the circle of the youthful heroes. As is the custom with ladies of her nation, she took part in everything, even in the political discussions. Carefully considering and weighing how matters stood, this young girl, not yet seventeen, would often express an opinion opposed to that of all the others, an opinion indicating the most unusual keenness, the clearest circumspection, and one which often decided the de-

bate. After her no one was more endowed with talent for quick survey, for comprehension and well-rounded presentation of the situation than Count Stanislaus von R——, a fiery, highly gifted youth of twenty. So it came about that Hermengilda and Stanislaus often alone in hurried discussions considered problems brought up for debate, tested proposals, accepted them, rejected them, offered others, and that often the results of these dialogues between youth and maiden could not but be recognized, even by most acute old statesmen in their council as the shrewdest and best plans to adopt. What was more natural than to think about the union of these two, in whose unusual talents the salvation of the fatherland seemed budding into life. But, besides this, the closer union of the two families was at the moment of political importance because they were believed to be inspired by different interests, as was the case with many other families in Poland. Hermengilda, with her whole soul full of such views as these, accepted her appointed bridegroom as her country's gift, and so it was resolved that their formal betrothal and the assembly of the patriots should take place together at her father's estate.

It is well known that the Poles succumbed, that with Kosciusco's fall utter shipwreck ended an attempt based too much on self-confidence and on a false assumption of chivalrous loyalty. Count Stanislaus, who had been marked out by his early military career, his youth and strength, for a place in the army, had fought with the courage of a lion. After barely escaping from shameful captivity, he came back dangerously wounded. Hermengilda alone still chained him fast to life; in her arms he thought that he might find again lost hope and consolation. As soon as he had partly recovered from his wounds, he hastened to the estate of Count Nepomuk, only to be wounded again in the most painful manner there. Hermengilda received him with almost derisive scorn. " Is this the hero who wished to face death for his fatherland? " Such was the cry with which she met him. It seemed as if in her foolish madness she had believed her fiancé one of those paladins of the fabulous knightly ages whose sword alone could annihilate armies. How was he helped by assertions that no human power could withstand the roaring, all-destroying stream

which had poured itself over his country; how helped by all the entreaties of fervent love. Acting as if her deathly cold heart could only take fire in the wild progress of political events, Hermengilda remained firm to her decision of granting her hand to Count Stanislaus only when the foreigner was driven from their country. The Count perceived too late that Hermengilda had never loved him, as he was forced to the conviction that the condition which she imposed perhaps could never be fulfilled, at best only after a long time. With a vow of loyalty to death he left his beloved, and entered the military service of France, which involved him in the war against Italy.

It is said of Polish women that they are marked by a peculiarly capricious disposition. Deep feeling, self-indulging levity, stoical self-denial, glowing passion, corpse-like coldness, all this, as it lies in picturesque mixture in their souls, produces that strange, wayward conduct on the surface which resembles the play of waves splashing on in constant change in the brook that is stirred to its depths. It was with indifference that Hermengilda saw her betrothed leave her, but scarcely had a few days gone by when she felt herself seized with such an inexpressible longing as only the most ardent love can occasion. The storm of war had roared itself out, the amnesty was proclaimed, the Polish officers were released from captivity. So it came about that several of Stanislaus's brothers in arms at intervals dropped in at the Count's country-seat. It was with deep grief that they recalled that unlucky day, but also with great enthusiasm for the lion-like courage with which all, none more than Stanislaus, had fought. In the moment when everything seemed already lost, he had led back into the fire the yielding battalions; it had been his fortune to break through the hostile ranks with his cavalry. The fate of the day hung in the balance; then a bullet hit him, and with the cry, "Fatherland, Hermengilda!" all bathed in blood he fell from his horse. Every word of this recital was a dagger-stab that pierced deep into Hermengilda's heart. "No! I did not realize that I had loved him inexpressibly from the first moment when I saw him! What blindness of Hell had power to mislead poor me, that I could think of living without him, who is my only life! I

have sent him to his death — he will never come back! " So Hermengilda broke out in stormy lamentations, which all pierced one's soul. Sleepless, tortured by constant unrest, she wandered at nighttime through the park, and, as if the nightwind might be able to carry her words to her far-off beloved, she cried out into the air: " Stanislaus, Stanislaus, — come back — it is I — it is Hermengilda — who calls you — do you not hear me, pray — come back, or else I shall pine away in terrified longing, in comfortless despair! "

Hermengilda's excited state of mind seemed on the point of passing over into genuine, unmistakable madness, which drove her into a thousand follies. Count Nepomuk, full of grief and anxiety about his darling child, thought that medical aid might perhaps be effective in such a case. In fact, he succeeded in finding a physician who was obliging enough to reside a while at the estate and take charge of the patient. His methods of treatment were more psychical than physical; but however correct they might be considered, however impossible it was to deny their effect entirely, yet the question remained whether one could ever really speak of a cure, since after long silence the strangest paroxysms would set in again quite unexpectedly.

A peculiar romantic incident gave the matter another turn. In a fit of anger Hermengilda had thrown into the fire a doll, a little dragoon, which she had often before pressed to her heart as her lover, and to which she had given the most endearing names. Her reason for the burning was that it positively would not sing: " Podrosz twoia nam niemila, milsza przyiasza w Kraiwbyla," etc.[1] Just as she was preparing to go back into her room from this little adventure, she halted in the vestibule, as someone, rattling and clanking, came striding up the stairs behind her. She looked around, perceived an officer in the full uniform of the French Chasseurs, who carried his arm in a sling; and with a loud cry, " Stanislaus, my Stanislaus! " she threw herself fainting into his arms. The officer was rooted to the floor with wonder and

[1] Two verses from text of polonaise sung at Kosciuso's departure for North America 1797. " Your departure does not please us, we'd rather have your friendship here."

surprise. With the one arm at his disposal he had no little difficulty in holding up Hermengilda, whose tall and charming figure was not exactly an easy load. He pressed her tighter and tighter, and as he felt Hermengilda's heart beat against his own breast he was forced to acknowledge that this was the most delightful adventure which he had ever experienced. Second after second went by. The officer, all on fire with the flames of love, that streamed in a thousand electric sparks from the charming figure held in his arms, pressed glowing kisses on those sweet lips. It was thus that he was found by Count Nepomuk as the latter came out of his room. He also in an outburst of joy, cried, " Count Stanislaus! " At that moment Hermengilda revived and embraced the newcomer ardently, while, overcome with excitement, she cried again: " Stanislaus, my beloved! my husband! " The officer, with his face all aglow, was trembling, — unable to control himself. He drew back a step, thereby withdrawing from Hermengilda's passionate embrace. " This is the happiest moment of my life — but I will not revel in the pleasure which has been granted me only through an error — indeed, I am not Stanislaus — ah, indeed I am not he! " The officer said this with stammering and hesitation. Hermengilda recoiled terrified; a keener survey of the officer convinced her that she had been deceived by what was really an astonishing similarity to her beloved, and she hurried away with loud wails and laments.

The officer now introduced himself as the younger cousin of Count Stanislaus ——, as the Count Xaver von R——, and Count Nepomuk could scarcely believe it possible that the boy in so short a time had grown up into so sturdy a youth. It must be remembered that the hardships of war had given to the visitor's face, to his whole bearing, a more manly character than would have otherwise been the case. For Count Xaver had left his native country at the same time as his elder cousin Stanislaus, like him had entered the French military service, and fought in Italy. Though at that time scarcely eighteen years old, he soon made his mark as a clear-headed and undaunted military hero so obviously that the general promoted him to be his adjutant; and now, a youth of twenty, he had already risen to be colonel.

Wounds which he had received forced him to take a furlough to recuperate. He returned to his native land; and messages from Stanislaus to the latter's betrothed led him to Count Nepomuk's country seat, where he was received as if he were the lover himself.

Hermengilda was utterly crushed by shame and bitter anguish, and refused to leave her room. Count Nepomuk and her physician both used every means that they could think of to calm her as long as Xaver was in the house, but in vain. Xaver was wild with disappointment at his inability to see Hermengilda again. He wrote to her that he was innocently paying too hard a penalty for a likeness that had been his misfortune. But it was not he alone, he wrote — it was her lover Stanislaus himself who was suffering from the misfortune of that fatal moment. For now he, the bearer of sweet lovers' messages, was robbed of all opportunity to give into her own hands, as he should, the letter from Stanislaus which he carried with him. Also he could not add by word of mouth all that Stanislaus in the haste of the moment had been unable to add in writing. Hermengilda's chambermaid, whom Xaver had won to his interests, undertook the delivery of the letter at a favorable moment; and what neither her father nor her doctor had succeeded in, Xaver accomplished by his note. Hermengilda resolved to see him. In deep silence, with her eyes on the ground, she received him in her chamber. Xaver approached with soft, wavering step and sat down facing the sofa on which she was sitting; but as he bowed forward from his chair he rather kneeled before Hermengilda than sat. In this posture he implored her with the most touching terms in a voice that seemed to accuse himself of the most unpardonable crime, that she would not call down on his head the penalty for that error which had let him experience the bliss of his beloved friend. It was not he, no, it was Stanislaus himself whom she had embraced in the rapture of recognition. He gave her the letter and began to tell her about Stanislaus, how her lover with genuine chivalrous loyalty had remembered his lady in the midst of bloody battle, how his heart burned with devotion for freedom and fatherland, (etc). Xaver told his story with fiery enthusiasm, which swept Hermen-

gilda with it. Soon, overcoming all her shyness, she fixed the enchanting glance of her heavenly eyes unwaveringly on him, so that he, a new Culaf stricken by the glance of Turandot, trembled with sweet delight and only with difficulty kept spinning out his narrative. Under pressure of the inner battle against that passion which was threatening to break out in glowing flame, he unconsciously became absorbed in the lengthy description of isolated combats. He spoke of cavalry attacks, bodies of troops blown up, batteries seized. Hermengilda interrupted him impatiently, crying, "Oh, away with these bloody scenes of an infernal drama; say — say only to me that he loves me, that Stanislaus loves me!" Then Xaver with increased boldness seized Hermengilda's hand, which he pressed violently to his breast. "Hear him yourself, your Stanislaus," he cried, and now there streamed from his lips assertions of the most ardent love such as characterize the madness of the most consuming passion. He had sunk down at Hermengilda's feet, she had embraced him with both arms; but as he leapt up quickly and tried to press her against his bosom, he felt himself violently repulsed. Hermengilda stared at him with a fixed, strange glance, and said in a hollow voice: "Vain puppet, even if I should warm you to life on my bosom, nevertheless you are not Stanislaus and can never be he!" So saying, she left the room with slow, noiseless step. Xaver too late perceived his folly. He felt only too clearly that he was in love, even to madness, with Hermengilda, the betrothed of his relative and friend, but also that with every advance which he thought of making to help his foolish passion he would be forced to reproach himself with a faithless breach of friendship. To depart at once without seeing Hermengilda again, that was the heroic resolution which he really did carry out to this extent, that he gave orders to have his baggage packed and his carriage made ready. Count Nepomuk was highly astonished when Xaver bade him farewell; he made every effort to retain his guest; but with a firmness rising from a sort of emotional convulsion rather than from genuine strength of will, Xaver insisted that special reasons demanded his departure.

With his sabre buckled his military cap in hand, he was stand-

ing in the middle of the room, the servant with his cloak in the vestibule. Then the door opened, Hermengilda entered. With indescribable charm she walked up to the Count, and said with a gracious smile: "You wish to leave us, dear Xaver? — And yet I was expecting to hear so much about my dear Stanislaus! — Don't you realize that your accounts about him comfort me wonderfully?" Xaver blushed deeply and dropped his eyes; every one sat down; Count Nepomuk assured them over and over that it was many months since he had seen Hermengilda in this cheerful, unconstrained mood. At his order, since the hour for the evening meal had come, their supper table was made ready in the same room. The finest Hungarian wine sparkled in the glasses, and Hermengilda with glowing cheeks sipped from the full goblet, in honor of the memory of sweetheart, freedom, and country. "To-night I will go away," thought Xaver in his heart; and as the tables were removed he actually did ask the servant if his carriage was waiting. The servant answered that, in accordance with Count Nepomuk's order, his baggage had long since been unloaded, the horses unhitched and the vehicle put back in the coachhouse; the horses were eating in the stable, and Woyciech was snoring below on his straw bed. Xaver let matters take their course. Hermengilda's unexpected appearance had convinced the Count that it would be not only possible but also advisable and pleasant to remain. From this conviction he passed on to another, that it was merely necessary to be master of himself, that is, to avoid outbreaks of the deep passion within him, which alone from every point of view could become dangerous to him as they would irritate Hermengilda's condition of psychic illness. How matters would turn out after that — so Xaver ended his meditation — even if Hermengilda should awake from her dream and prefer the cheery present to the dreary future, all that would depend on the constellation of coöperating circumstances; and there was to be no more thinking about faithlessness and breach of friendship.

When Xaver saw Hermengilda the next day, he actually did manage to keep his passion in subjection, carefully avoiding even the smallest detail which might have set his too hot blood surging.

He observed the restrictions of the most severe etiquette, showed respect even for the most frosty ceremonials, yet at the same time gave to their conversation that tone of gallantry which offers women deadly poison mixed with sweet sugar. Xaver, a twenty-year-old youth, inexperienced in actual love affairs, but guided by a sure tact, deep in his soul, about matters iniquitous revealed the art of the experienced master. He spoke merely of Stanislaus, of his unspeakable love for his sweet betrothed, but he knew with just what skill to make his own image shimmer through the bright flame which he kindled at that moment, so that Hermengilda in her utter confusion did not know herself how to separate those two images, that of the absent Stanislaus and that of the present Xaver. Xaver's company soon became a necessity to the excited Hermengilda, and so it came about that they were seen almost constantly together and often as if in confidential love-talk. Familiarity more and more overcame Hermengilda's shyness, and precisely to the same extent Xaver would overstep those limits of frosty ceremonial to which, with shrewd forethought, he had restricted himself at first. Arm in arm Hermengilda and Xaver walked around in the park, and she would carelessly leave her hand in his when he talked to her about the lucky Stanislaus as he sat near her in her room. When it was not a question of politics, of the interests of his country, Count Nepomuk was incapable of any insight into the depths of matters. He was satisfied with what he could perceive on the surface; his sensibilities were indifferent to everything else and could only reflect like a mirror the fleeting images of life as seen at the moment; they vanished and left no trace. He saw that the puppet who had represented Hermengilda's lover for her during her foolish and insane conduct had been exchanged for a living youth. Without any conception of her intrinsic character, he thought the change desirable. He thought he foresaw, and foresaw with great shrewdness, that Xaver, whom he would have liked just as well as a son-in-law, would soon fill Stanislaus' place completely. He had ceased to think about the faithful Stanislaus. Xaver was of the same opinion as he. However much Hermengilda's whole mind seemed filled with reverent thoughts of Stanislaus, after a

couple of months had passed she was graciously pleased to let Xaver approach her more and more with his own wooing.

One morning it was reported that Hermengilda had shut herself up in her chamber with her attendants and would positively see nobody. Nepomuk thought naturally that a new paroxysm had broken out which would quickly subside. Knowing the influence which Count Xaver had acquired over Hermengilda, he asked his guest to use this now for her recovery. But what was his surprise when Xaver not only refused absolutely to have any dealings with Hermengilda but also revealed a peculiar change in his whole personality. Instead of appearing almost too bold, as formerly, he was startled as if he had seen ghosts, his voice quavered, his mode of expression was colorless and incoherent. He said he must absolutely go to Warsaw now, that he would never see Hermengilda again, that at their last meeting her agitated conduct had filled him with fear and horror, that he renounced all the happiness of love, that the almost insane loyalty of Hermengilda had made him feel the deepest shame about the faithless act which he had been on the point of committing against his friend, that prompt escape was his only means of salvation. Count Nepomuk found all this incomprehensible, only at last it seemed to become plain to him that Hermengilda's delirious dreaming had infected the young man. He made an effort to point this out to his guest, but in vain. Xaver's opposition grew more violent in proportion as Nepomuk pointed out to him more urgently the necessity of curing Hermengilda of all her eccentricities, consequently, of seeing her again. The debate ended abruptly when Xaver, as if driven by an invisible, irresistible power, ran out of the porch, threw himself into his carriage, and drove away.

Count Nepomuk, full of vexation and scorn at Hermengilda's conduct, bothered his head no more about her. So it came about that several days went by, which she passed undisturbed, locked up in her room, seen by nobody except her maid.

One day Nepomuk was sitting in his room in deep thought, his mind wholly filled with the heroic deeds of that man whom the Poles of his day worshipped like a false idol. Then the door opened, and in came Hermengilda, dressed in complete mourning,

wearing a long widow's veil. With slow and solemn step she approached the Count, kneeled before him, and said in trembling voice: " Oh my father — Count Stanislaus, my beloved husband, is gone — he fell like a hero in bloody battle — it is his widow who kneels as an object of pity before you." Count Nepomuk was the more forced to regard this as a new outbreak of Hermengilda's disordered mental condition, since the very day before news had come of Count Stanislaus' good health. He raised Hermengilda gently, and said: " Be calm, my dear daughter, Stanislaus is well; he will soon be hastening to your arms." Then Hermengilda breathed like one giving a dying sigh; and, distorted with wild suffering, she sank down near the Count on the cushion of the sofa. But in a few minutes she recovered consciousness, and said with marvelous calmness and self-control: " Dear father, let me tell you how it has all happened, for you must know it, so that you may recognize in me the widow of Count Stanislaus of R——. Know that six days ago in the evening twilight I happened to be in the pavilion at the south side of our park. All my thoughts, my whole being, were concentrated on my beloved. Then I felt my eyes close involuntarily. I sank, not into sleep, but into a strange condition which I can only call that of a waking dream. But soon there was a whizzing and rumbling around me. I heard a wild uproar, shot after shot fell very near me. I started up, and was not a little astonished to find myself in a soldier's hut. He himself, my Stanislaus, was kneeling before me. I threw my arms around him, I pressed him to my breast. " God be praised! " he cried, " you are alive, you are mine! " He told me that right after our wedding I had sunken into this faint, and I, foolish creature, now remembered for the first time that Father Cyprianus had just married us in the nearby chapel amid the thunder of artillery, amid the wild raging of the nearby battle, that same Father Cyprianus whom I saw just at that minute striding out of the soldier's hut. The golden wedding ring gleamed on my finger. No words can describe the bliss with which I embraced my husband again. The nameless rapture of a woman truly blest, a rapture never felt before, trembled through my inmost being, — my senses left me — then there breathed on me a

breath that was icy cold — I opened my eyes. Oh horror! Around me the wild battle's turmoil — before me the burning soldier's hut, from which I had apparently just been rescued — Stanislaus hard pressed by hostile troopers — friends galloped up to save him — too late! from behind a trooper hewed him down from his horse! " Overpowered by terrible mental anguish, Hermengilda collapsed once more into a swoon. Nepomuk hastened for restoratives, but they were not needed; with wonderful will-power Hermengilda regained mastery of herself. " The will of Heaven is fulfilled," she said in a hollow and solemn voice, " it does not beseem me to complain; but I will be faithful to my husband unto death, and no earthly union shall divide me from him. To mourn for him, to pray for him and for our salvation, that is now my task in life, and nothing shall disturb me in it."

Count Nepomuk was perfectly justified in believing that Hermengilda's subjective brooding mania had found relief through this vision. Since the quiet, nun-like mourning of Hermengilda for her husband would permit no irregular, disquieting conduct, Count Nepomuk was thoroughly satisfied with this state of affairs, which must be soon ended by Count Stanislaus' arrival. If Nepomuk occasionally let fall remarks about dreams and visions, Hermengilda would smile sadly, then she would press to her mouth the golden ring that she wore on her finger, and moisten it with hot tears. Count Nepomuk noticed with astonishment that this ring really was one utterly strange to him, which he had never seen on his daughter's hand. However, since there were a thousand ways through which she might have come by it, he never took the trouble to investigate any further. More important for him was the bad news that Count Stanislaus had become prisoner to the enemy. Hermengilda began to be sickly in a peculiar fashion; she often complained of an unusual sensation, which she could not exactly call sickness but which thrilled through her whole being strangely.

About that time Prince Z—— arrived with his consort. Owing to the early death of Hermengilda's mother, the Princess had taken her place, and for this reason she was received by her protégé with childlike submissiveness. Hermengilda opened her

whole heart to this worthy lady, and complained with the bitterest grief that she was being blamed as a delirious dreamer, despite the fact that she had the most convincing proofs for the truth of all the circumstances connected with her actual marriage to Stanislaus. The Princess, who had been well informed about everything, and who was convinced of Hermingilda's mental derangement, took pains not to contradict her. She contented herself with assuring her friend that time would make everything clear, and that it would be well to submit utterly in pious humility to the will of Heaven. The Princess grew more attentive when Hermengilda spoke about her physical condition and described those strange attacks which seemed to disturb her whole being. Everyone noticed with what anxious care the Princess watched over Hermengilda, and how her anxiety increased as Hermengilda seemed to recover completely. The deathly white cheeks and lips became rosy again; the eyes lost their strange, dreary fire; their glance grew mild and calm; the emaciated figure rounded out more and more; in short, Hermengilda blossomed out again in full youth and beauty. And yet the Princess appeared to consider her sicker than ever, for: " How are you? — What ails you, my child? — How do you feel? — " such were the questions she would ask with torturing anxiety in her face, the moment Hermengilda merely sighed or paled in the least.

Count Nepomuk, the Prince, the Princess, took counsel together as to what was to be done about Hermengilda and her fixed idea that she was Stanislaus' widow. " I am sorry," said the Prince, " but I believe that her madness will continue incurable, for she is physically perfectly sound and feeds the demented condition of her soul with her full strength. " Yes," he continued, as the Princess stared in front of her with an expression of pain, " yes, she is perfectly sound, despite the fact that she is coddled, pampered, and worried like an invalid unreasonably and to her own obvious disadvantage." The Princess, at whom these words were aimed, fixed her eyes on Count Nepomuk's and spoke quickly and decisively: " No! Hermengilda is not sick; but, if it were not in the realm of impossibilities for her to have done wrong, then I should be convinced that she is with child." With

that she rose and left the room. Count Nepomuk and the Prince stared at each other as if struck by lightning. The Prince, speaking first, expressed the opinion " that his wife at times was visited by the strangest visions." Count Nepomuk, however, spoke with great seriousness: " The Princess is right to this extent, that an offence of that kind on the part of Hermengilda lies absolutely in the realm of the impossible. If I tell you, however, that, when Hermengilda passed me yesterday, a sort of idiotic idea shot through my own mind: Only see, the young widow is certainly with child; that this thought obviously could only have been caused by watching her figure — if I tell you all that, you will see how natural it is that the Princess' words should fill me with gloomy alarm, yes, with the most painful anxiety." " Then," replied the Prince, " the physician or the midwife must decide; and either that possibly rather over-hasty judgment of the Princess will be quashed or our shame confirmed." For several days both wavered between this conclusion and that. Both looked with suspicion on Hermengilda's figure, both felt that the Princess should decide what was to be done next. She opposed the interference of a physician, who might be talkative, and was of the opinion that in not less than five months other help would be needed. " What help? " cried Count Nepomuk horrified. " Yes," continued the Princess, raising her voice, " there is no longer the slightest doubt. Hermengilda is either the most infamous hypocrite ever born, or some inexplicable mystery is taking its course — enough, she is with child! " Count Nepomuk stood speechless and rigid with horror. Finally recovering his courage with difficulty, he conjured the Princess, at no matter what cost, to learn from Hermengilda herself who the wretch might be who had brought this inexpungeable shame upon his house. " As yet," said the Princess, " Hermengilda has no idea that I know about her condition. The moment when I tell her how matters are with her is the moment from which I expect everything. In her surprise she will let the hypocrite's mask fall, or else her innocence must be revealed in some marvelous manner, though I cannot dream even how this could possibly come about."

That very evening the Princess, whose air of maternal authority

seemed to increase every hour, was alone with Hermengilda in her chamber. Then the Princess gripped the poor child by both arms, looked keenly into her eye, and said with piercing voice: " My dear, you are with child! " Then Hermengilda raised her eyes, brightened as if by heavenly rapture, toward heaven and cried with a note of the deepest delight: " Oh mother, mother, to be sure, I know it. This long time I have felt that even though my dear husband fell under the murderous blows of his fierce enemies, yet I was to be unspeakably happy. Yes! — that moment of my highest earthly happiness lives on in me. I shall have him all mine once more, my beloved husband, in the dear pledge of our sweet union." The Princess felt as if everything began to whirl around her, as if she would lose her senses. The sincerity in Hermengilda's expression, her delight, her veritable transfiguration, allowed no one to think of hypocritical conduct or deceit, and yet only lunatic madness could put any value on her assertion. Completely dominated by this last thought, the Princess thrust Hermengilda back and cried out violently: " Mad woman! a dream has put you in the condition which brings shame and disgrace upon all of us! Do you think that you can deceive me with silly fairy tales? Think well — review all the events of recent days. Perhaps a repentant confession might reconcile us." Bathed in tears, losing all self-mastery in her bitter suffering, Hermengilda knelt before the Princess and wailed: " Mother, you too reproach me for being a dreamer, you too do not believe that the Church united me to Stanislaus, that I am his wife? But just look at this ring here on my finger — what need of more words? You, you know — perfectly well what my condition is; is that not enough then to convince you that I was not dreaming? " The Princess perceived with the deepest astonishment that the idea of misconduct had not entered Hermengilda's mind, that she had not grasped at all, not understood at all, the allusion to that. Pressing her hands passionately against the Princess' bosom, Hermengilda kept imploring, now that her condition was beyond doubt, that she might keep her belief in her husband; and the utterly thunderstruck, dumbfounded woman actually knew no longer what she should say to the poor girl, or

in general, what line of conduct she should adopt to get on the track of the mystery which seemed to rule here.

Not until several days later did the Princess explain to her husband and Count Nepomuk that Hermengilda believed herself with child by her husband, and that it was impossible to get anything out of her except that of which she was convinced in her inmost soul. The men in bitter scorn condemned Hermengilda as a hypocrite, and Count Nepomuk especially swore that if gentle means would not dispel her lunatic idea of palming off an insipid fairy tale on him, he would try severe measures. The Princess, on the contrary, was of opinion that every form of severity would be an act of needless cruelty. She expressed her conviction, in other words, that Hermengilda was in no way a hypocrite but believed with all her soul in what she said. " There is many a secret in the world," she continued, " which we are in no situation to understand. How if the active coöperation of our thoughts can produce a physical effect, how if a spiritual meeting between Stanislaus and Hermengilda has put her in this condition so inexplicable to us? " In spite of their scorn, of all the mental depression of that fatal moment, the Prince and Count Nepomuk could not restrain themselves from loud laughter when the Princess expressed this idea. The men called it the most sublime which had ever etherealized humanity. The face of the Princess flushed blood red throughout, and she expressed the opinion that these rough men had lost all sense about such matters. She said that she believed unconditionally in her poor child's innocence, that she found the whole situation in which the young girl stood scandalous and repulsive, and that a journey which she was planning to take with Hermengilda was the best and only means of withdrawing her from the cunning and contempt of those around her. Count Nepomuk was thoroughly satisfied with this proposal. Since Hermengilda herself made no secret of her condition, it was unquestionably necessary, if her reputation was to be kept uninjured, that she be removed from the circle of her acquaintances.

With this matter settled, everyone felt calmer. Count Nepomuk hardly thought any longer about this alarming mystery it-

self, now that he saw the possibility of concealing it from the world, whose contempt was most painful to him. As for the Prince, in view of the strange situation of matters, of Hermengilda's unfeigned mental attitude, he judged rightly that there was nothing to do but leave the solution of this strange riddle to time. Having finished their consultation, they were just about to separate when the sudden arrival of Count Xaver von R—— brought them all new embarrassment, new anxiety. He plunged into the room with the haste of one driven by wild passion, heated from his hurried ride, covered from head to heel with dust; and without any greeting, regardless of all propriety, he cried in a loud voice; " He is dead, Count Stanislaus! He was not thrown into prison — no — he was hewn down by the enemy, — here are the proofs! " With that he hastily pulled out several letters and thrust them into Count Nepomuk's hands. The latter, completely taken aback, began to read. The Princess glanced at the pages. Scarcely had she caught a glimpse of a few lines when she raised her eyes to heaven, smote her hands together, and cried out in painful emotion: " Hermengilda! — poor child! — what an inexplicable mystery! " She had found that the date of Stanislaus' death agreed exactly with Hermengilda's assertion, that everything had occurred just as she had seen it in that fatal moment. " He is dead," said Xaver, with quick, fiery utterance, " Hermengilda is free. Nothing stands now in my way, and I love her as my life. I ask you for her hand! " Count Nepomuk was unable to answer; the Prince took the word and explained that certain circumstances made it absolutely impossible to agree to his proposal at this time, that just at that moment he could not even see Hermengilda, that consequently the best thing he could do would be to withdraw quickly as he had come. Xaver answered that he understood perfectly Hermengilda's disordered state of mind, to which, apparently, the Prince referred, but that this was so much the less of a hindrance because his union with Hermengilda would end an awkward situation. The Princess assured him that Hermengilda had sworn faithfulness to her Stanislaus even unto death, that every other union consequently would be rejected, besides she was no longer at the castle. Then Xaver gave a loud

laugh and said he needed only the father's consent; as for touching Hermengilda's heart, that could be left to him. Thoroughly angry at the young man's stormy insistence, Count Nepomuk declared that it was vain at that moment to hope for his consent, and that Xaver must leave the castle at once. Count Xaver stared at him fixedly, opened the door of the vestibule, and called to Woyciech outside, bidding him bring in the carpet-bag, unsaddle the horses, and put them in the stable. Then he came back into the room, threw himself into the easy-chair which stood close by the window, and declared coolly and decidedly that nothing but open force would drive him from the castle before he had seen Hermengilda and spoken with her. Count Nepomuk remarked that in that case he could plan for a long stay there, but, as for more than that, he would have to permit the owner himself to leave the castle. Thereupon all three, Count Nepomuk, the Prince, and his wife, quitted the room to get Hermengilda away from the place as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile chance so ruled that at this very hour, quite contrary to her usual custom, she had gone into the park. Xaver glanced through the window by which he was sitting and saw her strolling alone in the distance. He ran down into the park and finally caught up with Hermengilda just as she was stepping into that fatal pavilion at the south side of the grounds. Her condition was now obvious to almost any eye. " Oh all you powers of heaven! " cried Xaver, as he stood before Hermengilda. Then he threw himself at her feet, poured out the most solemn assertions of his ardent love, and amid them conjured her to make him supremely happy as her husband. Hermengilda, utterly beside herself with terror and surprise, said to him that an evil fate had led him there to disturb her rest. She was bound to faithfulness toward her beloved Stanislaus even unto death; never, never, would she be the wife of another. Xaver went on unceasingly with his pleas and assertions; finally in mad passion he threw at her the reproach that she was deceiving herself, that she had already granted him love's most precious moment, and springing from the ground, he tried to throw his arms around her. But then, with a countenance like death, she thrust him back with

loathing and contempt, and cried: "Wretch, self-seeking fool! As little as you are able to destroy the sweet pledge of my bond to Stanislaus, so little can you seduce me into criminal breach of faith! Out of my sight!" Then Xaver stretched out his clenched fist toward her, laughed aloud in wild scorn, and cried: "Mad woman! have you not broken that silly vow yourself? The child that you bear under your heart, that child is *mine!* It was *I* that you embraced here on this very spot. My mistress you were and remain, unless I exalt you to my wife!" Hermengilda stared at him with the blaze of hell in her eyes; then she shrieked "Monster!" and sank to the ground as if stricken with death.

Xaver ran back to the castle as if pursued by all the furies. He encountered the Princess, whom he gripped wildly by the hand and drew into the room after him. "She has rejected me with loathing — me, the father of her child!" "In the name of all the saints! You? — Xaver! my God! — speak, how was it possible?" So cried the Princess overcome with horror. "Let whoever will condemn me," went on Xaver more collectedly, "let him condemn me; but if the blood glowed in his veins as in mine he would sin like me in such a moment. In the pavilion I came upon Hermengilda in a strange condition that I cannot describe. She was lying on the sofa as if fast asleep and dreaming. Scarcely had I entered when she rose, came to meet me, took me by the hand, and with stately step walked through the pavilion. Then she knelt down, I did likewise, she prayed, and I soon perceived that in spirit she saw a priest standing before us. She drew from her finger a ring which she offered to the priest. I took it, and thrust on her finger a gold ring which I drew from my own; then she sank with the most ardent love into my arms. — When I slipped away, she was lying there in deep, unconscious sleep." "Horrible being! — Monstrous crime!" cried the Princess wholly beside herself. Count Nepomuk and the Prince came in. In a few words they learned of Xaver's confession, and how deeply was the Princess's sensitive spirit wounded when the men found Xaver's criminal act an offence easy to pardon and one to be wiped out by his union with Hermengilda. "No," said the

Princess, " never will Hermengilda offer her hand as wife to him who has dared, like the malicious spirit of hell, to poison the highest moment of her life with the most monstrous sin." " She will," said Count Xaver with cold, scornful pride, " she will have to offer me her hand to save her honor. — Here I stay — and everything will get adjusted." At this moment there rose a dull noise; Hermengilda, whom the gardener had found senseless in the pavilion, was being brought back into the castle. She was laid on the sofa; before the Princess could prevent it, Xaver stepped up to her and clasped her hand. Then she leapt up with a horrible cry, not human in sound, no, like the piercing wail of a wild animal, and in a horribly convulsive manner stared at the Count with eyes that flashed fire. He went reeling back as if stricken by deadly lightning, and stammered scarcely intelligibly: " Horses! " At a sign from the Princess, he was led downstairs: " Wine — wine! " he cried, gulped down a few glasses, leapt with renewed strength on his horse, and rode off.

Hermengilda's condition, which seemed threatening to pass from heavy delirium into wild insanity, changed the attitude of even Nepomuk and the Prince, who now for the first time perceived the horrible, inexpiable element in Xaver's deed. They wished to send for a physician, but the Princess rejected all medical help, where only spiritual comfort could possibly have effect. So instead of the physician there appeared the Carmelite monk Cyprianus, father-confessor of the house. In a marvelous manner he succeeded in arousing Hermengilda from the insensibility of staring madness. More than that — she was soon calm and collected. She spoke quite coherently with the Princess, to whom she expressed the wish, after her confinement, of passing her life in the Cistercian convent at O—— in constant repentance and mourning. To her mourning garments she had now added veils, which screened her face impenetrably, and which she never lifted. Father Cyprianus left the castle, but returned after a few days. In the meanwhile Prince Z—— had written to the burgomaster at L——; there Hermengilda was to await her confinement and was to be brought there by the abbess of the Cistercian convent, a

relative of their house, while the Princess was to travel to Italy and ostensibly take Hermengilda with her.

It was midnight. The carriage which was to carry Hermengilda to the convent stood before the door. Nepomuk, bowed with sorrow, the Prince, the Princess were waiting for the unhappy child to bid her farewell. Wrapped in her veils, led by the hand of the monk, she entered the room brilliantly lighted with tapers. Cyprianus spoke with solemn voice: "The lay sister Celestina sinned heavily while she was still in the world, for the crime of the devil stained her pure soul; but a vow never to be broken shall bring her comfort — peace and eternal salvation. Never again shall the world look on the face whose beauty lured the fiend to sin. Look here! Thus Celestina begins and completes her atonement!" With that the monk raised Hermengilda's veils, and keen grief pierced the hearts of all when they saw the pale, death-like mask in which the angelic beauty of Hermengilda's face was enclosed forever. Without being able to say a word, she parted from her father, who was utterly beside himself with consuming grief and felt that life for him was no longer possible. The Prince, usually a self-possessed man, was bathed in tears; only the Princess, struggling with all her power against her terror at that gruesome vow, succeeded in keeping up her courage with some fair degree of composure.

It is not clear how Count Xaver had learned the place of Hermengilda's retreat, and also the fact that the child, when born, was to be consecrated to the church. The theft of the child profited him little, for when he reached P—— and was intending to place it in the hands of a trusty woman for bringing up, it was not, as he believed, unconscious from the cold, but dead. After that Count Xaver vanished without trace, and it was believed that he had taken his own life. Several years had passed when the young Prince Boleslaw von Z—— on his journey to Naples came into the neighborhood of Posilippo. There in that most charming district lies a cloister of the Camaldolites. The Prince climbed up to this for the sake of enjoying an outlook which had been represented to him as the most attractive in all Naples. Just as he was about to step out on the projecting spur of rock in

the garden, which had been described to him as the most sightly point, he noticed a monk who had sat down on a great stone in front of him, and, with an open prayer book in his lap, was gazing out into the distance. His countenance, as far as its main features were concerned, was still youthful, only disfigured by deep sorrow. As he watched the monk more and more closely, a dim remembrance came to the Prince's mind. He stole nearer, and it struck his eye at once that the prayer book was written in the Polish language. Thereupon he addressed the monk in Polish. The latter wheeled round full of alarm; but scarcely had he perceived the Prince when he veiled his face and fled swiftly through the bushes as if driven by an evil spirit. Prince Boleslaw, in telling this adventure to Count Nepomuk, assured him that this monk was none other than Count Xaver von R——.[2]

[2] It may be interesting to compare with this story an extract from an American newspaper for Mar. 25, 1924: "*Dream Baby's Mother* — Mrs. Christabel Russell, divorced by the Hon. John Russell after she had accounted for an unexpected baby by saying her husband had visited her in a dream, in attempting to establish the legitimacy of the baby has carried her case to the House of Lords."

CLEMENS BRENTANO

(1778 — 1842)

The ancestors of Fouqué and Chamisso crossed the Rhine as emigrants fleeing religious and political persecution; Brentano's father journeyed over the Gothard to Frankfurt-on-the-Main to advance his business interests. What black hair and sparkling eyes the Brentanos had; but in particular what restless Italian dispositions! Clemens Brentano and his sister, Bettina von Arnim, have been alternately loved and criticised, more perhaps than any whose names appear on the scroll of German literary history. To-day the circle of their friends is small, but unusually loyal. Brentano's literary talent was of the highest order; he, however, lacked the necessary discipline for consistent, sustained endeavor to accomplish according to his gifts. As a mere youth he was drawn into the maelstrom of romanticism in the particularly turbulent Jena period. He was completely overwhelmed by the flood of new ideas which poured in upon him there. As an endeavor to crystallize what was then racking his very existence he wrote the novel " Godwi." This document of human eccentricity is incomparably unique. It is all romanticism, and all of early romanticism is to be found between its covers. Any one who would understand the first Romantic Movement must read the " Godwi " through patiently once, and then critically a second time. But " Casper and fair Annie " is Brentano at his best, it is a precious gem of romanticism, one of the loveliest stories told in the German tongue. Casper's brave old grandmother has won the love and the esteem of all who have come to know her.

THE STORY OF THE JUST CASPER AND FAIR ANNIE

IT was early summer. The nightingales had only just begun to sing, but on this cool night they were silent. The breath of distant storms was in the air. The night-watchman called out

the eleventh hour. Homeward bound I saw before the door of a large building a group, just out of the taverns, gathered about someone, who was sitting on the doorsteps. The bystanders seemed to show such lively concern, that I augured a mishap and joined the group.

On the steps sat an old peasant woman. Despite the animated concern the onlookers displayed, she turned a deaf ear to the inquisitive questions and good-natured proposals, that came from all quarters. There was something quite uncanny, yes, even a touch of majesty about the way the good old woman knew just what she wanted; while she was making herself comfortable for a night under the open sky, as little abashed by her audience, as though she were at home in her own little bedroom. She threw her apron about her as a protection, drew her large, black, lacker hat over her eyes, placed the bundle containing her belongings under her head, and was silent to all questions.

"What ails the old woman?" I asked one of the onlookers. Hereupon replies came from every hand: "She has walked in eighteen miles from the country; she is exhausted; she doesn't know her way about in the city; she has acquaintances at the other end of town, but can't get there alone." — "I was going to take her," said one, "it's a long way though, and I've left my housekey at home. Besides she wouldn't know the house she's looking for." — "Still, the woman can't stay here over night," remarked a newcomer. "But she insists," replied the first; "I told her more than once, that I'd take her home, but she talks only nonsense, she must be drunk." — "I think she's weak-minded. At any rate, she can't stay here," repeated the former, "the night is cool and long."

During all this chatter the old woman, just as if she were deaf and blind, had gone on unconcerned with her preparations for the night. When the last speaker again stressed the point: "At all events she can't stay here," she replied in a strangely deep and earnest tone:

"Why am I not to stay here? is this not a ducal house? I am eighty-eight years old, and the duke certainly won't drive me from his threshold. Three of my sons have died in his service,

and my only grandson has taken his leave. — God, I'm sure will forgive him, and I want to live until he is honorably buried."

" Eighty-eight years old and has walked in eighteen miles! " exclaimed the bystanders. " She is tired and childish; at that advanced age one weakens."

" But, mother, you might catch cold and take sick here; then too, how lonesome you'll be," said one of the group as he bent down to her.

Then the old woman spoke again in her deep voice, half entreating, half commanding:

" Oh leave me in peace and be sensible! I'm in no need of a cold, nor need I be lonely; it is already late, I am eighty-eight years old, morning will dawn soon, then I'll pick up and go to my friends. If one is pious, has his own cross to bear, and can pray, he can surely live through these few short hours too."

Gradually the crowd had dispersed. The last who had remained now hastened away also, because the nightwatchman was approaching and they wanted him to unlock their doors for them. I alone remained. The street-noises died away. Under the trees of the square lying opposite I paced back and forth thoughtfully. The manner of the peasant woman, her certain, earnest way of expressing herself, her self-reliance, despite her eighty-eight years; all this made it appear as though she considered this long span of life but as the vestibule to the sanctuary. I was greatly moved. " What are all the pangs, all the desires of the heart? Unmindful the stars continue in their course. To what purpose do I seek meat and drink, and from whom do I seek to secure them and for whom? Whatever I may strive for here, and love, and gain, will it ever teach me so to live that I can with as much composure as this good pious soul, spend the night on a doorstep? There to await the morrow? And will I then find my friend, as she is certain to find hers? Ah, I'll not have the strength to get as far as the city; footsore and exhausted I'll collapse in the sands before the gates, or perchance fall into the hands of robbers." Thus I spoke to myself. A bit later, when I was walking under the linden trees in the direction of the old woman, I heard her praying half aloud to herself with head bowed. I was

strangely affected, stepped to her side and said: " Good mother, include me in your prayers, just an entreaty for me! " With these words I slipped a silver coin into her apron.

Perfectly composed, the old woman exclaimed: " A thousand thanks, my dear Master, that you have answered my prayer."

I thought that she was speaking to me and said: " Mother, did you ask me for something? if so, I wasn't aware of it."

Surprised the old woman raised herself and spoke: " Good sir, do go home, say your prayers and lie down to sleep. Why are you roaming the streets at this hour? That's not good for young fellows, for the enemy goeth about and looketh, where he may seize upon you. Many a one has come to grief through being abroad at such hours of the night. Whom are you seeking? The Lord? He is in the hearts of men, if they be righteous, and not on the streets. But if you seek the enemy, be assured, you have him already. Go home now and pray that you may be rid of him. Good night."

At these words she turned quietly on her other side and put the coin in her bundle. Whatever the old woman did made a peculiar, serious impression on me. Again I addressed myself to her: " Good mother, what you say is perfectly true, but it is you yourself that keep me here. I overheard you praying, so I made bold to beg you to include me in your prayers."

" That's already done," said she. " When I noticed you walking back and forth under the linden trees, I prayed to God, that He grant you clean thoughts. Now you have them, go home and sleep well."

Instead I sat down upon the steps beside her, seized her wrinkled hand and spoke: " Let me sit here beside you through the night, while you tell me all about your home, and what brought you so far to the city. Here you have no one to stand by you, at your age one is nearer God than men. The world has greatly changed since you were young." —

" I'm aware of it," replied the old woman, " my life long I have found it pretty much the same. You are still young; at your age everything seems new and strange. I have lived and relived so much, that I look upon life now only with pleasure, because

God is so faithful in all things. But one should never turn good-will away, even though one doesn't stand in need of it, lest the good friend fail to appear another time when he would be most welcome. Sit where you are, perhaps you can be of some help. I'll tell you what has urged me over these long miles into the city. I never thought I should see this place again. Seventy years ago I served as a maid in this very house, on the doorstep of which I now sit. Since then I have never again been in the city. How time flies, like the turn of a hand. How often did I sit here of an evening seventy years ago waiting for my sweetheart, who was then serving as a soldier. Here we became engaged. If he— but shh—, the guard is making the rounds."

Then she began in a subdued voice to sing, as young maids and servants are wont on bright moonlight nights before the doors, and I heard with great delight this old sweet song from her lips:

"When the last Great Day shall be,
The stars shall fall on land and sea.
Ye dead, ye dead shall then arise,
And stand before the Last Assize;
There, far in front your feet shall go
Where blesséd angels sit in row;
God, newly come, shall wait you there,
A beauteous rainbow round His chair.
There those false Jews shall trembling stand,
Who gave the Christ to Pilate's hand.
Tall trees shall shed a glory near,
Hard stones shall crush their hearts with fear.
Who then can pray this simple prayer
Will surely pray it then and there,
The soul before its God is tried,
When Heaven's doors shall open wide."

When the guard came nearer, the good old woman exclaimed with a show of emotion: "Ah, to-day is the sixteenth of May; there's but little difference, it's just as in the past, only they wear different caps now, and the cues are gone. What matters that, if the heart is pure!" The officer of the guard stopped at the doorstep. Just as he was on the point of asking what was our business here at that late hour, I recognized in him an acquaintance, cor-

poral, Count Grossinger. I explained the situation to him briefly; whereupon he replied, signally stirred: "Take this coin for the old woman and a rose too" — he held it in his hand — "old peasants of her type are fond of flowers. To-morrow ask the old woman to repeat the song so that you may write it down and bring it to me. I have searched far and near for that song, but never have I been able to come upon the complete version." Then we parted, for from the headquarters toward which I had accompanied him over the square, the nearby guard shouted: "Who's there!" As Grossinger turned, he told me that he was in command of the guard at the castle, I should look him up there. I returned to the old woman, and gave her the rose and the coin.

She seized the rose with a touching impetuousness and fastened it in her hat, while in a low voice almost weeping she repeated:

"Roses as flowers on the cap I wear,
Had I but gold I'd have no care,
Roses and my dear one."

I said to her: "Come, mother, you have grown quite merry," and she recited:

"Merry, merry,
Reckless, very,
Much did dare he,
High did fare he,
Then miscarry.
Wherefore stare ye?"

"See, dear sir, is it not well that I remained here? It's all the same, you may well believe. It is seventy years ago to-day, I was sitting here on the doorstep. I was an hard-working maid and was fond of singing all the old songs. I was just in the midst of the Judgment Day song that I sang to-night, when the guard went by. A grenadier in passing threw a rose into my lap — I have it now between the pages of my Bible —. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with my husband long since dead. Next morning I wore the rose to church; he saw me there, and soon we were on good terms. How great is my pleasure, that again I hold a rose on this anniversary day. It is a sign, I'm to come to him!

How happy it makes me to be invited this way! Four sons and a daughter have gone on before me; day-before-yesterday my grandson took his leave — may God help him and have mercy on him! — To-morrow another good soul will leave me; but why do I say to-morrow, is it not already past midnight?"

"The clock has indeed struck twelve," I replied, astonished at her words.

"God grant her comfort and peace these four short hours to come!" said the old woman, and waxed silent, folding her hands as in prayer. I too was speechless; her words and her behavior had gripped me so. Since, however, the silence became prolonged and the coin of the officer still lay in her lap, I addressed her again: "Mother, put the coin away, lest you lose it."

"I'll not put this one away, I'm going to give it to my friend in her last great suffering," she replied. "The first coin, I'll take home with me to-morrow, my grandson shall have it, it's his to enjoy. You see, he was always a splendid boy; he had a deal of pride in his person and in his soul — Oh, God, in his soul! — The whole long way to the city I prayed for him; the dear Lord certainly will have mercy on him. Of the lads at school he was always the cleanest and most hard-working, but the astonishing thing was his sense of honor. His lieutenant often remarked: 'If my company has a high sense of honor, then Casper Finkel's responsible.' He was a lancer. The first time he returned from France he had a great deal to tell, but rarely did he venture a story that did not savor of honor. His father and step-brother served with the militia. There was many a quarrel about honor, for where he had an excess of it, they had not enough. God forgive me my great sin, I don't mean to speak evil of them. Everyone has his burden to bear; but my dead daughter, his mother, worked herself to death for that sluggard. Try as she might, she couldn't pay off his debts. The lancer said his bit about the Frenchmen, and when his father and step-brother had not a good word to utter for them, the lancer said with emphasis: 'Father, you don't understand, they do have a high sense of honor.' Angrily the step-brother retorted: 'Why babble so much about honor to your father? Wasn't he a petty-officer of company N?

He ought to know more about it than you, you private! ' — ' Yes,' old Finkel chimed in, ' to be sure I was a petty-officer, and many an insolent fellow got his twenty-five stripes; if I'd had Frenchmen in the company, they'd have felt them even more, with their sense of honor! ' These remarks irritated the lancer, and he said: ' I'll tell you an incident of a French petty-officer, that's more to my taste. During the reign of the former king there was much talk of introducing corporal punishment into the French army. An order of the war minister was proclaimed at Strassburg on the occasion of a large parade, and the troops in rank and file listened grimly to the proclamation. Now at the close of the parade a private did something against military rules, so his petty-officer was ordered to advance and administer twelve blows to him. Sternly he was commanded to perform his duty, so there was no getting around it. But scarcely had he finished when he grasped the musket of the private, whom he had just finished beating, placed the butt of it on the ground before him, and discharged it with his foot, so that the bullet raced through his head and he fell dead to the pavement. The incident reached the ears of the king, who immediately ordered that corporal punishment be discontinued. Mind, father, that chap had a real sense of honor! ' — ' He was a fool,' exclaimed the brother. — ' Eat your honor, if you're hungry,' grumbled the father. Then my grandson took his sabre, left the house and came straight to tell me the incident, tears of anger rolling down his cheeks. I couldn't cheer him up, although I didn't entirely discredit his story; still I always came back to the same conclusion: ' to God alone be honor! ' I gave him my blessing, for his furlough expired on the day following, and it was his wish to ride away a mile to the place where a god-child of mine was in service on an estate. He thought a good deal of this girl and wanted to see her once more: — they'll soon be united, if God hears my prayers. He has already taken his leave, my god-child will get hers to-day. Her dower I have brought with me. No one shall be present at her marriage but me." Here the old woman lapsed into silence and seemed to be praying. My mind was confused through sheer meditation on honor. Would a Christian consider the death of the petty-officer

noble and proper? How I wished some one would tell me a sufficient solution to this problem!

When the watchman sang out one o'clock, the old woman remarked: "Two hours more! Ah, you're still here, why don't you go home to bed? To-morrow you'll not be fit to work and you'll not get on well with your employer. What's your trade, friend?"

The thought of explaining to her that I was an author put me to some embarrassment. I couldn't very well tell her that I was a scholar without lying. It is remarkable that a German always feels a bit ashamed to call himself an author (*Schriftsteller*); especially wary is he in using this term when speaking with the lower classes, because it so readily conjures up in their minds the scribes and the Pharisees of the Bible. The word *Schriftsteller* has not been so generally accepted among the Germans, as the *homme de lettres* among the French. In France there exists a sort of author's guild, and in their works one traces a good deal of professional tradition. Not infrequently the question is asked: *Où avez vous fait votre Philosophie?* — where have you "made" your philosophy? — which leads us to venture the pun, that there is a good deal of the "made" man about the Frenchman. But it isn't this un-German custom alone, that makes it so embarrassing to pronounce this word when at the city-gate you are asked your occupation. A certain inner humiliation makes us reticent, a feeling that comes over all those who barter in free spiritual capital, the immediate heavenly gifts. Scholars are less embarrassed than poets, for as a rule they have paid their tuition, are for the most part state officials, and perform such tasks as produce more or less tangible results. But the so-called poet is verily in a bad way, because as a rule he has played truant from school to climb Parnassus. Thus suspicion enshrouds the poet by vocation; perhaps he who writes as an avocation is a shade the better. It is an easy matter to say reproachfully to the former: "Sir, every mother's son has a bit of poetry in his make-up as he has brains, a heart, a stomach, a spleen, a liver and the like; but he who feels it to excess, pampers or fattens one of these members, and develops it at the expense of the others, or even

goes to the length of making it a means of livelihood; he has cause to be ashamed of himself in the presence of his fellow men. One who lives by poetry, has lost his balance; and an enlarged goose's liver, no matter how delicate to the taste, does posit a sick goose. Every one who does not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow must feel a measure of humiliation. That humiliation is especially felt by one who has not yet been dubbed a knight of the quill, when he is forced to speak of himself as a *Schriftsteller*." Such thoughts passed through my mind, as I bethought myself what my reply to the old woman should be. She was surprised at my hesitancy, looked me in the face, and said:

"What's your trade? I ask. Why don't you tell me? If your trade be not honest, then apprentice yourself properly; an honest trade has its own reward. I trust you're not a hangman or a spy, who is on my trail. For my part you may be what you may be; speak, who are you! If you were lounging about this way by day, I'd think you a sluggard or a do-nothing, who props himself against the houses, not to fall over from sheer laziness."

At that a word came to me, that might perhaps bridge the gap between us: "Good mother," said I, "I am a clerk." — "Well," she replied, "you might have told me that sooner; you're a man of the quill then. You must have a good hand, nimble fingers and a good heart, otherwise you wouldn't get far. So you're a clerk? Fine! In that case you can write a petition to the duke for me, but such a petition as will surely come to his notice and find favor with him. Most such writings are bandied about in the antechambers."

"Indeed, I'll write a petition for you, good mother," said I, "and I'll take great pains, to make it as forceful as possible."

"That's good of you," she replied, "God reward you for it. May you arrive at a riper old age than I, and in your old age may He grant you a like composure, as happy a night with roses and coins, as I; and in addition a friend, who will write a petition for you, if there be need of it. But do go home now, good sir, and get some paper so that you may write the petition. I'll wait here for you one hour longer before I go to my god-child. You can go

with me to witness her pleasure in the petition. Her heart is pure, but God's judgments are incomprehensible."

After these words the old woman said no more; she bowed her head and appeared to be praying. When she began to weep, I enquired: "Mother, what has come over you? What brings the tears to your eyes?"

"Why shouldn't I weep? The coin, the petition, everything has moved me to tears. But to what purpose? The world is still much, much better than we deserve, and tears as bitter as gall are still much too sweet. Just look at that golden camel over there on the apothecary's sign! How strange and glorious God has created everything, only man is not mindful of it, and a camel like that can sooner pass through the eye of a needle than man enter the kingdom of heaven. — But you're still sitting here, why don't you go get the paper and fetch me the petition?"

"Good mother," I rejoined, "how can I frame this petition for you, if you don't tell me what I'm to put in it?"

"I'm to tell you that?" she replied; "then petition-writing isn't an art, and I'm no longer surprised that you were ashamed to call yourself a clerk, if I have to tell you all that. Well, I'll do my best. Put into the petition, that two lovers are to be laid to rest side by side; that the one of them is not to be dissected but left so that his limbs shall be assembled at the cry: 'Ye dead, ye dead, shall arise, ye shall come to judgment!'" Then she began weeping bitterly again.

I augured that a great sorrow was crushing her, but despite the burden of her years she broke down only for brief intervals. Her weeping was devoid of complaint, her utterance was at all times calm and dispassionate. Once more I begged her to tell me the full purpose of her mission to the city, and she spoke:

"My grandson, the lancer, of whom I made mention before, loved my god-child, as you will recall. He was constantly speaking to the fair Annie — so people called her because of her beauty — about honor, and he repeatedly told her that she must cherish her honor, and his too. As a result, the girl took on a something quite distinctive in feature and in her dress. She was more genteel and better mannered than all the other girls of her class. She

grew more sensitive, and if a lad clasped her too tightly at the dance, or swung her higher than the bridge of the bass-viol, then she came to me in tears repeating over and over, that such things were contrary to her honor. Ah, Annie was always a peculiar girl. Sometimes when no one was aware of it, she seized upon her apron with both hands and tore it off, as though it were ablaze, and then burst into violent tears. But there's a reason for that; teeth tore at it; the fiend won't rest. Would that the child had not been so possessed of honor and had put a stronger trust in the dear Lord; would that she had clung to Him in all tribulation, had suffered disgrace and contempt for His sake, instead of laying such store by worldly honor. The Lord would have had mercy, and will still show mercy. Ah, I know they'll meet; God's will be done!

The lancer had returned to France. Never a line did he write, so we quite believed him dead and shed many a hot tear for him. In a hospital he lay, sick of a dangerous wound, but when he returned to his comrades and was advanced to a petty-officer, he remembered how his step-brother had insulted him two years before, calling him nothing but a private and his father a corporal. Then he reflected on the story of the French petty-officer, and his many, many urgings to Annie about honor, when he was on the point of saying good-bye. Then his peace was gone; home-sickness seized upon him. He said to his commanding officer, who had noticed the change that had come over him: 'Ah sir, I feel as though I were being drawn home by the teeth!' He was granted leave to ride home on his horse, for all his officers trusted him. Three months was his furlough; he was to return when the cavalry got its fresh quota of horses. Now he hastened as fast as was possible, without harm to his mount, of which he was more chary than ever, because it had been entrusted to him. One day he felt a special urge to hasten homeward; it was the day before the anniversary of his mother's death, and he seemed to see her running alone before his horse crying: 'Casper, do me the honor!' Ah, on that very day I sat on her grave all alone and thought, if Casper were only here too. I had woven forget-me-nots into a wreath and had hung it on the sunken cross. Then I measured

the space round about and thought to myself: 'I'd like to rest here, and there let Casper be buried, if God grant him a grave at home. Then we could all be together when it shall be said: 'Ye dead, ye dead, shall arise, ye shall come to judgment!' But Casper didn't come. I couldn't know that he was so near at hand and might have arrived. He felt an unusually urgent desire for haste, for while in France he had often thought of the day. He had brought along a little wreath of everlasting, to decorate the grave of his mother, and also a wreath for Annie, which she was to keep against her day of honor."

Here the old woman ceased and shook her head; but when I repeated her last words: "which she was to keep against her day of honor," — she continued: "Who knows, perhaps they will let me have it still. Ah, if I might but wake the duke!" — "To what purpose?" I queried, "what is your request, mother?" Then she continued seriously: "Oh, what were there to life, if one's days were not numbered; what were there to life, if it were not eternal!" She went on:

"Casper could well have been in our village at noon, but that morning the hostler had pointed out to him that he had ridden his horse sore, and added: 'My friend, that runs contrary to the honor of horsemanship.' Casper felt the force of the reproof, loosened the girth and did everything to heal the wound. Afoot, leading the horse by the bridle, he continued his journey. So he came late at night to a mill, three miles from our village. Since he knew the miller as an old friend of his father, he put up there for the night, and was received as a welcome guest just come from distant parts. Casper led his horse into the stable, placed the saddle and his valise in a corner and entered the living-room of the miller. Then he asked after his relatives and was told that I, his old grandmother, was still alive, that his father and step-brother were well and were prospering. Yesterday they had brought grain to the mill. The father had turned a hand to trading in horses and oxen and was doing well at the business. As a result he had some regard for his honor and had laid aside his torn and patched clothing. Casper was delighted to hear this. When he asked about fair Annie, the miller replied he didn't know her,

but if his guest had reference to the girl who had been in service at Roseacres, he had heard that she had taken a place in the capital, because she could get much more experience there, and more honor went with such service. This he had learned a year ago from a hand at Roseacres. That too was pleasant news for Casper. He grieved at the postponement of seeing her, but he hoped to find her in the capital very soon, pretty and neat, so that it would prove a real honor for him, an officer, to go walking with her of a Sunday. Then he told the miller this and that about France, they ate and drank together, and he helped his host pour in some grain. Finally the miller took him upstairs to bed, while he himself lay down to rest on some sacks on the floor below. The clatter of the mill and his great desire to be home kept Casper awake, even though he was very tired. He was restless, thinking much of his dead mother and of fair Annie, and about the honor, that he anticipated, when he came back as an officer. At last he fell off into a light slumber, but started up often out of disturbing dreams. Time and again he saw his dead mother approach him and, wringing her hands, implore him for aid. Then he dreamed that he had died and was about to be buried, but as a corpse he himself walked along to his burial, fair Annie beside him. He wept bitter tears that his comrades did not escort him, and when he had arrived at the church-yard, he saw that his grave was beside his mother's. Annie's grave was there too, and he gave Annie the wreath he had brought for her, and he hung his mother's on the cross over her grave. Then he looked about him and saw no one there but me. Then he saw Annie dragged into her grave by the apron, and after that he too climbed down into his grave exclaiming: 'Isn't there anyone here, who'll do me the last honors, and shoot into my grave as becomes a brave soldier?' Then he drew his pistol and himself shot into his grave.

At the ring of the shot he awoke in great fear, for it seemed to him that the windows rattled. He peered about the room, then he heard another shot, then a tumult in the mill and cries through the mill's clatter. With a bound he was out of bed and seized his sabre; his door opened, and in the full moon-shine he saw two men with blackened faces, armed with cudgels, rush on

him, but he defended himself and struck one of them a blow on the arm. Then both fled, bolting the door, that opened outwards, behind them. Casper tried in vain to pursue them. Finally he succeeded in kicking out one of the door-panels. Hastily he crept through the hole and ran down the stairs, where he heard the miller whimpering, gagged and lying among the grain sacks. Casper loosed him and hurried off into the stable in search of his horse and valise. Both were gone. In great anguish he hastened back to the miller and lamented to him his misfortune, that all his belongings were gone, and the horse entrusted to him had been stolen. That the horse had been taken drove him to distraction. Then the miller appeared with a great bag of money; he had fetched it from a closet in the room above and now said to the lancer: 'Dear Casper, be content, to you I owe it that my entire fortune was not carried away. The robbers had laid their plans to make off with this bag, which was up in your room. The bold defence you put up has saved me all; I have lost nothing. The thieves who took your horse and valise from the stable must have been a part of the look-out, for they gave warning by their shots that danger was near, because in all probability they saw by your saddle that a cavalryman was lodging with me. On my account then you shall not come to grief. I shall take every pains and spare no money to get back your horse, and if I do not find this one, I'll buy you another, cost what it may.' Casper replied: 'I'll take no presents, that runs counter to my honor, but if in these hard strâits you will advance me seventy thalers, I'll give you my note, to return you the sum within two years.' This was agreed; and the lancer took his leave so that he could hasten to his village and report the matter to a magistrate who represented the nobility of the surrounding region. The miller staid at home awaiting his wife and son, who had gone to a wedding in one of the neighboring places. As soon as they had returned, he would follow the lancer with his statement for the magistrate too.

You can well imagine, my dear Mr. Clerk, with what a heavy heart poor Casper hastened on his way to our village, on foot and poor, where it had been his ambition to make his appearance proudly riding a-horseback. He had been robbed of fifty-one

thalers, which he had saved, his letter-patent as petty-officer, his furlough and the wreaths for his mother's grave and for fair Annie. He was desperate. In this state of mind he arrived at one in the morning in his home village. No time did he waste, but immediately knocked at the door of the justice, whose house is the first as you enter the town. The minute he was let in, he reported the robbery and carefully listed everything that had been taken from him. The justice advised him to go at once to his father, who was the only peasant in the place that kept horses. With him and his brother he might patrol the region, to see whether some trace of the robbers could not be found. Meanwhile the justice himself would send others out on foot, and interview the miller for any further evidence. Casper now turned his back on the justice's house and proceeded toward his father's farm. His way led past my hut where through the window he heard me singing a religious song. I had not been able to close an eye for thoughts of his dear, dead mother, so he tapped on the window and said: 'Praise be to Jesus Christ, dear grandmother, Casper is here.' Ah, how those words struck into the marrow of my bones. I hastened to the window, opened it, and kissed and embraced him with unending tears. Briefly he told me of his misfortune, then of the commission he had to his father from the justice. This errand would brook no delay, the sooner they got on the trail of the thieves the better, for he would forfeit his honor, if he did not recover his horse.

Strange, but that word honor shook me from head to foot, for I knew the trials he had to face. 'Do your duty, and to God alone be the honor,' I said, as he left me to hurry away to Finkel's farm at the other end of the village. When he had gone, I sank on my knees to pray God, He might protect my Casper. Ah, I prayed with a fear as never before, and repeated over and over: 'Lord, Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven.'

Casper, mad with fear, ran toward his father's place. He climbed in over the garden wall; he heard the creaking of the pump, and a neighing in the stall, that chilled his blood. He stopped stone-still. By the light of the moon he saw two men washing themselves. Casper thought his heart would break. One

of them exclaimed: 'This confounded stuff won't come off!' Then the other said: 'Let's go into the stall first to bob the nag's tail and trim its mane. Did you bury the valise deep enough in the dung-heap?'—'Yes,' replied the first. Then both went into the stable; and Casper, mad for sheer misery, rushed up, locked the stable-door behind them and shouted: 'In the name of the duke, surrender! If you resist, I'll shoot you dead!' Ah, so he had caught his father and his step-brother as the robbers of his horse. 'My honor! my honor! it's gone!' he cried, 'I am the son of a dishonorable horse-thief!' When the two within heard those words they were greatly frightened. 'Casper, dear Casper,' they shouted, 'for God's sake don't bring ruin upon us! Casper, we'll give up everything on the spot; for your dear mother's sake, whose death-day's to-day, have mercy on your father and brother!' But Casper was desperate. He kept on exclaiming: 'My honor, my duty!' Then as they tried to force the door and had kicked a hole in the dirt wall in order to escape, Casper shot his pistol into the air as he cried out: 'Help, help, thieves, help!' The peasants awakened by the justice were approaching in order to make their plans as how best to pursue the thieves. At the sound of the shot and the cries they rushed to the scene. Old Finkel was still pleading with his son to open, but he persisted: 'I am a soldier, and must act as the law commands.' Here the justice, surrounded by peasants, came up. Casper cried: 'God's mercy, justice, my own father, my own brother are the thieves. Oh, that I had never been born! I have locked them here in the barn, my valise lies buried in the dung-heap.' Then the peasants made their way into the stall, bound old Finkel and his son and dragged them into the house. But Casper dug up his valise, took from it the two wreaths, and did not go into the house; he went to the church-yard to the grave of his mother. Dawn was in the east; I had been out upon the meadow and had woven for me and for Casper two wreaths of forget-me-nots. I thought to myself, 'we two shall decorate his mother's grave when he returns from his search.' Strange noises came from the village; and since every hub-bub is unpleasant to me, and I prefer to be alone, I skirted the village and went toward the church-yard. I heard a shot,

the smoke rose up before me. I hurried toward it. Oh, Lord of Heaven! have mercy on him! Casper lay dead on his mother's grave. He had sent a bullet through his heart over which he had fastened to a button the wreath he had brought for fair Annie,—through this wreath he had sent the bullet into his heart. The wreath for his mother hung on the cross. I felt as though the earth yawned under my feet at sight of this. On to his dead body I threw myself and cried out: 'Casper, poor boy, what have you done? Ah, who acquainted you with your misery; oh, why did I let you go before I told you all! Oh God! what will your poor father, your brother say, when they find you so?' I didn't know that he had taken this step on account of them; I was thinking of quite another matter. But worse was in store. The justice and the peasants brought old Finkel and his son bound with ropes. Misery made me dumb, I couldn't utter a sound. The justice asked me whether I had seen my nephew. I pointed to the spot where he lay. The justice drew nearer, for he thought that Casper was weeping on his mother's grave. He shook the prostrate form, then he saw the blood gush forth. 'Jesus, Mary!' he exclaimed, 'Casper has done away with himself.' At these words the two captives looked at one another in horror. Casper's corpse was now lifted and carried along beside his father and brother to the house of the justice. The village resounded with cries of lament; good peasant women helped me to follow. Ah, that was the most woeful journey of my life!"

Here the old woman ceased, and I said to her: "Good mother, your sorrow is great, but God loves you; whom he tries sorely, they are His dearest children. Tell me now, good mother, what has induced you to make the long journey hither, and what is the purpose of your petition to the duke?"

"Ay, you must have an inkling of that by now," she continued calmly, "to get an honorable burial for Casper and fair Annie. This wreath, I have brought along, she shall have; it was meant for her day of honor; it is drenched with Casper's blood. Just look at it, sir!"

Here she drew a little wreath of gold tinsel out of her bundle and held it before me. By the faint light of the dawn I could see

that it was blackened with powder and spattered with blood. My heart ached at the great trials of this dear old woman, and the dignity and steadfastness with which she bore up under them filled me with awe. "Ah, dear mother," said I, "how will you acquaint poor Annie with her sorrow lest she fall down dead of fright, and what manner of day of honor is it for which you are bringing Annie this woeful wreath?"

"Good sir," spoke she, "come with me, you may take me there. I can't walk very fast, and so we shall find her just in time. On the way I'll tell you about her."

Then she rose, said her morning prayer very calmly, and arranged her clothing. But her bundle she hung over my arm. It was two o'clock in the morning, the day was dawning as we walked along through the quiet streets together.

"You see," the old woman continued her story, "when Finkel and his son were locked up, the justice summoned me into court. Casper's body was laid upon a table and, covered with his lancer's coat, carried into the court-room. Then I had to tell the justice all I knew about my nephew, also what he had said to me through the window that morning. Every word of mine went down on the paper that lay before the official. When he had finished with me, he examined the memorandum book that had been found among Casper's effects. There were records of his expenses in it, several stories about honor, among them that one about the French petty-officer — and just after it something written in pencil." Here the old woman gave me the booklet, and I read these last words of poor Casper: "I too cannot outlive my disgrace; my father and my brother are thieves, they have robbed me, their nearest of kin. My heart was sore, yet what could I do but seize them and bind them over to justice, for I am a soldier of my duke, and my sense of honor will allow of no leniency. I have given my father and my brother over to vengeance for honor's sake. Ah, may many lips intercede for me that I be granted an honorable burial, here beside my mother, where I have fallen. I ask my grandmother to send fair Annie the wreath through which I shot myself, and my greetings too. Ah, her sad lot chills me to the bone, but she shall not become the wife of a horse-thief's son, for

honor has always been most dear to her. Dear, fair Annie, I hope you will not take my death too hard; it has to be, and if ever you liked me, then don't speak evil of me now. My disgrace is not of my doing! I tried so hard my life long to keep myself honorable. I had already been advanced to a petty-officer and was well thought of by every one. Surely I would have become an officer sometime, and Annie, truly I would not have given you up to court a grand lady — but the son of a horse-thief, who for honor's sake must have his own father seized and convicted, cannot outlive his disgrace. Annie, dear Annie, do accept the little wreath; I have always kept the faith with you, as surely as God will have mercy on me! I give you your freedom again, but do me the honor never to marry anyone who might be considered inferior to me. And if it is in your power, then intercede for me, that I may be granted honorable burial beside my mother, and should you die here in our village, ask that your grave be beside ours. My dear grandmother will rest here too, then we'll all be together. I have fifty thalers in my valise, they shall be let out at interest for your first baby. The pastor shall have my silver watch, if I receive honorable burial. My horse, the uniform and the arms belong to the duke, this my brief-case is for you. Farewell, dearly beloved; farewell, dear grandmother, pray for me and to all farewell — God have mercy on me — ah, my despair is great! "

These last words of an assuredly noble, afflicted human being I could not read without shedding bitter tears.— " Casper must have been a very good person, dear mother," I said to the old woman. At these words she stopped still, pressed my hand, and replied in a deeply moved voice: " Yes, he was the best person on earth. But he shouldn't have written those last few words about despair; they'll rob him of his honorable burial; they'll put him on the dissecting table. Ah, dear Clerk, if you could only be of help on this point! "

" How, of help, dear mother? " I asked, " of what weight can these last few words be? " — " Yes, yes," she replied, "the justice told me quite plainly. An order has gone out to all courts that only suicides out of melancholy shall have honorable burial, but all such as lay hands on themselves from despair shall be used

for dissection. And the justice told me that he should have to send Casper to the laboratory as one who had admitted his despair in so many words."

" That is certainly a strange law," I said, " for in the case of every suicide a suit could easily be brought, as to whether death resulted from melancholy or despair, and the suit might be of such long duration that the judge and the advocates would be brought to melancholy and despair, and themselves be sent to the laboratory. But be of good cheer, dear mother, our duke is a kind and just ruler; if the whole matter is brought to his attention he will most certainly grant Casper a resting place beside his mother."

" God grant that! " replied the old woman. " You see, dear sir, when the justice had written down all the evidence, he gave me the brief-case and the wreath for fair Annie, and with these I came the long way here yesterday, so that on her day of honor I might give her this comfort for her journey. — Casper died just in time; had he known all, he would have grown mad with grief."

" Do tell me what has happened to fair Annie? " I asked the old woman. " Now you say that she has but a few hours more, now you mention her day of honor, and that she will have comfort from your sad message. Do tell me plainly, is she about to marry another, is she dead, or incurably sick? All this I must know if I am to write out the petition."

To this the old woman replied: " Ah, dear Clerk, these are the facts; God's will be done! You see, when Casper returned I was not as happy as might be. When Casper took his life I wasn't as sad as I should have been. I should never have survived if God had not had mercy on me and sent me even a greater sorrow. Yes, hear me, a stone had been placed before my heart like an ice-breaker, and all the pangs which like floating ice rushed upon me and would most certainly have torn my heart away, they broke against the stone and drifted by almost without notice. I'll tell you now a sad story.

When my godchild, the fair Annie, lost her mother, a cousin of mine, who lived some twenty-one miles from our place, I was taking care of the sick woman. She was the widow of a poor

peasant. In her youth she had fallen in love with a huntsman, but had rejected him because of his wild ways. Finally the huntsman had come to such a pass that he was jailed because of a murder and sentenced to die. This news came to my cousin upon her sick bed, and she grieved so deeply at this that from day to day she grew worse. Just before she passed away she intrusted dear, fair Annie to me as my godchild, and then in her last moments with parting breath she said to me: 'Dear Anna Margaret, when you pass through the city where the huntsman is held captive, send a message to him through the jailor, that on my death-bed I entreat him to turn to God, and that with my last breath I have prayed for him fervently, and that I send him my greetings.' — Not long after these words my good cousin died. When she had been buried I lifted little Annie — she was only three then — on to my arm and started on my homeward journey.

At the edge of the city, through which our way led, I came to the house of the headsman. He had some skill in doctoring cattle, so our burgomaster had asked me to bring back a medicine that the headsman prepared. When I entered his house and told him what I wanted he said that I should go up to the attic with him, where he kept his store of herbs, and help him select. I left little Annie below in the living-room and followed him up. On our return little Annie was standing before a small cabinet that was fastened to the wall, and kept saying: 'Grandmother, there's a mouse in there, listen, how it rattles; there's a mouse in there!'

These words of the child made the headsman look very serious. He opened the cabinet and said: 'God have mercy on us!' for he saw his headsman's sword, which hung quite alone in the cabinet on a nail, sway back and forth. He took down the sword. I was all atremble. 'Good woman,' he continued, 'if you love the dear little Annie, then do not start if I slit the skin a bit all around her neck with my sword. The sword, you see, set itself in motion in her presence. It thirsts for her blood, and if I don't slit her neck with it, the child will face grave misery in her life.' Then he took hold of the child, who began to cry unmercifully. I too cried out and clasped Annie to me. Here the burgomaster of the city came in; he was just returning from the hunt and had

brought a sick dog to be cured. He asked the cause of the outcry. Annie screamed in reply: 'He's going to kill me!' I was beside myself with fear. The headsman told the burgomaster what had happened. The latter reproved him for his superstition, as he called it, and added some threats. The headsman, however, did not lose his composure and said: 'So was the custom of my fathers, I shall not depart from it.' To this the burgomaster made reply: 'Headsman Franz, if you had believed that your sword moved because I here and now give you notice, that tomorrow morning at six the huntsman Jürge shall be beheaded by you, then I would see some reason in it; but when you set out to draw conclusions as regards this child, that is quite unreasonable and the part of madness. An experience such as this might drive one to despair should he recall later in life that it had occurred in his youth. You should lead no one into temptation.' — 'The like is true of a headsman's sword,' murmured Franz, and hung the sword back in the cabinet. Then the burgomaster kissed little Annie and gave her a roll out of his hunting-pouch. Next he turned to me and asked who I was, where I had come from, and whither I was going. When I had informed him of my cousin's death and her message to the huntsman Jürge, he said to me: 'You shall deliver your greeting in person. I myself will take you to him. His heart is hard, it may be, the memory of this good woman dying will touch his heart in his last moments.' The good gentleman then took us into his cart that was before the door and drove us into the city.

He bade me go to his cook, where we got a good meal, and toward evening he accompanied me to the poor sinner. When I had brought the condemned man my cousin's last message, bitter tears began to flow from his eyes as he cried: 'Ah, God, if she had become my wife I should never have ended so.' Then he begged that the pastor be sent for after all, he wished to pray with him. The burgomaster promised to do his bidding, praised him for his change of heart, and asked him whether he had one last wish that might be granted. To this the huntsman Jürge exclaimed: 'Ah, do beg this good old mother to be present tomorrow at my execution. That will give me strength in my dying

hour.' Then the burgomaster put this last wish to me, and gruesome as it was, I could not refuse the poor miserable man. He begged my hand in pledge, and as I solemnly promised he sank back weeping on the straw. From there the burgomaster took me to his friend, the pastor. Before this good man could be prevailed upon to visit the jail, I had to tell him all that had happened.

That night I spent with the child in the mayor's house, and on the next morning I went the hard road to the execution of the huntsman Jürge. I stood beside the burgomaster in the circle and saw how he broke the little staff. Now the huntsman Jürge said a few parting words, all the people wept; and, deeply touched, the condemned man looked at me and little Annie, who was standing just in front of me. Then he kissed the headsman Franz, the pastor prayed with him, his eyes were blinded, and he knelt down. In a flash the headsman gave him the deathblow. 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph!' I cried; for Jürge's head bounded along right toward little Annie and set its teeth in the little girl's apron. She shrieked with fear. I tore off my apron and threw it over the gruesome head. As I did this Franz rushed up, tore the head loose and said: 'Mother, mother, what did I tell you this morning? I know my sword, it has life.' — I was unnerved with fear; little Annie never stopped crying. The burgomaster was completely bewildered and had me and the child driven to the house, where his wife gave each of us a change of clothing. After dinner the burgomaster made us a present of some money, and many people of the city, who were curious to see the girl, did likewise, so that I came away with twenty thaler and many clothes for her. In the evening the pastor visited the house and solemnly charged me to bring little Annie up in the fear of the Lord, and as a comfort bade me pay no attention to all these ominous signs. They were clearly the snares of Satan which must be scorned. At parting he gave me a fine Bible for little Annie, which she has kept to this day. On the following morning the burgomaster saw us on our way some nine miles in the direction of home in his own horse and cart. — Ah, Thou my God, and now all has come just as predicted!" the old woman concluded and was silent.

A fearful premonition was upon me; the old woman's narration made my heart bleed. "In the name of God, mother," I cried, "what has become of poor Annie; is there no help for her?"

"She was drawn to her fate with teeth," said the old woman, "to-day she must die; but it was an act of despair. Honor, honor, was back of it all! A passion for worldly honor brought her disgrace. She was seduced by one in high standing; he left her; she strangled her child in the very apron that I had thrown over the head of Jürge, the huntsman. Secretly she had taken it from me. Ah, fate dragged her to it with teeth! She was not in her right mind when she did it. The seducer had promised to marry her. He had won her by saying that Casper lay buried in France. Gradually despair clutched her poor soul, and she smothered the babe. She gave herself up to the law. At four she will be executed. She wrote me to come to her. That's what I'm about now. The wreath and poor Casper's last greetings I am taking to her — and the rose, that I got to-night; these will be of some comfort. Ah, dear Clerk, if only you can bring it about through your petition, that her body and Casper's too may find their last resting place in our church-yard."

"Everything, everything in my power, I'll do," I cried. "Without a moment's delay I'll hasten to the castle. My friend, who gave you the rose, is in charge of the guard there to-night; I'll beg him to waken the duke. I'll sink on my knees beside the royal bed and beg a pardon for Annie."

"Pardon?" said the old woman coldly. "You don't understand; fate dragged her to it with teeth. Listen, good sir, justice is better than pardon. Of what profit is pardon on earth? We must all appear before the final Judgment:

> Ye dead, ye dead shall then arise,
> And stand before the Last Assize.

You see, she doesn't seek a pardon; she was offered that if she would name the father, but Annie replied: 'I have murdered his child and I want to die, but he must not suffer. I'll bear the penalty, to be with my babe, but all will go wrong, if I name its father.' Then she was convicted to die by the sword. But make

haste to the duke and beg him for Casper and Annie, that they may rest in an honorable grave. Go! Go now! See there, the pastor's just entering the jail. I'll ask him to take me in with him to the fair Annie. If you are spry, maybe you can meet us out at the place of execution with the comforting news that honorable burial has been granted to the just Casper and fair Annie."

Now we had come up with the pastor. As soon as the old woman told him her relationship to the condemned, he readily allowed her to accompany him into the jail. But I ran as never before to the castle. On the way I got an inkling of comfort; it seemed like a hopeful sign, as I dashed by the house of Count Grossinger, to hear out of an open window of the garden-house a sweet voice singing to the accompaniment of a lute:

Though Mercy went a-wooing,
Yet Honor watches well,
Respectful love renewing,
She breathes to-night farewell.
If Love gives roses to her
The veil let Mercy take,
Then Honor greets the wooer,
With love for Mercy's sake.

Ah, and there were further good omens! A hundred paces on I found a white veil in the street; I picked it up, it was filled with fragrant roses. I clasped it tightly in my hand and hurried on, thrilled with the thought: "Ah God, this is Mercy." As I turned the corner, I saw a man who drew his coat up around him as I hastened past and swiftly turned his back on me in order not to be seen! These were unnecessary precautions, for I saw nothing and heard nothing. My heart alone cried out: "Mercy! mercy!" I rushed in through the iron gate into the court-yard. God be praised, corporal Count Grossinger, who was pacing up and down under the blooming chestnut trees before the guard-house, came forward to meet me.

"Dear Count," I cried impetuously, "you must lead me to the duke immediately, on the spot, or it will be too late. All will be lost!"

He seemed embarrassed at this request and said: " Are you in your right mind? See the duke at this unaccustomed hour! It can't be. Return when the duke reviews the guard, then I'll present you."

The ground burned like coals under my feet. " Now," I shouted, " or never! You must! A life hangs in the balance! "

" It's impossible now," replied Grossinger sharply in a tone of finality. " My honor is at stake. I have strict orders to-night to let nobody up."

The word honor brought me close to desperation. I thought of Casper's honor and fair Annie's honor and exclaimed: " Damn this honor! I must to the duke as a last resort in a case where just such honor has failed. You must announce me or I'll cry out for the duke."

" If you so much as stir," said Grossinger sternly, " I'll have you thrown into the guard-house. You are a dreamer. You have no sense of conditions."

" Oh, I know conditions, frightful conditions! I must speak to the duke. Every moment is precious! " I retorted. " If you'll not announce me now, I'll find my way to him alone."

This said, I was on the point of making for the steps that led up to the duke's apartments when I espied the same muffled figure which I had just encountered hastening toward them. Grossinger forced me about so that I might not see the person. " What are you up to, rashling? " he whispered into my ear. " Be still, quiet, I say, or you will bring me to grief."

" Why didn't you halt that man, who just went up to the duke? " I asked. "He can have no request more urgent than mine. Ah, it is so urgent. I must, I must see the duke! The fate of a poor, deceived, unhappy creature is at stake."

Grossinger replied: " You saw that man ascend those steps; if you ever breathe a word about it you will face the blade of this sword. Just because he went up you cannot; the duke has business with him."

A light shot forth from the duke's windows. " God, there's a light, he's up! " I cried. " I must speak with him. In the name of heaven let me go, or I'll cry for help."

Grossinger seized me by the arm and said: "You're drunk, come into the guard-house. I'm your friend, come, sleep it off. Give me the song that the old woman sang to-night at the door-step as I marched by with the guard. I'm burning to hear it."

"It's of the old woman and her kin, that I must speak to the duke!" I said.

"Of the old woman?" asked Grossinger. "Tell me about her. Those higher up take no interest in such matters. Come, come to the guard-house!"

He was on the point of pulling me along when the castle-clock pealed down three-thirty. The sound pierced my soul like a cry of anguish, and I shouted with all my strength up to the duke's windows: "Help! in God's name help! for a miserable, deceived creature!" Grossinger flew into a rage, he tried to clasp his hand over my lips, but I freed myself. He thumped me in the back of the neck. He cursed. I felt and heard none of it. He called the guard. A corporal rushed up with several soldiers to seize me. The duke's window was thrown open, and a voice called out:

"Corporal Count Grossinger, what's all the noise? Bring the person up, without delay!"

I did not wait for the corporal. Up the steps I rushed and prostrated myself at the feet of the duke. Embarrassed and out of sorts he bade me arise. He had on his boots and his spurs, although he was still in a bath-robe, which he carefully drew together at the breast.

As briefly as possible I related to the duke all that the old woman had told me of the suicide of the lancer and of fair Annie's history. I entreated him to delay the execution a few short hours and begged for an honorable burial for the two unfortunates, in case a pardon could not be had. — "Ah, mercy, mercy!" I cried as I drew forth from my bosom the white veil filled with roses. "This veil, that I found on the way, seemed to give promise of mercy."

Impetuously and shaken with emotion, the duke seized upon the veil, he clasped it between his palms. I pressed my advantage. When in terse phrases I added that the poor girl was the

victim of a false sense of honor; that a person in high standing had deceived her and promised to wed her; that her nobleness was such that she preferred death to exposing the father — then with tears in his eyes the duke interrupted and cried: "Cease, in the name of Heaven, cease!" — Abruptly he turned to the corporal, who stood at the door, with quick sharp commands: "Go! both of you ride. Don't spare the horses! Away to the place of execution! Fasten the veil to your sword, wave it and shout, Mercy! mercy! I follow."

Grossinger took the veil. An utter change had come over him. Like a ghost he looked for fear and haste. We ran into the stall, mounted, and off we were in a gallop. He charged out of the gate like one possessed. As he fastened the veil to the point of his sword he exclaimed: "Lord Jesus, my sister!" These words were dark to me. He rose in his stirrups, waved the veil and kept shouting: "Mercy! mercy!" On the hill-top we saw the crowd assembled for the execution. My horse shied at the streaming veil. I am a poor horseman. I couldn't catch up with Grossinger. He sped along his wild course. I bent every effort. Evil Chance! The artillery was holding morning practice near by. The thunder of cannon drowned our cries so that they could not be heard from a distance. Grossinger was thrown. Before me I could see the crowd draw back. The circle opened to my vision. I saw a gleam of steel glitter in the rising sun — ah God, it was the gleam of the headsman's sword! — I charged up only to hear the moans of the bystanders. "Pardon, pardon!" shouted Grossinger like a madman as he lunged with the waving veil into the circle, but the headsman held out toward him the bleeding head of fair Annie, that smiled at him dolefully. Then he cried out: "God have mercy on me!" and fell over the corpse. "Kill me! Kill me, you people. I have betrayed her. I am the murderer!"

An avenging fury seized the crowd. The women and maidens surged up, tore him from the corpse and spurned him with their feet, but he did nothing to defend himself. The guard could not hold the angry crowd in check. A shout was raised: "The duke, the duke!" He came up in an open carriage, a youth with hat deep over his face, wrapped in a cloak, sat beside him. The crowd

dragged Grossinger to where the duke was. "Jesus, my brother!" the youthful officer exclaimed from the carriage in the most feminine tones. The duke, embarrassed, bade him be still and sprang from the carriage. The youth was about to follow when the duke pushed him back not too gently. But the disguise was lifted; it was the sister of Count Grossinger clothed as an officer. The duke commanded that the maltreated, bleeding, fainting Grossinger be placed in his carriage. The sister threw all caution to the winds, she cast her cloak over him. There she stood in woman's apparel. The duke was clearly taken aback; but he soon collected himself and ordered the carriage immediately to turn back, taking the countess and her brother to her dwelling. This had somewhat quelled the rage of the crowd. Then the duke said to the officer in command in a loud voice: "The Countess Grossinger saw her brother gallop past her house to bring the pardon. She wished to be present at this glad event. As I drove by, bent on the same mission, she stood at her window and begged me to take her into my carriage. I could not refuse the dear child. In order to prevent any stir, she quickly donned a hat and a cloak of her brother; now, surprised by an unfortunate accident, she has put on the whole matter the appearance of a romantic scandal. But, lieutenant, were you not able to protect the unfortunate Count Grossinger from the crowd? It is indeed a misfortune that he was thrown, and came too late, but that is scarcely his fault. See to it that the count's assailants are taken and properly punished."

Barely had the duke finished when a general outcry arose: "He is a villain; he is the seducer, the murderer of fair Annie. He confessed to it himself, the wretch, the low-down fellow!"

When the accusations came pouring in from all sides and were confirmed by the pastor, the officer, and the officials, the duke was so thoroughly aroused that he kept repeating: "Revolting, revolting, oh, the miserable fellow!"

Now the duke, pale as a ghost, stepped into the circle to look at the corpse of fair Annie. Upon the green turf she lay, clad in a white dress trimmed with black ribbon. The old woman, who was completely oblivious of all that was going on around her, had laid

the head to the body and had covered the terrible cleavage with her apron. She was now engaged in folding fair Annie's hands over the Bible which the pastor of the little city had given her. The golden wreath she bound upon the severed head, and pinned to the lifeless bosom the rose that Grossinger had presented to her in the night, little knowing for whom it might be.

When the duke saw what the old woman had done he spoke: "Ill-fated Annie! Disgraceful seducer, you arrived too late! — Poor old mother, you alone have remained faithful to her 'till death." Now as his eyes fell upon me he remarked: "You told me of a last will of Corporal Casper. Have you it here?" I turned then to the old woman: "Poor mother, let me have Casper's brief-case, the duke wants to read his last will."

The old woman, whose attention up to this point had been riveted upon what she was doing, said sullenly: "You're here too? You might just as well have staid home. Have you the petition? It's too late now. No, I wasn't able to give the poor child the last comfort, that she and Casper should rest in an honorable grave. Ah, I lied to her when I said it had been granted. No, she wouldn't believe me."

Here the duke interrupted: "You did not lie to her, good mother. My messenger did all in his power. The fall of the horse must here bear the blame. She shall have honorable burial beside her mother and Casper, who was a brave fellow. The pastor shall preach a funeral-sermon for them both on the text: 'To God alone be honor!' Casper shall be buried as a corporal, his company shall shoot three times into his grave, and the sword of the corrupter Grossinger shall be laid on his coffin."

After these words he took Grossinger's sword, that with the veil was still lying on the ground, removed the veil, covered Annie with it and said: "This ill-fated veil, that should have brought her pardon, from my heart shall restore her honor. She has died in honor and pardoned; as token of this it shall be buried with her."

Then he handed the sword to the officer with the remark: "To-day at review I shall give you my further orders in regard to the burial of the lancer and this poor girl."

Now he read aloud Casper's last words in a voice choked with emotion. The old grandmother clasped his feet, her eyes filled with tears of joy as though she had been immeasurably blessed. The Duke spoke: "Contain yourself, mother! You shall have a pension until the end of your days. A monument shall be raised to the memory of your grandson and Annie." Then he ordered the pastor to take the old woman and the coffin, in which the body was laid, to his dwelling, and later escort her home, where she should have full charge of the burial. As his adjutant arrived in the meantime with horses, he said to me in parting: "Give your name to my officer, later I'll send for you. You have shown a splendid charitable zeal." The adjutant took down my name and bowed graciously. As the duke galloped off toward the city, he took with him the blessings of the crowd. The body of fair Annie and the good old grandmother were brought to the house of the pastor, and in the following night he took her back home. The next evening the officer with Grossinger's sword and a squadron of lancers arrived. Then the just Casper, with Grossinger's sword on his bier and the corporal's patent, was buried with fair Annie beside the grave of his mother. I too was there to escort the old mother, who seemed childish for joy, but said little. As the lancers fired the third salute into the grave she fell back dead in my arms. Beside her kin she lies buried. God grant them all a blessed resurrection!

There, far in front, their feet shall go,
Where blesséd angels sit in row,
Where, newly come, God waits them there,
A beauteous rainbow round His chair.
There souls by God shall now be tried,
When Heaven's doors shall open wide.

When I returned to the capital, I learned that Count Grossinger was dead. He had poisoned himself. On my desk I found a letter from him which read:

"I owe you much. You revealed my disgrace, which long had been eating out my heart. Well did I know that song of the old woman. Annie had told it to me many and many a time. She

was an exceptionally noble being. I was a base criminal — I had given her a written promise of marriage — she burned it. She was in service in the home of an old aunt of mine. Melancholy often seized her. Through certain medicinal preparations of a magic content, I ensnared her soul.— God have mercy on me! — You have saved my sister's honor too.— The duke loves her.— I stood high in his favor.— This tragedy has stirred him to the depths.— God help me.— I have taken poison.

Joseph, Count Grossinger."

Fair Annie's apron, to which the head of Jürge, the huntsman, clung at the beheading, has been preserved in the ducal museum. It is rumored that the duke will elevate the sister of Count Grossinger to a princess with the name, *Voile de Grace,* in English, Veil of Mercy, and make her his wife. At the coming review in the neighborhood of D—— the monument over the graves of the two ill-fated victims to honor is to be unveiled and dedicated in the church-yard of the village. The duke and the princess will be there in person. He is exceptionally pleased with the design of this monument. The duke and the princess together, it is said, worked out the theme. It sets forth the true and the false honor. Both figures are deeply bowed, one on either side of a cross, Justice with high-swung sword on the one hand and Mercy on the other casting a veil. Some find in the head of Justice a similarity to the duke, in the head of Mercy a likeness to the princess.

JOSEF VON EICHENDORFF

(1788 — 1857)

EICHENDORFF was a master in the short lyric and the short prose narrative. He excels all other German romanticists as a landscape poet. His verse is nebulous, not very heavily charged with either definite thoughts or definite word-pictures; but it has wonderful melody and creates a magical atmosphere truly German, with low, picturesque mountains, sighing forests of evergreens, ancient castles by the Danube, and spirits of Teutonic mythology lost in enchanted woods. His prose narratives are loose in structure and make little pretence to psychological insight, but they have a lyric richness of mood and expression. Most of them are located in Italy, not the Italy of the shrewd Roman statesman and ambitious prelate, but the Italy of the German romanticists' dream, the land of memory-haunted ruins brooded over by the phantom of its gigantic past. Eichendorff was a devout Catholic, who preached conversion to Rome as the first step toward poetic success. Although his romances are full of " love's young dream " he upheld the discipline of his Church against random passion in a spirit directly opposite to that of Friedrich Schlegel's earlier " Lucinde."

THE MARBLE STATUE

IT was a beautiful Summer evening when Florio, a young nobleman, rode slowly up to the gates of Lucca. His heart was filled with delight by the delicate fragrance which palpitated over the wondrously beautiful landscape and the towers and roofs of the city before him, also by the many-colored processions of handsome gentlemen and ladies who passed in a state of dreamy happiness along the avenues under the tall chestnut trees.

Then he was joined by another rider, mounted on a handsome horse, and going the same way as himself. The new-comer, who wore a bright-colored costume, a golden chain around his neck,

and a small velvet barret with plumes over his dark brown locks, approached with a friendly greeting. Riding along so close to each other in the deepening twilight, the two had very soon begun a conversation. The slender figure of the stranger, his fresh, daring personality, yes, even his happy voice, seemed so excessively charming, that the young Florio had eyes for nothing else.

"What business leads you to Lucca?" said the stranger finally. "I have properly no business at all," answered Florio, a bit bashfully. "No business at all? Well, then you are certainly a poet," returned the other, laughing merrily. "Not that exactly," replied Florio, growing red over and over. "I have, to be sure, made a few attempts in the joyful art of song. But when I reread the great old masters, and saw how everything which I often had felt secretly only by wish and presentiment, with them is really there, and loves and lives, then I seem to myself like the faint trill of a lark blown by the wind under the immeasurable dome of heaven." "Every one praises God in his own manner," said the stranger, "and all voices together make the Spring." With that his great expressive eyes rested with visible pleasure on the handsome youth, who was looking out so innocently into the darkening world.

Florio continued with increasing boldness and confiding trust. "For the present," he said, "I have chosen to travel, and feel as if released from a prison; all old wishes and delights are now set free at once. I was raised quietly in the country. How many years I have gazed with longing on the far off blue mountains, when Spring, like an enchanting minstrel, walked through our gardens, and sang enticingly of the wondrously beautiful distance and of great, immeasurable desire." The stranger had fallen into deep thought over these last words. "Have you ever, perhaps," he said absent-mindedly but very earnestly, "heard of the marvelous minstrel who by his notes lures youth into a magic mountain, out of which no one has ever come back? Be on your guard."

Florio did not know how he was to interpret this speech of the stranger. He had, however, no chance to ask further questions; for, following unnoticed the procession of the pedestrians, they came at that moment, not to the city gates, but to a wide, green square. Over this, shimmering in the last glow of evening, there

moved to and fro a world of music, bright-colored tents, riders and pedestrians.

"Here's a good lodging," said the stranger merrily, leaping down from his horse; "may we soon meet again!" and with that he vanished quickly in the bustling crowd.

Florio stood still for a moment in happy astonishment before this unexpected sight. Then he too followed the example of his companion, turned over his horse to his servant, and mixed with the merry throng.

Music from hidden groups of singers resounded on every side out of the flowering shrubbery. Under the tall trees fine ladies strolled up and down, and let their beautiful eyes rove critically over the gleaming meadow, while they laughed and chatted, their bright-colored plumes nodding in the faint evening gold like a bed of flowers swayed by the wind. Beyond them on a velvety green lawn several girls were enjoying a game of ball. The balls, ornamented with colored feathers, fluttered like butterflies, describing gleaming rainbows hither and thither through the blue air, while the girls' figures on the green below, hovering up and down, offered the most charming spectacle. One especially, by her pretty yet childish figure and the charm of all her movements, attracted Florio's attention. She had a full, bright-colored wreath of flowers in her hair, and to look at was just like a happy image of the Spring. Abounding in freshness of life, she now flew over the turf, now bent down, then again with her pretty arms reached out into the bracing air. Through a mistake of her opponent, the feathered ball took a wrong direction and came fluttering down just in front of Florio. He picked it up and handed it to the flower-crowned girl, as she came hurrying toward him. She stood before him almost as if frightened, and looked at him silently with her large, beautiful eyes. Then she bowed, blushing, and returned rapidly to her playmates.

The great sparkling stream of carriages and riders which was moving slowly and splendidly through the main avenue in the meanwhile had swept Florio away from this charming sport; and for fully an hour he roamed around alone through this kaleidoscopic world of human figures.

Then all at once he heard several knights and ladies near him

cry out, "There is the singer Fortunato!" He looked around quickly toward the place at which they were pointing, and, with great astonishment, saw the charming stranger who previously had accompanied him there. At one side on the meadow, leaning against a tree, stood this recent companion in the midst of a ring of handsome knights and fine ladies, who were listening to his singing, in which at times several voices from the circle joined merrily. Among the crowd Florio also noticed again the beautiful girl athlete, who in silent delight, with wide open eyes, was staring as it were, into this fairyland of sound.

Florio, properly taken aback, reflected then how he had previously chatted so confidentially with the famous singer, whom he had long admired by reputation. So he lingered shyly at some little distance, to catch this delightful rivalry of song. He would gladly have stood there the whole night long, so cheeringly did the notes strike upon his ear; and he felt genuinely vexed when Fortunato ended so soon, and the whole company rose from the turf.

Then the singer perceived the young man at a distance and came to him at once. In friendly manner he seized both of Florio's hands, and, regardless of all protests, led the shy youth like a lonely captive to the open tent pitched close by. Here the company had now gathered and prepared a cheerful evening meal. All greeted him like old acquaintances; many beautiful eyes rested in pleased astonishment on that vigorous young figure.

After various merry discussions, all soon took their places about the round table placed in the midst of the tent. Refreshing fruits and wine in brightly polished glasses sparkled upon the blindingly white table-cover; fragrance breathed from great bouquets of flowers in silver vases, between which the handsome girl faces peeped charmingly. Outside the last rays of evening played in gold on the turf and on the river, which, smooth as a mirror, glided past in front of the tent. Florio had almost involuntarily taken his seat by the pretty ball-player. She recognized him at once and sat by him quiet and shy; but through her long, quivering eye-lashes stole her longing, furtive glances.

It had been arranged that every one in the circle should pledge his sweetheart with a short improvised song. The soft singing,

which only playfully like a spring wind touches the surface of life, without sinking into its depths, merrily enlivened the circle of happy faces around the table. Florio was delighted to his inmost heart; all shy bashfulness fell from his soul. Almost dreamily quiet from happy thoughts, he stared out between the lights and flowers on to the wondrously beautiful landscape slowly disappearing in the evening glow. And now when the turn came to him also to utter his pledge, he lifted his glass and sang:

Each one happy names his own,
Only I stand here alone,
For what good to ask the one?
Who for me, the guest unknown?
And so must I, like waves within that river still,
Unheard go on my way before the Spring-time's sill.

Hearing these words his beautiful neighbor looked up at him almost roguishly and quickly dropped her head again when she encountered his glance. But he had sung from such heartfelt emotion and bent over now so urgently with his beautiful, imploring eyes, that she made no opposition as he kissed her quickly on her warm, red lips. " Bravo, bravo! " cried several gentlemen; a roguish but innocent laughter resounded around the table. Florio hastily and in confusion emptied his glass. The beautiful recipient of his kiss, blushing violently, gazed down into her lap, and in doing so looked indescribably attractive under her full wreath of flowers.

So each one of the happy young men in the circle had merrily chosen his sweetheart. Only Fortunato alone belonged to every girl or none and appeared almost alone in this charming confusion. He was in exuberant spirits, and many a man would even have called him presumptuous, as he abandoned himself so completely to wild alternating plays of wit, earnestness, and joking, if in doing so he had not looked out at them with such pious, clear eyes that seemed almost supernatural. Florio had firmly intended to tell Fortunato at supper once and for all about the love and respect so long cherished for him. But he found that impossible this evening; all his mild attempts glanced off from the singer's

unresponsive merriment. He could not understand his companion at all.

Outside meanwhile all had become quiet and solemn; single stars came out between the tips of the darkening trees; the rushing of the river sounded louder through the bracing coolness. Then at last it became Fortunato's turn to sing. He leaped up hastily, seized his guitar, and sang:

What sounds so serenely
Through bosom and sense?
To the clouds and beyond them
Where bears it me hence?

I stand as on mountains,
Lone, high in the air,
And greet from my soul
What the world has that's fair.

Yes, Bacchus, I see thee,
Like a god, a redeemer,
Understand thy flushed face,
The repose of the dreamer.

Oh, crownéd with roses,
And fresh as a child,
Thine eye, how it glances,
The flames are so mild!

Is it love or devotion
So blest thee with grace?
Thou thinkest in rapture;
Spring smiles in thy face.

Dame Venus, the happy,
Sweet-singing and tender,
In the blaze of the morning
Thy kingdom of splendor

Like a magic ring greets me
On hilltops of light.
Wing'd boys in thy service
Fly gentle and bright;

They hum through the spaces,
Sight charming, I ween,
And invite like gold dreams
To the throne of the queen.

And within her green park
Through the meadows there pours —
Knights and ladies — an army
Adornéd with flowers.

And each man on his arm
Leads his loved one along;
So waves and moves onward
That fortunate throng.

Here he suddenly changed style and tune, and continued:

The noises die out,
And parched is the green;
The ladies stand musing;
The knights look up keen.

And heavenly longing
Sings on through the blue;
Gleam garden and meadow
With tears as with dew.

In the midst of the feast
I see, gentle and dumb,
The stillest of guests —
Whence, lone figure, art come?

With a crown made of lilies
He garlanded seems,
With blossoming poppies,
That glimmer of dreams;

Lips parted for kissing,
So lovely and wan,
As if bearing a greeting
From heaven to man.

A torch he is bearing,
And wondrous its blaze.
"Where is one who desires
To go homeward?" he says.

And often around him
The torch he revolves;
And the world, deeply gazing,
Grows dumb and dissolves.

And what here as blossoms
In sport were thrown by,
As stars in their coolness
Now flame in the sky.

Oh youth out of heaven,
Thou'rt wondrously fair!
I will leave this wild crowd,
And thy journey I'll share.

What may I not hope for?
Up! earth now doth leave me.
The heaven is open;
My Father, receive me!

Fortunato became silent, and so did all the others, for sounds outside now had really faded into nothing. The music, the noisy crowd, and all the sportive enchantment, dying out little by little, were swallowed up before the immeasurable starry heaven and the mighty night-song of the rivers and woods. Then there stepped into the tent a tall, slender knight in rich jewelry that cast out a greenish-golden luster between the lights flickering in the wind. The glance that he cast from his deep eye-sockets was fiery and shifting, the face beautiful, but pale and wild. At his sudden appearance, all, shuddering involuntarily, thought of the silent guest in Fortunato's song. However, after a hasty bow to the company, he betook himself to the buffet of the tent-host and with apparent haste drank the dark red wine in long draughts through pallid lips. Florio shrank in downright fear as the strange being next singled him out from all the others, and bade him welcome to Lucca as a previous acquaintance. Astonished and thoughtful, Florio regarded the man from head to heel, for he could not remember at all ever having seen him before. None the less the knight was unusually talkative and spoke a great deal about all sorts of occurrences from Florio's earlier days. Also he had

such precise acquaintance with the region of the young man's home, the garden and every homelike place that was dear to Florio's heart for the sake of old memories, that the youth soon began to feel reconciled to this sombre figure.

Among the rest of the company, meanwhile, Donati, so the knight was called, did not seem to fit in anywhere. An anxious sense of unrest, the cause of which nobody could give, became obvious everywhere. And since in the meantime the night had now completely descended, the whole party soon broke up.

Now there began a strange moving throng of carriages, horses, servants, and tall links,[1] which cast around strange gleams on the nearby water, between the trees and the beautiful, wavering figures. In that wild illumination Donati appeared much more pale and terrible even than before. The beautiful young lady with the flower-garland had constantly kept looking at him from the corner of her eye with secret fear. Now, when he came up to her with knightly courtesy, to help her onto her horse, she pressed back timidly against Florio, who was standing behind her. So with beating heart the young man lifted the lovely girl into her saddle. By this time everything was ready for departure. She gave him one last friendly nod from her graceful perch, and soon the whole glittering apparition had vanished into the night.

A decidedly strange mood came over Florio, as he suddenly found himself thus alone with Donati and the singer on the wide, empty open space. With his guitar on his arm, Fortunato walked up and down along the river's bank before the tent, and seemed to be thinking of new musical devices, while he struck single notes which floated soothingly away over the still meadow. Then he suddenly broke off. A strangely unhappy mood seemed to fleet over features always so clear in the past; he was anxious to get away.

Then all three mounted their horses and rode off together to the nearby city. Fortunato did not speak a word on the journey; with all the more friendliness Donati poured out his thoughts in clean-cut, elaborate phrases; Florio, still feeling the after-effects of delight, rode between the two as silent as a dreaming girl.

[1] Lights of blazing tow.

As they came to the gate, Donati's horse, which already had shied at several passers-by, suddenly reared up almost straight in the air, and refused to enter. A gleaming flash of scorn shot across the face of the rider, almost distorting it; and a wild, only half uttered curse leapt from the trembling lips, at which Florio was not a little astonished. Such conduct seemed to him absolutely inconsistent with the knight's refined and reasonable sense of propriety on other occasions. But the stranger soon resumed his self-control. "I should like to accompany you to the inn," he said, smiling and turning to Florio with his customary charm, "but my horse, as you see, feels otherwise about it. I live here just outside the city in a country house, where I hope very soon to have you visit me." With that he bowed, and the horse, which could scarcely be restrained any longer in its incomprehensible haste and excitement, flew off swift as an arrow with him into the darkness, so swift that the wind whistled behind him.

"Thank God!" cried Fortunato, "that the night has swallowed him again! He actually seemed to me like one of those pale, misshapen night-moths which come flying, as it were, out of some fantastic dream, whir through the twilight, and with their long antennae and horrible great eyes positively seem to have a face." Florio, who had already become fairly friendly with Donati, expressed his astonishment at this severe judgment. But the singer, only the more irritated by such astonishing mildness, went on merrily with his abuse, and, to Florio's secret anger, called the knight a chaser of phantoms, a languishing fool, a braggart about his melancholy.

In the midst of such conversation they arrived finally at the inn; and each one betook himself promptly to the room assigned him.

Florio threw himself on his bed fully dressed, but for a long time he could not get to sleep. In his soul, excited by the pictures of that day, there was an incessant surging, reëchoing, and singing. The doors of the house began now to open and close less often, only at times a voice would ring out, until finally house, city, and field sank into profound silence. Gradually it seemed to him as if he were voyaging alone with swan-white sails on a lake silvered

by the moon. Softly the waves struck against the ship; out of the water rose up sirens, who all looked like the beautiful girl with the flower-garland of the preceding evening. They sang so marvelously, mournfully and without end, that he thought he would die of sadness. The ship bowed forward imperceptibly, and slowly kept sinking ever deeper and deeper. Then he woke up with a start.

He leapt from his bed and opened the window. The house lay near the outside gate of the city; he looked out over a wide circle of hills, gardens, and valleys, clearly lighted by the moon. Also outside there, everywhere among the trees and streams, there seemed to be echoes, reverberating or dying, of his past delight, as if the whole region were singing softly, like the sirens whom he had heard in slumber. Then he found himself unable to resist the temptation. He seized the guitar, which Fortunato had left behind with him, quitted the room, and went softly down through the peaceful house. The door below was merely ajar; a servant lay fast asleep on the threshold. So he came out unnoticed into the open air, and strolled joyfully between vineyards, through empty avenues, past sleeping cottages, ever farther and farther.

Looking out between the vine-trellises, he saw the river in the valley. Numerous castles, gleaming white, scattered hither and thither, rested like slumbering swans in the sea of stillness below. Then he sang with a happy voice:

How cool one roams in hours of night,
His trusted, tried guitar in hand!
I greet the landscape from the height,
The heaven, and the silent land.

How altered everything is grown,
The valley of my joys, and all!
How still the wood! the moon alone
Moves through the beech-trees lofty hall.

The reveling of the vintagers
Is still, and life's gay rushing world;
The streams alone, in silver blurs,
Flash often, through the valleys curled.

And nightingales from dreams arouse,
Or seem to wake, with sweetest air;
A secret whisper through the boughs
Moves, waking memories everywhere.

Our joy cannot at once take flight;
And in my deepest breast abides
From this day's glory and delight
A singing voice that hints and hides.

Oh, maid, beyond that river clear,
With rapturous joy I seize the strings;
From far, I'm sure, you watch and hear,
And by the greeting know who sings!

He could not help laughing at himself as he finished, since he did not know to whom he was offering the serenade. For the one whom he really had in mind had long since ceased to be the charming little girl with the flower-garland. The music among the tents, the dream in his chamber, and his own heart repeating in vision the sounds and the dream and the charming appearance of the girl — all these had imperceptibly and marvelously changed her image into a much more beautiful, grand, and splendid one, such as he had never yet seen.

So he kept striding on deep in thought for a long time, when he unexpectedly came upon a lake surrounded by tall trees. The moon, which was just coming out over the tree-tops, illuminated clearly a marble statue of Venus. It stood there close to the bank on a stone foundation, as if the goddess had just that moment risen from the waves, and now, herself enchanted, was watching the image of her own loveliness, which the intoxicated mirror of waters reflected from its surface, with a background of softly glimmering stars that gleamed faintly. A few swans were silently describing their uniform curves around the statue; a soft whispering sound moved round among the trees.

Florio stood gazing as if rooted there. That statue seemed to him like a long-sought beloved one now suddenly discovered, like a marvelous flower which had grown up out of the spring twilight and the dreamy stillness of his earliest youth. The longer he stared at it, the more it appeared to him as if those soulful eyes

opened slowly, as if the lips were trying to move in greeting, as if through those beautiful limbs life were pulsing with vital warmth like a lovely song. For a long time he kept his eyes closed, at once dazzled, sad, and enraptured.

When he looked up again, everything suddenly seemed changed. The moon looked out strangely between the clouds; a strong wind curled the pond into dreary waves; the statue of Venus, so fearfully white and motionless, stared at him almost terribly with its marble eyesockets, out of the infinite stillness. A sense of horror never felt before seized the young man. He left the place quickly, and, walking faster and faster without pausing for rest, hastened through the gardens and vineyards back to the peaceful city. Even the rustling of the trees seemed to him now like an intelligible, comprehensible whispering, and the tall, spectral poplars with their far-reaching shadows appeared to stretch out toward him from behind.

So he came into the inn visibly disturbed. The sleeping servant still lay there on the threshold and started up frightened as Florio brushed by him. But Florio quickly closed the door behind him, and drew his first deep breath of relief as he entered his chamber above. Here for a long time he paced back and forth before he became calm. Then he threw himself on his bed and finally fell asleep among the strangest dreams.

The following morning Florio and Fortunato sat together at breakfast in front of the inn. Over them the morning sun twinkled through the tall trees. Florio looked paler than usual but pleasant, though exhausted by lack of sleep. " The morning," said Fortunato merrily, " is a thoroughly healthy, wildly beautiful companion, as he comes down rejoicing from the highest mountains into the sleeping world and shakes the tears from the flowers and trees, and surges and blusters and sings. He doesn't pander to emotions, but he grips all our limbs coolly, and laughs in our faces, when we, tense and still under the spell of the moonlight, step into his presence." Florio now felt ashamed to tell the singer anything about the beautiful Venus statue, as he had originally planned, and maintained an embarrassed silence. His

nocturnal journey, however, had been noticed by the servant at the door, and apparently betrayed by him. Fortunato went on laughing: " Well, if you don't believe it, just try it once. Take your place here and say for example, ' Oh beautiful, gracious soul, oh moonlight, thou pollen of tender hearts, etc.,' as if that weren't thoroughly ridiculous. And yet I'll wager that you have often said phrases like that this night and certainly looked quite serious as you did it."

Florio had until now always considered Fortunato so quiet and gentle that the bold merriment of the beloved singer now wounded him to his inmost heart. The tears came into his eloquent eyes as he said hastily: " You are speaking quite differently from the way that you yourself feel, and you ought never to do that. But I will not let you mislead me; there are still gentle and noble emotions, which do, indeed, bring with them a sense of shame but have no need of doing so; there is also a quiet happinesss that locks itself in from the noisy day, and only in the presence of the starry heavens opens its holy chalice like a flower in which an angel dwells." Fortunato stared in astonishment at the young man; then he cried out, " Now truly you are head over heels in love!"

In the meanwhile Fortunato's horse had been brought up, as he was intending to go for a ride. He stroked kindly the arched neck of the handsome, well-groomed horse, that stood stamping the turf in happy impatience. Then he turned to Florio and offered him his hand with a good-humored smile. " I am sorry for you," he said. " There are far too many gentle, good, and especially enamoured young people, who are particularly bent on making themselves unhappy. Drop it, melancholy, moonlight and all that rubbish; and even if sometimes things go a little awry, just get out eagerly into God's free morning, and there shake off your anxieties with a fervent prayer, and the devil take me if on the spot you don't become thoroughly strong and happy again." With that he quickly swung himself into the saddle, and rode between the vineyards and blooming gardens off into the bright-hued echoing country, himself as bright-colored and cheerful to look at as the morning before him.

Florio gazed after him for a long time, until the waves of radiance closed together over the distant lake. Then he walked back and forth hastily under the trees. A deep, indefinite longing had been left in his soul by the experiences of the previous night. On the other hand, the words of Fortunato had disturbed and confused him strangely. He no longer knew himself what he wished, like a somnambulist who is suddenly called by his name. Deep in thought, he repeatedly stood motionless gazing down upon the beautiful, varied landscape below him as though seeking advice of the harmonious forces of nature. But it was only separate rays of magic light, like those through the trees over him, that the morning darted into his dreaming, quickened heart, which was still under another spell. For within him the stars still swung on in their majestic circle, and between them the wondrously beautiful marble statue looked out with new, irresistible power.

So he finally decided to visit the lake again, and struck promptly into the selfsame path that he had strolled along in the night.

But how different now everything seemed! Happy human beings were moving around busily in the vineyards, gardens, and avenues; children were playing peacefully on the sunny turf before the cottages which had often terrified him in the night under the dream-haunted trees like slumbering sphinxes; the moon hung far off and pallid in the clear sky; countless birds mingled their merry notes in the woodland. He could not comprehend at all how such a strange fear before had come over him.

Meanwhile he soon noticed that in his dreaming he had lost his way. He studied attentively every open space and went doubtfully, now back, now forward again but to no purpose; the more eagerly he sought, the more unknown and utterly different everything seemed to him.

For a long time he wandered around in this way. The birds had become silent; the circle of the hills became gradually more and more still; the beams of the noonday sun threw an iridescent blessing over the whole region around him, which seemed to slumber and dream as if under a veil of sultriness. Then unexpectedly he came to a gate with an iron grating, between whose magnifi-

cently gilded bars one could look into a wide, splendid park. A cooling breeze laden with fragrance breathed out refreshingly into the weary traveler's face. The gate was not locked; he opened it gently and entered.

High avenues of beeches received him there with their solemn shadows, between which golden birds, like flowers blown from their stems, fluttered hither and thither. Great, strange flowers, such as Florio had never seen, waved dreamily to and fro with their red and yellow bells in the light wind. Uncounted fountains plashed, playing with gilded balls monotonously in the great loneliness. Looking between the trees, one saw in the distance a splendid palace shimmering in light, with tall, slender pillars. No human being was to be seen there; deep silence reigned over all. Only now and then a nightingale would awake and sing as if almost sobbing in slumber. Florio gazed with astonishment at the trees, fountains, and flowers. It seemed to him as if all this had been a long time sunken, and the stream of the days were passing over it with light, clear waves; and as if under it the garden lay there merely bound and enchanted and dreaming of its bygone life.

He had not yet penetrated very far when he heard the notes of a lute, now growing stronger, now again dying away softly in the rushing noise of the fountains. He stood still and watched; the notes came ever nearer and nearer. Then suddenly there stepped out in the still arcade between the trees a tall, slender, marvelously beautiful lady, strolling slowly along with eyes bent thoughtfully down. She carried a magnificent lute adorned with golden imagery, on which, as if deeply immersed in thought, she struck out single notes of music. Her long golden hair fell in rich tresses over her almost pale, blindingly white shoulders, down her back. The long, wide sleeves, as if woven from the growing bloom of fruit trees, were fastened with delicate golden clasps. The beautiful body was robed in a gown as blue as heaven, with a border in glowing, many-colored flowers marvelously intertwined. A bright flash of sunlight through an opening in the arcade touched just then and lighted up sharply that charming figure. Florio's heart shrank — there were, beyond possibility of mistake, the features,

the figure, of the beautiful Venus statue that he had seen the night before by the lake. But, without noticing the stranger, she sang:

Oh Spring, why dost thou waken me once more?
That all my old desires have left their grave?
A marvelous breath goes over land and wave;
Hence thrilling joys through all my members pour.

The lovely mother thousand songs adore,
Renewed in youth, in bridal beauty brave;
Calls come from wood and rushing stream and cave
The naiads sing and dive along the shore.

The rose that leaves its verdant cell, I see
Stretch blushing up into the gentle air,
Among voluptuous breezes fanning, thronging.

So from my silent house you summon me,
And smile and grief in Spring my bosom share,
Mid sound and odor sinking down from longing.

So singing she walked along, now disappearing in the green foliage, now appearing again, always farther and farther away, until finally she became wholly lost in the neighborhood of the palace. Now all at once it was silent again; only the trees and the fountains rustled as before. Florio stood sunken in a vivid dream. It seemed to him as if he had known the beautiful lute-player for a long time and only forgotten and lost her again among the distractions of life; as if she were walking now in melancholy mood between the rustling fountains below him, and calling on him inaudibly to follow her. Deeply moved, he hastened further into the garden to the place where she had vanished. There among primeval woods he came upon a ruined wall, on which at intervals beautiful carvings were still half traceable. Below the wall, on broken marble stones and capitals of columns, between which tall grass and flowers shot up luxuriantly, lay a man stretched out in sleep. With amazement Florio recognized the knight Donati. But his features in sleep seemed strangely altered; he looked almost like a corpse. A secret shudder passed over Florio at this sight. He shook the sleeper violently.

Donati opened his eyes slowly; and his first glance was so strange, fixed, and wild that Florio felt thoroughly terrified before him. Besides, he murmured between sleep and waking a few dark words which Florio did not understand. Finally when he had completely awakened, he leapt up quickly and stared at Florio, as it seemed with great astonishment. "Where am I?" cried Florio hastily, "who is that noble lady who dwells in this beautiful garden?" Donati in return asked very earnestly, "How have you come into this garden?" Florio briefly told his whole story, over which the knight sank into deep meditation. Then the youth urgently repeated his previous question, and Donati answered absent-mindedly: "The lady is a relative of mine, rich and powerful. Her possessions stretch far around in this country. You will find her now here, now there — also at times she is in the city of Lucca." These words, thrown out casually, fell strangely on Florio's heart, for something that had previously only grazed his fancy was now steadily growing more clear to him, namely, that somewhere or other in earlier youth he had already seen the lady, but he could not think out clearly where it was.

In the meanwhile, moving rapidly forward, they had come to the gilded and grated entrance of the garden. It was not that one through which Florio had previously entered. With astonishment he looked around the unknown region. Far away over the fields lay the towers of the city in cheery sunlight. Donati's horse was fastened near the grated gate, pawing the ground and snorting.

Bashfully now Florio expressed a wish to see the beautiful lady of the garden again at some future time. Donati, who hitherto had remained deeply sunken in thought, seemed now suddenly to come to himself. "The lady," he said with his accustomed circumspect courtesy, "will be very happy to know you. But to-day we should only disturb her, and also pressing business is urging me home. Perhaps I can take you there to-morrow." With that he bade the young man farewell in carefully worded phrases, mounted his horse, and had soon vanished among the hills.

Florio stared after him for a long time. Then like a drunken man he hastened to the city. There the heat was still keeping every living thing inside of the houses, behind the cool, dark

blinds. All the streets and squares were empty; Fortunato also had not yet returned. For Florio's happy heart the place was too narrow in its mournful loneliness. He mounted his horse speedily, and rode once more out into the open fields.

"To-morrow, to-morrow!" the cry resounded incessantly in his soul. He felt so indescribably happy. The beautiful marble statue had, without question, become alive and stepped down from its stone foundation to greet the Spring, the silent lake had suddenly changed to an immeasurable landscape, the stars in it to flowers, and the whole Spring to an image of that incarnate beauty. And so for a long time he rode through the beautiful valleys around Lucca, passing alternately the splendid country houses, cascades, and grottoes, until the waves of evening red closed over his happy face.

The stars already were hanging clear in the sky when he slowly journeyed back through the silent streets to his inn. In one of the most lonely places there stood a great, beautiful house, brightly lighted by the moon. A window was open above, at which, beyond tufts of artistically cultivated flowers, he saw two feminine shapes, who seemed to be deep in a lively conversation. With astonishment he several times heard his own name clearly spoken. Also in the single broken phrases which the wind blew to his ear, he thought he recognized the voice of the wonderful lady singer. But by reason of the leaves and flowers trembling in the moonlight, he could not distinguish anything definitely. He halted to learn more. Then the two ladies noticed him, and all at once everything above became still.

With unsatisfied heart, Florio rode on. But just as he turned the street-corner he saw one of the ladies, still gazing after him, lean out between the flowers and then quickly close the window.

Next morning, just as Florio had awakened from his dreams and looked with delight out of his window over the towers and cupolas of the city, sparkling in the morning sun, the knight Donati unexpectedly entered the chamber. He was dressed wholly in black, and looked this morning unusually worn, petulant, and almost wild. Florio became quite startled with joy at sight of

him, for he thought at once of the beautiful lady. "Can I see her?" he cried quickly to his visitor. Donati shook his head in negation, and said, staring gloomily at the floor in front of him, "To-day is Sunday." Then, mastering himself in a moment, he went on rapidly: "But I should like to take you hunting with me." "Hunting?", replied Florio, deeply hurt, "this morning, on the Lord's day?" The knight interrupted him with a fierce, repulsive laughter: "Now truly! You're not intending to stroll to church with this damsel on your arm and kneel in a corner on the footstool and reverently say 'God bless you,' when the dear child sneezes." "I don't know what you mean," said Florio, "and you can laugh at me all you please, but I cannot go hunting to-day. See how everything outside there is resting from work, and woods and fields look so adorned in God's honor, as if angels were passing through the blue heaven over them — so still, so solemn, so full of grace is this hour." Donati stood in meditation at the window, and Florio thought he noticed that the knight shuddered secretly, as he stood looking out at the Sabbath hush of the fields.

In the meanwhile the peal of bells had started from the city towers and rose like a prayer through the still air. Then Donati seemed to become terrified; he grasped at his hat, and almost with agonizing pressure, urged Florio to accompany him. But the latter persistently refused. "Away! out of here!" the knight cried finally, half aloud and as if from the depths of an oppressed bosom; he pressed the astonished youngster's hand, and rushed from the house.

Florio began to feel quite at home when, directly after, the cheery and serene singer Fortunato, like a messenger of peace, came into the chamber. He brought an invitation for the next evening to a country-house near the city. "But be prepared," he added, "you will meet an old acquaintance there!" Florio felt downright fear and asked hastily, "Whom?" But Fortunato merrily evaded all explanations, and soon withdrew. "Could it be the beautiful singer?" thought Florio to himself, and his heart beat violently.

He betook himself then to church; but he could not pray, he was too happily distracted. Idly he sauntered through the streets.

There everything looked so clean and festive. Beautifully groomed gentlemen and ladies passed radiant and happy on their way to church. But alas! the most beautiful was not among them! Then his adventure on yesterday's return journey came into his mind. He sought out the street, and soon found the great, beautiful house again; but strange! the door was locked, all the windows were firmly closed; it seemed as if nobody were living there.

In vain the whole following day he walked around the neighborhood trying to get more intimate knowledge of his unknown beloved, or, if possible, even to see her again. Her palace, just like the garden which he had found by chance in that noon hour, was as if sunken; also Donati did not appear. So his heart beat impatiently with joy and expectation when finally, in accordance with the invitation and in company with Fortunato, who consistently played his rôle of secrecy, he rode out through the city gates to the country-house.

It was already dark when they got outside of the walls. In the middle of a garden, as it seemed, lay a pretty villa with slender pillars, beyond which on the battlements there rose a second garden fragrant with oranges and all sorts of flowers. Great chestnut trees stood around, and stretched out their giant arms, sharp and strangely illuminated, between the rays of light that streamed through the window. The master of the house was a refined, cheerful man of middle age, but one whom Florio did not remember ever having met before. He welcomed the singer and his friend heartily at the threshold of the house and led them up the wide steps into the hall.

Merry dance music came rolling out to meet them. A great crowd of people, handsome and in gaily colored costumes, were moving to and fro in the gleam of countless lights, which, like clusters of stars, hung waving in crystal candle-sticks over the merry crowd. Some were dancing, others deep in lively conversation; many were masked, and by their strange appearance often unintentionally gave the charming festivity a deep, almost ominous significance.

Florio stood silent, blinded for the moment, himself like a

charming image among these beautiful moving images. Then an attractive girl stepped up to him, in a Grecian robe slightly girt up, her beautiful hair braided about her head. A mask hid half her face, and let the lower half peep out so much the more rosy and charming. She bowed hastily, offered him a rose, and was quickly lost in the crowd.

At the same moment he noticed also that the master of the house was standing close to him, and gazing at him searchingly, but that he looked away quickly as Florio turned around.

Considerably surprised, the guest now wandered through the surging crowd. What he secretly hoped for he found nowhere, and he almost reproached himself for having so giddily followed the merry Fortunato on this sea of delight, which seemed to be driving him ever further from that lonely, lofty figure. Meanwhile he stood preoccupied in the midst of the thronging crowd, which like waves moved about him, now flattering, now bantering, until he too became imbued with the festive spirit. Dance music, even if it does not stir and change our inmost feelings, comes over us with pleasant spell, just like the Spring, gentle and powerful. The notes magically touch the depths of our nature like the first rays of summer, and waken all the songs which have been lying bound, and fountains and flowers and ancient memories; and our whole frozen, heavy, solid existence becomes a light, clear stream, on which the heart, with fluttering pennons, goes sailing back happily to wishes long abandoned. So the general pleasure soon got hold of Florio too; his mood became exceedingly cheerful, as if all the riddles which oppressed his soul with such sultry weight were destined to be solved.

Fired with curiosity, he now sought out the pretty little Greek again. He found her in a lively conversation with other maskers; but in the midst of her conversation he could not help noticing that her eyes darted sideways as if seeking something and that she had perceived him from a distance. He asked her for a dance. She gave him a friendly curtsey, but her restless vivaciousness seemed as if broken as he touched her hand and held it fast. She followed him quietly and with bowed head; he could not tell whether her mood was roguish or sad. The music began; and he

could spare no glance from the charming little enchantress who hovered around him like the magic shapes in old fabulous paintings. "You know me," she whispered to him, scarcely audibly, as once in the dance their lips for a moment almost touched.

At last the dance ended; the music suddenly ceased. At that moment Florio thought that he saw his beautiful partner's double at the other end of the hall. There were the same costume, the same colors of the gown, the same way of doing the hair. The beautiful image seemed to stare at him fixedly; and among the swarm of dancers, who were now scattering everywhere, it remained standing motionless, as some serene star between light flying clouds now disappears, now shines out again in loveliness. The pretty Greek did not seem to notice this apparition, or at least to pay any attention to it, but without a word, with a light, fleeting pressure of the hand, left her partner hastily.

Meanwhile the hall had become almost empty. The whole crowd were pouring out into the garden, to stroll about in the mild air; even that strange double of his partner had vanished. Florio followed the crowd and sauntered thoughtfully through the high arcades. The numerous lights threw an enchanted gleam between the quivering leaves. The maskers walking hither and thither with their shrill altered voices and strange costumes, here in the uncertain illumination, made a still stranger and almost spectral sight.

Unintentionally, he had turned into a lonely path, a little away from the company, when he heard a lovely voice singing among the shrubbery:

Over peaks in moonlight gleaming
Comes it like a far-off greeting;
Whispering bow the treetops, seeming
As they wished to kiss in meeting.

Is he, though, so fair and kindly!
Through the midnight voices spake,
Sang the image, speaking blindly—
Ah, so gladly I awake.

Fountains, not so loud in telling
What must never meet the morrow!
'Mid these waves in moonlight welling
Silent drown I joy and sorrow.

Florio followed the song and came to a round, open, grassy plot, in the midst of which a fountain played merrily with the light of the moonbeams. The Greek sat, like a beautiful naiad, on the edge of the stone basin. She had taken off her mask and was playing thoughtfully with a rose in the glimmering mirror of water. The moonlight moved caressingly up and down over that blindingly white neck; he could not see her face, for she had her back turned toward him. As she heard the twigs rustle behind her, the beautiful figure sprang up quickly, put on her mask, and fled, fast as a startled roe, back to the crowd.

Florio mingled again with the succession of bright-colored strollers. Many a pretty lover's phrase echoed softly through the pleasant air. The moonlight with its invisible threads had caught all the figures as if in a golden net of love, in which the masks only, with their unsocial parodies of faces, tore many comical gaps. Especially Fortunato this evening had several times changed his mask, and continuously maintained a strange, ever-changing ingenious disguise, always new and unrecognized, and often surprising even himself by the boldness and deep significance of its art. As a result, he would often become suddenly silent from melancholy, when the others were laughing themselves half to death.

The beautiful Greek, in the meanwhile, was nowhere visible. She seemed to be intentionally avoiding any further meeting with Florio.

On the other hand, the master of the house had become completely engrossed with him, skillfully and thoroughly asking numerous questions about his earlier life, his travels, and his future plans. Florio could not become at all confidential in answering, for Pietro, so his host was called, seemed constantly so observing, as if back of his fine phrases some sort of special design lay in ambush. In vain the young man turned his thoughts hither and thither, trying to track out the reason for this pressing curiosity.

He had just managed to break away from Pietro, when, turning at the entrance of an avenue, he encountered several maskers; and among them unexpectedly he again perceived the beautiful Greek. The maskers were talking excitedly and in strange fashion; one voice seemed known to him, but he could not clearly place it. Soon one shape after another vanished, until at last, before he was fairly aware of it, he found himself alone with the girl. She stood there hesitatingly, and looked at him a few moments in silence. Her mask was off; but a short white veil, ornamented with a variety of strange figures embroidered in gold, covered her small face. He felt some wonder to see the shy girl thus remain alone with him.

"You spied on me in my singing," she said at last in a friendly voice. These were the first audible words that he had heard from her. The melodious sound of her voice penetrated through his soul; she seemed to touch and waken memories of all love, beauty, and delight which he had experienced in life. He excused his presumption and spoke confusedly of the loneliness which had lured him on, his abstraction, the murmuring of the fountain. As he spoke, a few voices approached the place. The girl glanced shyly around her and rapidly walked off deeper into the night. She seemed to be pleased in observing that Florio followed her. Boldly and confidentially now he asked her to conceal herself no longer, or at least to tell him her name, so that her beautiful appearance might not be lost by him among the thousand confused figures of the day. "Let that rest," she answered dreamily; "take the flowers of life gladly as the moment gives them, and don't ask about the roots underground, for below everything is joyless and still." Florio looked at her in astonishment; he did not understand at all how such enigmatic words had got into the mouth of this cheerful young girl. The moonlight just then filtered through the trees on her figure. Then it suddenly seemed to him that she was taller, slenderer, and nobler than in the dance or by the fountain.

By this time they had come to the entrance of the garden. There were no lamps burning here any longer, only frequently one still heard a voice dying away in the distance. Around them the

wide circle of country was at rest, silent and solemn, in the splendid moonlight. In a meadow, which lay in front of them, Florio noticed several horses and people moving to and fro, half recognizable in the dim light.

Here his companion suddenly came to a halt. "I shall be delighted," she said, "to see you at my house sometime. Our friend will bring you there. Farewell!" With these words she threw back her veil, and Florio drew back startled. It was the marvelous beauty whose song he had overheard in that sultry noontide garden. But her face, which the moon lighted brightly, seemed to him pale and motionless, almost like the marble statue as he had seen it by the lake.

Watching now, he saw how she walked across the meadow, how she was received by several richly dressed servants, and how she threw around herself quickly a gleaming hunting cloak and mounted a snow-white horse. As if rooted to the spot with astonishment, joy, and a secret horror, that stole through his inmost being, he remained standing until horses, riders, and the whole strange vision were swallowed up in the night.

Calls out of the garden finally aroused him from his dreams. He recognized Fortunato's voice, and hastened to reach the friend who had missed him for a long time and had been vainly seeking for him. Scarcely had Fortunato caught a glimpse of Florio, when he sang as he came to meet him:

Hushed in air,
As it seems,
Gentle fragrance
Upward streams,
Sweetheart calls,
Lover proud
Treads on cloud,
Grips heaven's walls,
Sighs and calls,
Heart turns pale,
Fragrance stale,
Time but crawls —
Moonlight fair,
Air in air,
Lover and love remain just as they were.

" But where have you been hovering around so long? " he concluded at last, laughing. For no consideration would Florio have been able to tell him his secret. " Long? " was all he queried, himself astonished. For in fact the garden by this time had become wholly empty, practically all the lights were extinguished, only a few lamps still flickered uncertainly hither and thither in the wind like will-o'-the-wisps.

Fortunato did not question the youth any further; and in silence they ascended the steps of the silent house. " Well, I've kept my word," said Fortunato, as they came to the terrace above the roof of the villa, where a small company of people were still gathered under the calm, starry sky. Florio at once recognized several faces which he had seen on that first happy evening in the tent on the meadow. In the midst of them also he perceived his pretty neighbor again. But the gay wreath of flowers was not on her hair to-night; without ribbon, without ornament the beautiful locks waved down around her little head and shapely neck. He stood silent, almost taken aback at the sight. The remembrance of that evening came over him with a strange melancholy power. He felt as if all that was long ago, so completely had everything changed since then.

The young lady was named Bianca, and introduced to him as Pietro's niece. She seemed quite shy as he approached her and scarcely ventured to look up at him. He expressed to her his astonishment at not having seen her through the whole evening. " You have seen me often," she said softly, and he thought that he recognized her whisper. At the same time she noticed on his breast the rose that he had received from the beautiful Greek, and dropped her eyes, blushing. Florio took good note of this; he recollected how, after the dance, he had seen the Greek maiden's double. " Good Heaven! " he thought to himself in confusion, " who could that other have been? "

" It is very strange," she broke in on his musing, " to step out so suddenly from our noisy fun into the wide night. Just look, the clouds often change so rapidly as they move over the sky that one would become crazed if he watched them very long. One moment they look like monstrous moon mountains with dizzy

abysses and horrible outlines, just like faces; then again like dragons that time and again stretch out their long necks suddenly; and below the river goes gliding covertly through the dark like a golden serpent; that white house over there looks like a marble statue." "Where?" burst out Florio, shaken out of his thoughts and violently startled at these words. The girl looked at him in astonishment, and for a few minutes both were silent. "You are going to leave Lucca?" she said at last, softly and hesitatingly, as if she were afraid of his answer. "No," replied Florio absent-mindedly, "but yes, yes, soon, very soon!" Apparently she wanted to say something further; but she turned away suddenly, repressing her words, with her face averted and in darkness.

Finally he could endure the restraint no longer. His heart was so full and oppressed, and yet so happy. He said farewell quickly, hastened off, and rode without Fortunato or any other companion back to the city.

The window of his room stood open, he took one more hasty glance out of it. The country around lay unrecognizable and silent, like a marvelous interlaced hieroglyphic in the magic moonlight. He closed the window almost terrified and threw himself on his bed, where, like one sick with fever, he sank into the strangest dreams.

Bianca, however, sat for a long time up on the terrace. Everybody else had gone to rest; already from time to time a lark went soaring high through the still air with irresolute song; the treetops below began to stir; pale yellow gleams of morning flitted alternately over her face worn with watching, framed in the loosely waving locks of her neglected tresses. There is a saying that if a maiden goes to sleep in a garland woven out of nine kinds of flowers, her future bridegroom will appear to her in a dream. In accordance with that, Bianca, asleep after that evening in the tent, had seen Florio in a dream. Now it was all a lie, he was obviously so absent-minded, so cold and distant. She plucked to pieces the deceiving flowers, which hitherto she had treasured up like a bridal wreath. Then she leaned her forehead against the cold railing, and wept from the bottom of her heart.

Several days had passed since then, when Florio one afternooon was visiting with Donati at his country-house outside the city. Seated at a table set with fruits and cool wine, they whiled away the sultry hours in pleasant conversation, until the sun already had sunken low. Meanwhile Donati had his servant play on the guitar, from which he knew how to lure the most enticing notes. The great white windows stood open, and through them the mild evening air wafted in the fragrance of numerous flowers from the window boxes on the sills. Outside lay the city in bright-colored haze among the gardens and vineyards, from which a happy murmur came up through the window. Florio was happy to his inmost soul, for in the silence his thoughts ran constantly on the beautiful lady.

From time to time outside hunting horns could be heard in the distance. Now nearer, now far away, without ceasing they answered each other cheerfully from the green mountains. Donati stepped to the window. " That," he said, " is the lady whom you saw in the beautiful garden. She is just coming back to her castle from the hunt." Florio looked out. There he saw the lady on a beautiful horse riding over the green pasture below him. A falcon, fastened to her girdle with a golden cord, sat on her hand; a jewel on her bosom, lit by the evening sun, cast long rays of green-gold light over the meadow. She looked up at him with a friendly nod.

" The lady is but seldom at home," said Donati; " if you wish, we could visit her this very day." At these words Florio started up joyfully out of the dreamy contemplation into which he had sunk; he could have fallen upon the knight's neck. And in a few moments both were on horseback.

They had not ridden very long when the palace with its cheery splendor of pillars rose up before them, surrounded with the beautiful garden as if with a gladsome wreath of flowers. From time to time jets of water from the numerous fountains leapt clear over the tips of the shrubbery, and sparkled brightly in the gold of evening. Florio wondered why it was that hitherto he had never been able to find the garden after his first visit. His heart was beating loudly with delight and expectation, when they finally arrived at the castle.

Several servants hastened up to take their horses. The castle itself was entirely of marble, and built on a strange design, almost like a Greek temple. The beautiful proportion of all its parts, the pillars aspiring like youthful thoughts, the artistic carvings, portraying entire stories from a happy, long since vanished world, lastly, the beautiful marble statues of gods which stood around everywhere in the niches — all this filled one's soul with a sunny delight beyond description. They entered now the wide hall, which led through the whole castle. Between the airy columns everywhere the garden delighted their senses with its beauty and fragrance.

On the broad, smoothly polished steps which led down into the garden, they came finally upon the beautiful mistress of the palace herself, who in the most charming manner bade them welcome. She was resting half reclined, on a costly couch. She had laid aside her hunting dress; a skyblue garment, fastened with a marvelously ornamented girdle, covered her beautiful limbs. A young girl, kneeling near her, was holding in front of her a richly ornamented mirror, while several others were busied in adorning their charming mistress with roses. At her feet a circle of maidens were sitting on the turf, singing to the lute with alternating responses, their voices now impellingly merry, now gently complaining, as nightingales in warm summer nights make answer to each other.

In the garden itself there was everywhere a refreshing stir of breezes. Many unknown gentlemen and ladies were walking up and down there among the rosebushes and fountains talking pleasantly together. Pages in rich apparel served wine and offered oranges wreathed with flowers and fruits in silver dishes. Farther on, as the lute music and evening rays went gliding away over the fields of flowers, beautiful maidens arose here and there from among the blossoms, as if waking out of noon-day dreams. They shook their dark locks from their foreheads, bathed their eyes in the clear fountains, and then they too mingled with the happy crowd.

Florio's glances, as if blinded, strayed over these brilliant colored figures, always returning with new intoxication to the

beautiful mistress of the castle. She let nothing interfere with her pretty, her charming occupation. Now improving something in the arrangement of her dark, fragrant tresses, now studying her own face in the mirror, she kept talking to Florio all the while, playing graciously with indifferent matters in pretty phrases. At times she turned suddenly and gazed at him under her wreath of roses with such indescribable loveliness, that her look pierced to his inmost soul.

By this time, the night had already begun to darken over them between the flying evening gleams. The merry voices in the garden turned gradually to soft, loving whispers; the moonlight spread out like magic over the beautiful figures. Then the lady rose from her flowery couch and took Florio's hand kindly, to lead him into the interior of her castle, for which he had expressed his admiration. Many of the others followed after them. They went up and down a few stairs; the company in the meanwhile scattering merrily, with joking and laughter, through the manifold colonnades. Even Donati had vanished in the crowd. Soon Florio found himself alone with the lady in one of the splendid halls of the castle.

Here his beautiful guide sank down on the silken cushions that strewed the floor. As she did this, she gracefully shook her wide, snow-white veil into all manner of waving folds, now revealing, now hiding details of her figure that seemed ever more beautiful. Florio gazed at her with burning eyes. Then all at once outside in the garden there began a wondrously beautiful song. It was an old, pious song that he had often heard in his childhood, and had almost forgotten since among the changing sights of his journey. He grew quite preoccupied, for it seemed to him as if it were Fortunato's voice. "Do you know the singer?" he asked the lady quickly. She seemed positively terrified, and answered with a confused negative. Then she sat for a long time in silent thought.

Florio meanwhile had time and leisure to study in detail the strange furnishings of the chamber. It was dimly lighted by a few candles, which were held by two monstrous arms reaching out from the wall. Tall, exotic flowers, which stood around in artistic jars, diffused an intoxicating odor. Facing him stood a row of

marble statues, over whose charming figures the wavering gleams of light strayed up and down voluptuously. The other sides of the room were filled by costly tapestries embroidered in silk with narrative figures large as life of exceptional vividness.

In all the ladies whom he saw in these designs, the astonished Florio seemed to recognize clearly the beautiful mistress of the house. Now, with the falcon on her hand, as he had seen her before, she appeared riding with a young knight to the hunt; now she was represented in a splendid garden of roses, with a beautiful page on his knees at her feet.

Then suddenly the idea came to him, as if from the sound of the song outside, that at home in early childhood he had often seen such an image, a wondrously beautiful lady in the same dress, with a knight at her feet, a wide garden behind with numerous fountains and avenues artistically intersecting, exactly as he had already seen the garden outside. Also he remembered having seen there pictures of Lucca and other famous cities.

He told this, not without deep emotion, to the lady. "At that time," he said, lost in reminiscence, "when I stood thus before those old pictures in the lonely summerhouse of our garden on hot afternoons, and studied the strange towers of the cities, the bridges and avenues, seeing how splendid coaches drove by there, the stately cavaliers came riding up, greeting the ladies in the carriages — I did not think then that all that would one time actually come true in life around me. During those afternoons my father would often join me and tell me many a merry romance that he had encountered in his youthful campaigns in this or that one of the cities. Then he would usually walk up and down in the quiet garden for a long time thoughtfully. But I used to throw myself into the deepest grass, and watch for hours how the clouds went passing over the sultry region. The grasses and flowers waved softly to and fro over me, as if they were trying to weave strange dreams; the bees hummed among them so summery and incessantly — Ah! that is all like a sea of silence in which the heart would gladly drown with sorrow!" "Forget all that," said the lady at this point absent-mindedly, "everybody thinks that he has seen me some time before, for, beyond question,

my image looms dimly and blossoms in all the dreams of youth." Saying this, she soothingly stroked back the brown locks of the beautiful youth from his clear forehead. But Florio rose; his heart was too full and deeply moved; he stepped to the open window. There the trees were rustling; here and there a nightingale struck up; in the distance it lightened at times. Ever stronger the singing went floating away over the still garden like a clear, cool stream, out of which old dreams of youth emerged. The power of these notes had sunk his whole soul in deep thought. He seemed to himself all at once so much a stranger here, and as if astray from his own nature. Even the lady's last words, which he did not know how to interpret rightly, troubled him strangely. Then he said softly, from the inmost depths of his soul: "Lord God, let me not become lost in the world!" Scarcely had he uttered the words in his own mind, when outside there rose a dreary wind, as if from an approaching thunderstorm, and blew on him confusingly. At the same time he noticed on the window-seat grass and sparse tufts of weeds as if on an old wall. A serpent wriggled out hissing, and plunged with a trail of green-gold light, writhing, into the abyss.

Florio, terrified, left the window and turned back to the lady. She was sitting motionless and still, as if listening. Then she rose up quickly, went to the window, and spoke out into the night with charming, reproachful voice. But Florio could not understand her, for the storm swept the words away with it. Meanwhile the thunderstorm seemed drawing nearer and nearer. Through the wind, ever stronger and stronger, single notes of the song flew up with heartrending power. The gale swept whistling through the whole house and threatened to extinguish the torches as they flickered wildly hither and thither. A long flash of lightning just then lit up the darkening hall. Then Florio suddenly recoiled several steps, for it seemed as if the lady were standing before him, with closed eyes, with face and arms utterly white. But with the fleeting gleam of the lightning that terrifying sight vanished also as it had arisen. The former twilight filled the room again. The lady again looked smilingly at him as before, but silently and mournfully, as if hardly able to restrain her tears.

While this was happening, Florio, reeling back in horror, had collided with one of the stone images which stood against the wall. In the same moment this image began to stir, the movement was quickly imparted to the others, and soon all the statues arose from their pedestals in terrible silence. Florio drew his sword and cast a hesitating glance toward the lady. But as he gazed, a deathlike horror seized him. In answer to the notes of the song in the garden, swelling more and more powerfully, he saw her growing ever paler and paler, like the evening's vanishing afterglow, in which finally even the lovely, playful eye-stars appeared to sink. Then too the tall flowers in the vases began to twist horribly around each other, like bright-spotted rearing serpents. All the knights on the tapestries suddenly took on his own likeness and laughed at him maliciously. The two arms which held the candles struggled and kept stretching further forward, as if a gigantic man were trying to work his way out of the wall. The hall became fuller and fuller. The flashes of lightning threw horrible gleams between the shapes, through whose tumultuous crowd Florio saw the stone images press so violently against each other that the hair bristled on his head. Horror overpowered all his senses. He rushed in confusion out of the room, down through the dreary, reëchoing halls and colonnades.

Below in the garden at one side lay the quiet lake which he had seen that first night, with the marble statue of Venus. The singer Fortunato, so it seemed to him, was in a boat in the middle of the lake, standing upright with averted face, and still waking separate harmonies from his guitar. But Florio thought this appearance also a confusing delusion of the night, and kept hurrying on without looking around, until lake, garden, and palace had vanished far behind him. The city lay quiet before him, brilliantly lighted by the moon. Far away on the horizon there rumbled merely a slight thunderstorm; it was a splendid, clear summer night.

Separate streaks of light were already flying over the morning sky as he reached the gates. He searched eagerly there for Donati's dwelling, to make him explain the occurrences of the night. The country house stood on one of the highest sites with

an outlook over the city and the whole surrounding region. Consequently he soon found the attractive spot again. But instead of the tasteful villa in which he had been yesterday, only a humble cottage stood there, wholly overrun with grapevines and surrounded by a little garden. Doves, shining in the first beams of morning, strutted up and down the roof cooing; a deep, serene peace ruled over everything. Just then a man with a spade on his shoulder came out of the house and sang:

Now gone is darkness' gloomy hour
Deceit of sin and magic power;
Bright day wakes all to turn the sod.
Up cheerily, who would praise your God!

He checked his song suddenly when he saw the stranger rushing toward him so pale and with disheveled hair. Florio, utterly confused, asked for Donati. But the gardener did not know the name and seemed to consider the questioner delirious. His daughter leaned out over the window sill into the cool morning air, herself fresh as the morning, and looked at the stranger with wide, astonished eyes. " Great Heaven! where then have I been all this time? " said Florio half aloud to himself, and rushed hastily back through the city gate, and the still empty streets, to his inn.

Here he locked himself in his room and sank with fixed eyes into a state of profound brooding. The indescribable beauty of the lady, as she faded away so gradually before him, and the charming eyes vanished, had left behind in the bottom of his heart such an endless sorrow, that he felt an irresistible longing to die then and there.

He remained in this state of wretched brooding and dreaming that whole day and the following night.

The earliest glimmer of morning found him on horseback before the gates of the city. The tireless urgings of his faithful servant had finally brought him to the resolution of leaving this region entirely. Slowly and much preoccupied, he rode now along the beautiful street which leads from Lucca out into the country, moving on between dark trees in which the birds were still asleep.

Then, not far from the city, he was joined by three other riders. Not without a secret shudder he recognized in one of them the singer Fortunato. The second was Signorita Bianca's uncle, in whose country house he had danced on that fateful evening. Pietro was accompanied by a boy, who rode along beside him, silent with eyes cast down. All three had made plans to travel through beautiful Italy together, and gave Florio a friendly invitation to travel with them. He, however, bowed silently, neither consenting nor refusing, and persistently took very little interest in all their conversation.

Meanwhile the rosy morning kept rising higher and cooler over the wondrously beautiful landscape before them. Then the cheery Pietro said to Fortunato: "Only see how strangely the morning light plays there over the stonework of the old ruin on the height. How often, even as a boy, I have clambered up there with astonishment, curiosity, and secret fright! You know so many legends, couldn't you give us information about the origin and desolation of this castle, concerning which such strange rumors are current?" Florio cast a glance toward the height. There, in an intense loneliness lay an old, ruinous mass of encircling wall, beautiful pillars half sunk in the earth, and artistically hewn stone. All was covered with a luxuriant blooming wilderness of green, intertwining tendrils, brush, and tall weeds. A lake lay near by, over which rose a partially ruined marble statue, brightly lit up by the morning sun. It was obviously the same region, the same place, where he had seen the beautiful garden and the lady. At the sight he gave a violent shudder. But Fortunato said: "I know an old song about it, if you will be content with that." And thereupon, without stopping long for thought, he sang with his clear, happy voice through the serene morning air:

Piled wrecks alone enduring
Of statues marvelous, bold;
A garden, rich, alluring,
Grown wild 'mid ruins old;

A buried realm before us,
Near heaven and yet not nigh,
New realms that call in chorus,—
Such, such is Italy.

When winds of Spring blow kindly
Where plains of green are spread,
Our valleys feel, though blindly,
A stir among the dead.

A movement noiseless, nearing,
In graves of gods below,
A something man can, fearing,
Deep in his bosom know.

Confused through branches thronging
Here, yonder, voices go;
Winds filled with dreamy longing
Across blue ocean blow.

When Spring awakens duly,
'Neath veil of scent and flower
In secret rite moves newly
The ancient magic power.

Then, glad and startled, moveth
Dame Venus from the flowers;
She hears the call she loveth,
Birds' choirs in sunny hours.

She seeks her ancient dwelling,
Her airy, pillared home,
Sees, glassed where waves are welling,
The Spring's blue, windy dome.

But waste is now the dwelling,
Dumb lies the pillared home;
The sill is grassed; the swelling
Wild winds there go and come.

Where now her playmates? Lonely
Sea-castles Neptune keeps,
Cool, filled with echoes only.
In woods Diana sleeps.

Alone at times emerging
From depths of wave and well,
In voices wildly surging,
Their grief the sirens tell.

She too must pose and ponder,
In Spring so pallid grown;
Her eyes lose all their wonder,
Her lovely form turn stone.

Then, hushed and gently human,
Appears o'er earth and man
Another form of woman
High on the rainbow span.

Her arms an infant bedding,
Miraculous she stands;
Her heavenly pity spreading
Pervades the seas and lands.

Through spaces bright and gleaming
The child of man awakes,
And all this evil dreaming
Swift from his brain he shakes.

The soul, a victor panting,
Aspires through dawn and Spring,
Leaves sultry dens enchanting
Like larks that soar and sing.

All had grown silent, listening to the song. "So then," said Pietro finally, "that ruin was at one time a temple of Venus, if I have understood you rightly." "To be sure," answered Fortunato, "as far as one can gather from the proportions of the whole and the carvings that still survive. It is said also that the spirit of the beautiful heathen goddess has found no rest. Every Spring the memory of earthly rapture makes her rise from the awful stillness of the grave, coming back to the green loveliness of her ruined home. There with devilish magic she practices the old seduction on young, careless spirits. And these then, departed from life yet not received into the peace of the dead, wander around, divided between wild desire and ghastly repentance, and consume their being in terrifying illusion. Quite frequently, it has been asserted, at that very place people have seen evidence of temptation offered by spectres. Sometimes a wondrously beautiful lady, sometimes several alluring cavaliers, would appear, and lead the passerby into a phantom garden and palace presented

to the eye." "Have you ever been yonder?" said Florio quickly, rousing himself from his thoughts. "No longer ago than night before last," replied Fortunato. "And didn't you see anything spectral there?" "Nothing," said the singer, "except the quiet lake, and the white, enigmatic stones around me in the moonlight, and the wide, illimitable starry heaven above. I sang an old pious song, one of those primeval songs which float through the Paradise garden of our childhood like memories and echoes of another more homelike world; songs that are a true emblem in which all poetical people find their own selves anew in their later aging existence. Believe me, a genuine poet can venture a great deal, for art that is without pride and sin charms and restrains the wild earth-spirits, who reach out for us from the depths."

All became silent. Just then the sun rose before them and cast its sparkling rays over the earth. Then Florio shook himself from head to foot, galloped rapidly a little ahead of the others, and sang with cheerful voice:

Here, Lord, am I! hail, morning blush,
That strenuous, cool, severe,
Breaks mightily through the sultry hush
Of my tired bosom here.

I'm free at length! I totter still,
I find no self-control;
Oh Father, Thou dost know me well.
Wilt not forsake my soul.

After all violent emotions of the heart which shake our entire being, there comes over the soul, a still, placid serenity, just as the fields after a thunderstorm turn green and revive. It was thus that Florio felt, refreshed to his inmost being. Once more he glanced around him in the best of spirits, and waited placidly for his fellow-travelers, who came following him slowly through the green landscape.

The pretty boy who was accompanying Pietro had meanwhile also lifted up his head, as flowers do before the first rays of morning. Then with astonishment Florio recognized Signorina Bianca. He was terrified to see how pale she looked in comparison with that

evening when he had seen her for the first time under the tent in her charming mischievousness. The power of first love had surprised the poor girl in the midst of her childish play. And when Florio, whom she loved so ardently, following the powers of darkness, grew so reserved and kept away from her more and more, she had to give him up at last as utterly lost. Then she sank into a deep melancholy, the secret of which she dared trust to no one. Her shrewd uncle Pietro, however, knew it beyond question, and had resolved to take his niece on a long journey into strange regions and a different climate, if not to cure her, at least to distract her mind and save her. In order to travel without inconvenience, and at the same time, as it were, to strip off her past utterly, she had felt bound to put on a boy's costume.

Florio's glances rested well pleased on that lovely shape. A strange infatuation had hitherto covered his eyes as if with a magic mist. Now he was downright astonished to see how beautiful she was. He spoke of various matters to her with deep earnestness. There she rode along beside him with downcast eyes completely overcome by this unhoped for fortune, and in happy humility, as if she did not deserve such grace. Only frequently she would look up at him under her long black eyelashes. Her whole transparent soul lay in that glance, as if she were trying to say entreatingly, " Do not deceive me again."

By this time they had arrived at an airy hilltop. The city of Lucca with its dark towers was sinking behind them in shimmering haze. Then Florio turned to Bianca and said: " I am as if newly born. I feel convinced that everything now is going to turn out well, since I have found you again. I wish we were never to part again, if you are willing."

Instead of answering, Bianca gazed at him as if herself asking a question, with uncertain yet half-restrained joy. She looked just like a cheerful picture of an angel against the deep blue background of the morning sky. The morning, coming shooting over the plain, shone right into their faces with long, golden rays. The trees rose up bright in the glow; countless larks were singing as they whirred through the clear air. And so the happy lovers journeyed merrily through the gleaming meadows out into the flowery regions of Milan.

ACHIM VON ARNIM

(1781 — 1831)

ARNIM's works, whether dramatic, narrative or lyric, all smack decidedly of improvisation. Indeed he has been called the greatest impromptu writer among the Germans. One of the Grimms compared Arnim's most famous prose work, the novel, " Die Kronenwächter " to a picture framed on three sides — in one direction there was no limit. Goethe compared his genius to a barrel, the hoops to which the cooper had neglected to tighten, so that, unfortunately, the contents flowed wastefully away on all sides. " Die Kronenwächter " is the first important historical novel treating of the German past. In the magnitude of its plan and the fervor of its purpose it is greater than the novels of Scott, but fails to compare with the work of the Scottish contemporary in clearness and intensity of plot. Arnim's double-drama ' Halle und Jerusalem " marks the extreme of romanticism in the drama. This patriotic son of the Mark of Brandenburg was a strong believer in the efficacy of poetry. Through the collection of German folksongs, " Des Knaben Wunderhorn," which he had undertaken with his close friend Brentano, he hoped to point a way out of bondage to freedom. The German people were just then stunned by the blow of Jena. The *Novelle* " Isabella " could not be given here in its entirety. It has been reduced by approximately one third through the excision of an old Germanic theme — " der Bärenhäuter." The editors do not feel that the omission has done violence to the main thread of this charming romance, though it has eliminated some wildly romantic passages.

ISABELLA OF EGYPT

The First Love of Emperor Charles V

BRAKA, the old gypsy woman in a tattered red cape, had scarcely told off her rosary a third time before the window as a sign agreed upon, when Bella's dark curls and gleaming black

eyes appeared at the little peep-window in a glory of the mellow light from the full moon, which, glowing like a mass of molten iron, was rising out of the mists and watery plain of the Scheldt. " Ah, see the angel," cried Bella, " see how he smiles down upon me! " " My child," exclaimed the old woman with a shudder, " whom do you see? " — " The moon," replied Bella, " it has come up again, but my father has not yet returned, and his long absence makes me anxious, Braka. I had a happy dream though about him last night. I saw him on a lofty throne in Egypt, and the birds were flying under him. This vision comforted me." — " You poor child," said Braka, " if what you dreamed were only true! But did you get something to eat and drink? " — " Oh yes," Bella replied, " my neighbor shook down his apples. Some of the fruit fell into the brook. I gathered them out of the water where they were stuck among the roots of the winding bank. Besides, father laid out a large loaf of bread for me before he went away." — " It is well that he did so," said the old woman through her tears. " He is no longer in need of bread. They have relieved him of this care." — " Good Braka, tell me," besought Bella, " has anything happened to my father? Has he injured himself in doing his acrobatic tricks? Take me to him; I will nurse him back to health. Where is my father? Where is my duke? " — So Bella pled all atremble, and her tears fell from her eyes through the bright moonbeams on to the hard stones beneath. — If I had been a bird on the wing I should have flown down, dipping my bill in these tears, and carried them aloft to the skies, for they were so sad and still so resigned to heaven's will.— " Look, up yonder," sobbed the old woman, " up yonder on the mountain stands a tripod, three-legged forsooth, but not a trinity. God does not recognize it, and yet it is called the highest judgment. He who gets past the tripod may live to become old. The flesh which cooks there in the sun will never be thrown into the pot. It will hang suspended until we take it down. Calm yourself, you poor child, and do not cry out in grief. Your father is hanging up yonder. Restrain your sorrow. We are going to take him down to-night, and then we will cast his body into the brook. All the honors which are due his high position will be

shown him. On the brook's current he will float to his fathers in Egypt, for he ended his days on a pious pilgrimage. Take this wine and this little pot of roasted meat, and in solitude eat and drink in memory of your departed father, as you should." Trembling in every limb, Bella could scarcely hold on to the vessels which Braka handed her. The old woman continued: "Take hold, and don't let them fall. Do not cry your eyes out, child. Remember that you are now our last hope. All look to you now to lead us back home when our vow is fulfilled. Bear in mind that all your father's possessions are now yours. Search in his closet. Here is the key. You will find many things stored away in there. I almost forgot to tell you what your father said when he left you the key: that you need have no fears of his black Sampson. The dog would understand that it was now to obey and not bite you. Then he requested you not to mourn for him; homesickness, he said, had long since broken his health and now he would soon be well, because he was returning home. This he said — and here is the crown of a hat filled with milk, which I got from a cow on the meadow. Add this to your meal. Good night, child." — The old woman went her way, and Bella peered after her, as one stares at an ominous letter which through fright has slipped from his hands, though he still longs to know its contents. Bella would much have preferred to go along, but her sorrow made her hesitate, and she was repelled at the thought of joining her rough people, much as she loved them.

In those days the gypsies had become thoroughly degenerate, because the Jews, who were scattered far and wide, had taken on the habit of passing themselves off as gypsies, in order to be tolerated, thus bringing down persecution upon both alike. Often had Duke Michael complained of this, and had exerted all of his ingenuity to gather his tribe together to lead them back to their native land. Their vow, "to migrate to the farthest place inhabited by Christians," had been redeemed, for they had already returned from the Spanish coasts of the Mediterranean. Their very desire to reach the New World kept them in the Old World because the governments of Europe were interested solely in transporting warriors, not pilgrims. But on the other hand, the

return to Egypt had become increasingly difficult through the augmented power of the Turks, the persecutions on all hands, and the scarcity of money. Already the Duke had made strenuous endeavors to encourage for the preservation of his race all such feats of strength and skill as were accustomed to be designated by the name of manly arts. Formerly these tests, such as balancing heavy tables on the teeth, tumbling, or walking on the hands, had been practiced as a kind of national amusement. But now, when they were driven from one territory into another, gradually become exhausted, then even the more prominent among them — when even fortune-telling was no longer profitable — saw themselves forced to steal their poor fare or to be content with such unprotected game as moles and porcupines.

Not until now had they become wholly conscious of the curse resting upon them. They had incurred it by spurning the Holy Mother of God with the Christ child and the aged Joseph, when the Holy Family had sought refuge among them in the land of Egypt. Their forefathers had not recognized the Holy Presence, but with callous indifference had mistaken these saints for Jews, a race that had never been tolerated in Egypt since on their exodus they had taken the borrowed gold and silver vessels with them to the Promised Land. Later when the gypsies came to know the Lord through His death, whom in life they had scorned, the half of this nation vowed to do penance for its hard-heartedness through a pilgrimage to the farthest place inhabited by Christians. They passed through Asia Minor to Europe, taking all their treasures with them, and until these were spent they found a welcome everywhere; but woe to paupers among strangers.

So much by way of introduction, and now to our story.

Just a week before, a band of gypsies, among them Happy and Emler, had arrived from France quite destitute, and had appealed to Duke Michael for aid. He now determined to take up again his arts for their support. With them he went into an inn, and just as he was carrying eight men upon his arms and shoulders to the amazement of all those gathered about him, the alarm went abroad that Happy was seized. It was reported that he had stolen from the court-yard two cocks, whose loud squawking had

betrayed him, and that Michael, the Duke, had remained in the room for the sole purpose of distracting the attention of the crowd. The Burghers of Ghent because of their wealth never pardon a theft. In vain did Duke Michael assert that he would shoot Happy at sight; he himself and Emler were arrested together with Happy, and as thieves condemned to the gallows. At that time there was a stern law against the gypsies which permitted anyone to kill them wherever they might be found. Michael swore in vain to his and Emler's innocence before the courts and said: "We fare as the mice; if one mouse has nibbled at the cheese, it is said the mice have done this, then a general poisoning and catching begins; so we poor gypsies are safe nowhere except on the gallows." This safety was accorded him through the law, and he wept bitter tears from the height upon the ground because he, the last male descendant of his noble house, had to die in innocence and without honor. Then the rope closed his throat until the judgment day, when he will present his case against the severity of the rich, for whom a human life weighs lighter in the balance than the security of their dead treasures. In that day the gallows-rope will be as little likely to go through the eye of a needle as a camel, and likewise those rich will not enter the kingdom of heaven where Bella and her father will be reunited.

When Bella had called back her wandering thoughts, she muttered over and over again: "This then was the meaning of my dream that my father was exalted. Indeed he has now been exalted to the heavens, and knows nothing of us, or he knows all!" The black dog, quite contrary to his custom, left his place before the closet door, laid himself at her feet and howled. "Then you too know what has happened, Sampson?" she asked him; and the dog nodded. "Will you serve me from now on?" The dog nodded again, ran to the window and scratched at it. Bella looked out through the slide, which she had omitted to close, and saw her father's form swaying in the moonlit distance. Then suddenly it sank from sight. "They have just taken him down. Now they are spreading a feast in his honor. I too must go out under the open sky to prepare a memorial meal."

With the wine jug and the loaf of bread, the black dog close by

her side, she entered the long-neglected garden. The house had been left untenanted for ten years past because of the reputation it bore of harboring ghosts. During this period the gypsies had secretly made this place their abode, and had frightened away the owner, a rich merchant of the city, who had converted it into a summer residence. When he himself later on was imprisoned for bankruptcy, his estate was managed by the creditors with the customary negligence. Now with lax justice for a landlord, the gypsies enjoyed the privileges of dwelling there undisturbed, with this restraint, however, that they must keep out of sight during the day-time. At night everyone naturally gave this secluded spot a wide berth. Thus the pale, beautiful child emerged like a ghost from the house, and the watchman in the nearby garden fled before the apparition into a distant chapel to gain the support of faith with a prayer. Bella was unaware that she was an object of fear. Her great sorrow over the loss of him who had hitherto consumed all her thoughts made her wits dull, so that instinctively she prepared to do everything just as the old Braka had ordered. It was dear to her heart that she could still perform some little act in honor of her father, so she spread her veil out over a flat stone, as was customary among her people on such occasions, placed on it two glasses, clinked them together, emptied the one placed for herself, and poured out the glass meant for her dead father into the flowing brook, which, a short distance from the house, wound its way into the Scheldt. Just as she was pouring this first offering into the stream, she heard a rushing noise in the current. A dark object rose to the surface as if a great fish which had found itself cramped in the stream leapt into view. The moon came out from behind the house, and she caught sight of her father's pale features, on his head the crown which the gypsies had placed there before they had committed his body to the current. And as the ripples drew in circles about his dear head so the thoughts of the poor child swirled about. She felt that he must still be alive and trying to save himself from the waters. She sprang into the stream and seized hold of the body. The black dog, however, held her skirts firmly in his teeth and braced himself on the bank. Thus in dumb despair she was

restrained and could neither drag the corpse to the bank nor float off with it into the ocean.

Finally Braka returned; and when the door was not opened for her she crept into the garden where this strange group, as in marble, met her eyes: the huge form of Michael in his death shroud with the glittering silver crown, and over him the pale girl, her black locks streaming down about him, her skirt held in the teeth of the black dog with fiery eyes. Despite the fact that her heart was touched, the old woman could not restrain a sort of laugh at a sight so unusual. But this laugh did not come from her heart, only with her thin lips did she smile as one famishing does. Then she hastened to the spot, drew the girl back to the bank, and said: "Let him depart! He knows the way better than you." When she had said these words, the corpse quietly floated down stream, and the moon slipped behind a cloud as Bella sank into the arms of the old woman.

Four weeks of sorrowing had passed. The old woman could not come to the house every day for fear of being detected, and Bella spent long weary hours alone with the dog, whose tricks had ceased to afford her pleasure. He slept most of the time; only at meals he stood around wagging his tail, licking and scratching. In the end a thought came to her, a thought which presents itself first to most heirs, namely to examine the effects of the deceased. She unlocked the secret closet, not without some feeling of fear and awe; but her expectations were dashed. Within she found no costly garments nor valuables, only bundles of herbs, bags of roots, a few stones; all objects which meant nothing to her because her father had felt that at her age she could have no real interest in the secret arts. After much searching she did find in a chest some old manuscripts, whose pages she hurriedly turned. Many of them were adorned with costly embossing written upon beautiful paper in a foreign tongue in which she had had no instruction. Others again were in Holland Dutch, a language which she could read and write well, since her mother had aroused a love for this old language in both husband and child. This the dead woman had done to recompense in a measure the loss she felt when she fled with Michael from the house of her father, the Count of

Hogstraaten. Bella brought out these books and was reading in them one night, for she slept by day in order to prevent every noise, when Braka, by means of the thrice-repeated hoot of a tame owl which she carried about with her for some time, gave the sign that she wished to be admitted.

Indignantly Bella arose from the book she was reading, a book full of the wondrous history of gypsy magic; but as soon as Braka, her grandmother, had entered, the girl returned in silence to her reading. This made the old woman so furious that with arms akimbo she exclaimed: "Well, have you no words of greeting for old Braka to-night, no kiss of welcome! So it is; when children are small they smother you with love and kindnesses, but scarcely have they begun to mature, and they close their ears to every request you make. Well, you shan't have the cake, unless you ask for it humbly. I stood around the baker's shop full a half hour for it. It was intended for the prince's table to-day. The maid will get a fine start when she goes to the baker's to get it and finds it already gone." — "Even though I don't beg you for it," said Bella, "you won't feel contented until I have eaten a piece of it. Come, give me a taste, and don't be angry. I have been poring over my father's books and I have found such wonderful stories in them, that I should quite like to become a spirit myself."

The old woman glanced into the book and said: "It's strange, old as I am, I've never learned to read, while you, a mere chit, know how very well. Now listen, if the desire plagues you to become a spirit, it just occurs to me that this can be done; it may even help us." — "What has come over you, Braka, you stare so strangely!" — "Listen, Bella," continued the old woman, "great things await you. What do you say to this? Yesterday Prince Charles rode by our garden-house with Cenrio, his tutor. In passing he asked how it came that the place looked so forsaken and desolate. Cenrio told him in reply that spirits had frightened away every buyer and tenant; told him all those things with which you are familiar. How your father had beaten a person who insisted on settling here, of the many owls that he kept shut up in a room and had released to whirr about the head of another renter.

But, all this you know. The prince, however, instead of being frightened at this, took an oath that he would sleep one night all alone in this house and would soon drive out the spirits. What's to be done now? Any night he may appear in this house. Meanwhile, I am sure, guards will be posted at each entrance, so that none of our people can either enter or leave."

" Hear me, Braka," said Bella, " I'd like to see the prince; I've heard so much about him, how handsome he is and how noble, how well he can wield his weapons and ride." — " Immediately your mind's on the prince, and you have no thought for the distress of your people," Braka went on. " If you show some skill in playing the ghost, this game may prove your salvation." — " Why shouldn't I try it," queried Bella, " but how can it be done? " Then she returned to her book. — " See, child," said the old woman, " he can't sleep in any other room except the black one with the golden trimmings which adjoins the secret closet used by your father. All the other rooms have more than one entrance, in those he will not feel so secure, besides the black room is the only one in which a bed is set up. Now, mark what I tell you; when you notice that he is quiet, that he has gone to sleep, then creep out of your closet, lie down on the bed by his side, and I'm ready to swear, that he'll run off in fear and never return. But if he should show courage enough to lay hands on you, then for the price of a lie you can assure him that in love you entered his chamber, and perchance your fortune will be made."

" Yes, mother," said Bella and went on with her book, " whatever you say, you are good at such matters. I am ignorant of such things." — " Tell me now, where did you find that accursed book? " the old woman asked, " while I'm talking seriously with you, you keep your mind continually on that book." — " I fetched it out of father's closet," said Bella, " there are others lying about in there, get one for yourself." " If you permit it," said the old woman, " I'll just take a look into the closet. I've been afraid to mention it; I didn't know but what your father had forbidden it." — " Go on in," said Bella, " you won't find much." —

Discreetly inquisitive, the old woman moved toward the closet. At the door she turned to Bella with the request to call off the

black dog, that always lay before the entrance to the little room. He had been taught to allow no one but Bella to go in there. Bella called the dog to her side, and the old woman without further delay entered the closet. When she had disappeared within, Bella laughed as she ordered the dog back to his accustomed place, and hid herself in order to observe the old woman's fright. It was a joke such as princesses are wont to play, but she was as charming as a princess too and had always been looked up to as such. Soon the old woman started out of the door carrying a great bundle of herbs and a well filled sack, but the black dog turned his glaring eyes upon her and showed his teeth. She drew back frightened and called out for Bella, great fear in her voice.

Just then the unaccustomed noise of clattering hoofs was heard before the door, the sound of people coming over the courtyard. Bella aghast fled with the light, and the food, and the dog to her grandmother, into the closet. There they locked themselves in to await breathlessly whether this were the prince, who had come to do battle with spirits. They had guessed rightly: it was Charles, the future ruler of an empire on which the sun never set. He, in the first bloom of mature youth, entered the deserted chamber.

Bella could observe him quite plainly through a concealed keyhole; she had never had an experience such as this. During her life she had gazed only upon dark-skinned gypsies, happy and boisterous. But the beauty of the man she now saw was so noble, she knew immediately that it was he, the future ruler, even before his companions had saluted him as their prince. She was entranced at the *hauteur* with which he waved off Cenrio, as the tutor tried to prevail upon the master to go back on his wager, maintaining that the prince had already proved by his very presence his willingness to see the thing through. The prince, however, quickly threw his black velvet baret upon the table, spread his cape over the foot of the bed, and commanded Cenrio to throw a guard about the house, and leave in the room a couple of burning candles; adding that he was tired. Cenrio cautioned him not to forget to fire his pistol as a signal if he should be in need of help, or in case the weapon should fail him — here Cenrio examined

the gun lock — then his cries for help would suffice. A guard would be posted under the window, and he himself would take his position nearby. The prince was of the opinion that this watching and guarding was quite unnecessary. Clad in his mailed shirt and armed with a sword as he was, it would be difficult for anyone to do him harm, and he ended by saying that he had outgrown the ghost stories he had heard in the nursery.

Cenrio left the room. The prince leaned his head on his hand and hummed a song to keep himself awake, then he stretched himself out on the bed and continued to sing as he dozed off to sleep. The bed stood just opposite the closet so that Bella could see him plainly. His head sank back and his eyelids closed. He was now asleep, and Bella still peered at him and could not get enough of gazing. The old woman, however, had already planned her attack. The weapons, both sword and pistol, lay beside the bed of the prince; these Bella was commanded to fetch stealthily and then return to play the ghost and lie down beside the intruder. It took some persuasion to get the girl to remove her shoes and stockings so that her footfall might not be heard, and to take off her dress so as not to brush against anything. Then the old woman had to use sheer force in pushing the girl into the room through the door, which was carefully left half ajar in order to insure a safe retreat. The grandmother surely showed an evil intent in her proposals. Joining couples had long been her main business, and this time it seemed that fortune would suddenly elevate her from her lowly condition. Bella suspected nothing of all this; she was pleased to find herself so near the prince, therefore she did not ponder long as to whether the proposal of the old woman had been really sensibly planned. With the utmost caution she now stepped up to the bed of the stranger, who was so fast asleep that of a surety she could have carried off his weapons. The old woman gloated as she looked on this picture. Bella, according to the custom of gypsies, wrapped in a cloth of blue linen which was held fast by a golden girdle, instead of being clad in a chemise, had stretched out her glistening well-rounded arms somewhat shyly toward the prince, moving toward him her gleaming white feet with graceful light tread. She cast upon him from

beneath her bountiful tresses a thousand dear favors in as many sweet glances until her lips could no longer abstain and met those of the prince in a kiss.

Up to this point all had gone well. But the prince was waked by the kiss. With his vision dazzled by the thousand phantoms of his dreams that floated before him like glowing spheres, he sprang up with the greatest haste and breathless rushed into the adjacent room crying aloud. His pistol and his sword, all his belongings he left behind. Fear such as this dwells in the depths of the most courageous being in the face of this uncharted world which rebuffs all our advances and makes us the object of its jests and amusements.

Bella was so aghast at his consternation that in silence and helpless she submitted to the old woman, who led her quickly through the secret door into the closet. Soon the prince returned with Cenrio and several soldiers, who, truth to say, all showed a greater desire to remain without than to penetrate into the haunted house. He who has not had an experience of this nature will not believe it, but a spirit will put a whole army to flight, for whatever evokes an overpowering fear in one brave man will as a rule do so for all. The prince was still the most courageous. He vowed: " Horrible as were the black serpents upon the head, a more beautiful countenance I never saw. Despite the great size it was splendidly proportioned. It wore a shining emblem upon its breast. But now by the Holy Mother of God there is nothing here to be seen. Cast your light under the bed. If no one will venture, then I must do it myself. Nothing here! Then it must have been a ghost, Cenrio, and I have forfeited my Turkish sabre to you. If only I knew what the dear spirit was seeking, in God's name, I'd stay here . You see it's all coming back to me now. Are not my lips burned? I swear it pressed a kiss upon them, that for sheer joy my heart leapt. Cenrio, I mean to stay here. I mean to learn what this spirit wished of me! "

Cenrio insisted that he dare not accede to his charge's wishes, lest this fright prove harmful to the health of the prince. The prince himself needed but little urging to renounce this severe test of his bravery. He did not feel humiliated since all looked

about them pale and on edge and started at the slightest sound. Besides he could still get back home before Adrian, who sat poring over his books, would have taken notice of his absence.

The old woman, on the other hand, was not entirely satisfied with the turn things were taking. Still she was able to extract the full benefit from it in securing the house for herself and her people. Scarcely had the rapidly departing guests left the house door when — to the consternation of the good Bella — she rushed like a mad woman out of the closet, slammed all the doors and upturned all the tables so that the prince and his men mounted their horses in fear and, without stopping to look back, rode to the city. There through their exaggerated recitals they fixed upon the garden-house for all time the reputation of harboring spirits. As a penalty for his hazardous adventure, the prince came down that very night with a fever. In his delirium the face of Bella hovered before him. The fever played him a trick by showing him a truth so unreal that he felt impelled next morning in a spirit of sadness to confess to Adrian that he had fallen in love with a spirit. Now Adrian, who had been engaged by the emperor Maximilian to instruct his grandson in Latin, found this an admirable opportunity to assign as a penance a double vocabulary. That proved a mild antidote for the past evening's impressions.

Poor Bella in her lonely retreat had to atone for her first love much more severely. For a few days her mind was so completely taken up with the prince that she could not sleep. At night time she peered about her in all directions hoping that he might come again to visit the spirit-house. Braka berated her harshly for wasting her youthful days in such foolish dreaming that would fade her charms prematurely. All this good advice Bella often rehearsed to herself only to forget it quite as often. Completely wrapped up in her thoughts of the prince, she asked Braka one day, if she knew no way of making one's self invisible so as to be able to wander about the city. Braka laughed and replied: " The only means known to me, is to have plenty of money, then you may go where you will. Money is the only reliable master-key, the true magic herb at whose touch every door quickly opens.

Maybe your father knew still more potent charms, but if they are not to be found in his books, then they are lost forever." — Bella treasured this bit of advice in her heart. It began to work on her mind as though she could never put this suggestion from her.

Scarcely had the old woman left on a foraging errand when Bella brought out the books that had lain in a corner since the night of the prince's visit. As she fetched the books, she became aware that the old woman had made off with her entire store of healing roots and herbs. This rank breach of good faith made her conclude not to disclose to old Braka her purpose in evoking the secrets of magic. But what a new feeling of disgust breathed upon her out of these pages. The books contained many secret recipes, drawings she was unable to understand for procuring the philosopher's stone, for exhorting spirits, for laying sickness, for enchanting cattle; then too directions for the making of gold, but this recipe was as involved as though two moons were to be yoked together in order to fare to the sun. In this manner one week after another went by, until, late one night when she was almost dead from exhaustion, she came upon a detailed account of how to secure the root of a mandrake. Then she read how serviceable these roots were in attracting money and all other things dear to the feminine heart through their thieving, infallible cunning.

But how great were the difficulties connected with the quest for these roots, and yet this particular quest was the easiest of all the conjurations. Magic demands the severest of schoolings; he who can endure the strain, his everyday business may seem to succeed like magic without any show of secret powers. Where is he who does not know the conditions by which a mandrake may be procured? Who still would venture to submit to such trials? Who could endure this test? The conditions require a young girl who loves from her soul quite devoid of sexual desires, for whom the mere proximity of her lover is quite sufficient to soothe her. This primary irremissible condition had become true perchance for the first time in the person of Bella, because she had always been treated as a being of a higher type and proclaimed as such by the gypsies with whom she had thus far come in contact. The vision

she had of the prince, however, was so clean and unsullied, pure as the host that is borne past in the service, and so quickly vanished, that it had not wakened desires. In such a girl, whose fantasy and imagination suffer no check, the courage of a super-man is required to proceed at the eleventh hour of the night with a black dog to the gallows, at whose base a person innocently hanged has shed hot tears upon the grass beneath. There she must stop up her ears with cotton and grope about with her hands until the root has been located. Then in spite of the shrieks of the root — a root by no means of natural growth, but an off-spring of the innocent tears of the hanged victim — its head must be laid bare of the earth. To this knob the girl must attach a rope made of her own hair and fasten the loose end to the neck of the black dog, then run away so that the dog in his desire to follow will pull the root out of the ground. In so doing, the dog is killed by a dazzling crash and earth tremor. He whose ears are not well stopped at this most decisive moment may become insane on the spot from these horrible sounds.

Now Bella was the only individual in centuries on whom all these conditions seemed to focus. What was more guiltless than the precious head of her dear father Michael, who in ceaseless activity for his people and in constant anxiety for his own family had been entirely too honest and proud to purloin even the merest trifle from his rich oppressors. What other girl than Bella would have shown the courage to plan such an errand for the hour of midnight? During the past four years, since the death of her mother, she had led a secluded, nocturnal existence and had become so familiar with the path of the moon and the twinkle of the stars that any loneliness and sadness by night on her part was out of the question. Was there any girl besides herself who possessed such a black dog out of whose eyes more could be read than could be learned from his barking; and then again what girl hated her only companion as Bella hated this dog since that day long ago when he had bitten her. Now she despised him still more that he did her behest in revolting submission and yet stealthily watched her every movement. If she addressed tender words to a rag-doll as though she were talking to the prince, he seemed to make sport

of her. It apparently was true, as her father often maintained, that the dog was possessed of a devil. Finally what girl had such beautiful long hair as Bella. Hair that would lend itself to be braided into a rope. And who would sacrifice it as willingly and with as little show of emotion, as she to fulfill the demands of the trial. She, however, was completely unconscious of her own charms. It seemed a relief to her not to be obliged in the future to spend so much time in combing her tresses, and so her hair, in whose dark curls the stars had often been mirrored as in the locks of the fair queen Berenice, fell with the rapid snip of the scissors like a black veil upon the floor round about her. These strands braided into a chain were destined to bring death to her dog Sampson. She noticed that he had comprehended what she had said and done, for instead of burying his scant supply of bones and bread in the garden as formerly, he now dug up all his hidden treasures bit by bit and ate them voraciously. If the uncovering could have stirred her emotions, the devouring of the morsels incensed her so much the more. At all events he showed not the least sign of sadness, but rather looked at her with eyes full of scorn.

When now the first Friday had come — for a Friday alone is required for the execution of such conjuration — once more the dog slunk through the house, sniffed into every corner, and soiled his lair quite contrary to his usual behavior. But Bella forgave him this nuisance much more readily than the tedium old Braka produced in her through her endless chatter of ' said he,' ' said I ' as she retold with unending digressions the entire ill-fated episode of Bella's first love affair. Bella might well have rehearsed it as one of the primal conditions toward the finding of the greatly desired mandrake root. But the girl, impatient at the protracted stay of the old woman, had lost count of the minutes and hours until she heard the clock strike twelve. Then, out of sorts, she sprang up and, moved by anger that she must postpone her plans for another week, began the gypsy dance of the cranes, so that in the end the old woman fell back breathless and coughing into a chair, vowing that she had not danced so merrily at her own wedding. When she had put a bit of licorice into her mouth to

allay the coughing, she finally went her way, expressing her great regret that she must leave so soon.

Indeed Bella had not been without some touch of fear. Now that this week's opportunity had been missed, it seemed wise to make still further preparation. The black dog too was apparently pleased at the delay and used the time well in eating greedily. Bella took pleasure in throwing him the choicest morsels, because she knew well what service he had to perform for her. Yes, at times, despite her feeling of repugnance toward the animal, tears came to her eyes as she looked down at him. But soon she was comforted again when she remembered an added phrase in the book of conjuring formulae, that the souls of faithful dogs who were killed in such business wandered up to the souls of their masters, and she was sure that the dog would feel much more at home with father Michael than with her.

The second Friday had finally come. There was frost in the air. The still waters were covered with a thin sheeting of ice. Braka had excused herself, saying that during the next few days she would not be out to see her charge on account of a bad cold which kept her indoors. Conditions could not have been better, for the neighbors too had all moved back to the city. The night was dark, and the wind tossed the first snowflakes to and fro over the dry earth. Once more Bella consulted the book of magic; her heart beat violently as the bells slowly tolled eleven. The black dog came dragging the doll that she had been wont to fondle in lieu of the prince, and tore and bit at it. This made her act. He should suffer for this disgrace he had done to her favorite. Quickly she tore the ropes she had braided out of her hair from her head, where she had worn them to ward off the old woman's suspicions, and struck at the dog. He made for the door, she lifted the latch and both in a twinkling stood in the midst of a magical winter world.

They started on their way, the wind behind them, without being sure of their road, taking the general direction of the mountain on whose slopes the execution had occurred. No people were to be seen on this road. Now and again dogs came bounding out from under the garden gates with loud barking and ran furiously

at black Sampson. As soon as these curs were within range, he looked at them and showed his teeth, at which sign of bad temper the largest as well as the smallest dogs fled in terror, their tails between their legs, back into the garden and to the very house doors, where whining they crouched in a corner. Two hedge-hogs were equally frightened as they crossed the road with quills spiked full of apples and pears which they had just gathered by rolling in the orchard. At sight of the dog they rolled themselves up in their spines so that it was an easy matter for Sampson to relieve them of their harvest, which he devoured forthwith. Meanwhile Bella had sat down to rest. When she got up and set out again in the direction of the mountain she became strangely aware that some one was following close in her footsteps, and indeed with such painful care that with each step the toe of her pursuer touched the heel of her boot. She dared not look around and ran on with ever increasing speed until a blow on the head stretched her to the ground. The blow stunned her only slightly. She took courage when she could detect no disturbance near by. In the dark she groped about her since no one had seized her and soon discovered that she had run into a closed toll-bar. Then too she solved the mystery of the hot pursuit; it was a thorn twig that had become entangled in her skirt. She was quite astonished at her own fear and resolved henceforth to be more watchful and self-contained, only to forget her good resolution promptly when some horses in an enclosure, as she approached, suddenly sprang up, and bounded away over bushes and hedges.

She had now come up on the hill where she could look down upon the rich city in which many a light was still burning. One house in particular sent forth an especially bright glare, and Bella felt sure that the prince must live there. The old woman had described it to her, and she knew that he was celebrating his birthday this very night. She came near forgetting all else over such speculations, even the dried skeletons dangling above her, which it would seem were nudging one another questioningly. But the black dog of his own accord had begun to dig under the gallows. She felt about on the ground to learn what he had found, and behold she held in her hands a human, a tiny human form

with both legs still rooted in the earth. She had found it, she had found it — the magic mandrake-root, the gallows manikin. She had come upon it without difficulty and in a twinkling she had fastened the rope of hair about it and then passed the fetter around the neck of the black dog. A fear of the shrieks from the root made her hasten away. She had forgotten to stop up her ears. With her utmost speed she ran, the dog in pursuit; he tore the root from the ground just as a terrific clap of thunder descended, stretching both to the earth, but her sure rapid strides had already taken her some fifty paces from the spot.

So Bella's life was saved. She lay unconscious, however, for a period and did not revive until a couple of happy youths who had just left their sweethearts came strolling by. One of them sang a jubilant song of his sweet love and of the base tongues that defame every secret trysting. His eyes were half dimmed with slumber so that he did not notice the prostrate girl in passing. When she had recovered her senses completely, she was at a loss to explain to herself how she had come to this place, so strange to her. Weak as she was, she half raised herself up and saw by the first gray of the morning her dog Sampson stretched out dead. The lifeless form of her dog gradually brought back the memory of why she had come. Attached to the braids of her hair, which she removed from the neck of the beast, she found a creature quite human in form, of a seeming mobile outline, in which free motion was still restrained as in the case of the butterfly larvae. This then was the mandrake. Strange now as it may seem, on the one hand she no longer remembered the prince — the real reason for procuring the mandrake had quite been forgotten — on the other, this mandrake suddenly provoked in her an affection which was strangely akin to the love she felt for the prince since the night of his visit. A mother could not receive back into her arms with tenderer emotion the child whom she believed buried by an earthquake; she could not be more loving, more knowing than Bella as this gypsy maid raised the little mandrake from the dust to her bosom, cleansing him of every vestige of earth as she did so.

He took little notice of this. His breath issued from scarcely apparent openings in the head. After she had cradled him in her

arms for a time, she noticed by an impatient thumping of his arms against her breast that he liked to be rocked. His arms and legs kept on twitching until she had lulled him to sleep with a swaying motion. With him in her arms she hastened back to her dwelling. She paid no heed to the barking of dogs. The few people who had gathered at the gates of the city to be the first at the market, she passed without notice. Her eyes were fixed upon the manikin, whom she had carefully wrapped in her cloak. Finally she was back in her room, and now by the light of a candle she examined the little prodigy. She was aggrieved that he had no mouth to kiss, no nose well formed expelling a divine breath, that no eyes showed forth his soul and no hair protected the tender abode of his thoughts; but the lack of all these did not work toward lessening her fondness for him.

With great caution she drew forth the book of magic. She must reassure herself as to what was next to be done for this root, possessed of the power to move and equipped with both arms and legs, in order that it might develop its shape and its strength. She was not long in finding the place. First of all she must bathe the mandrake. This she did. Then she must strew millet seed on his rough head. As soon as this began to sprout into hair, the other members of his body would develop of themselves. Wherever she wanted an eye she must press in a juniper berry, for the mouth use a haw. Luckily these berries and seeds were all at hand. Just recently old Braka had brought in some stolen millet seed; her father often used the juniper berry to fumigate his room. She had always had an aversion to the smell; now it affected her pleasantly, for a handful of these berries had been left of her father's store. A dog-rose tree in the garden was still covered with its red fruit, the last decoration of the year. She collected the necessary material. First the haw was pressed into its proper place. Little did she notice that in her great affection she soon kissed the haw askew. Then she set the two juniper berries. Immediately she felt as though the little fellow were looking at her, and this pleased her so much that gladly would she have used a dozen of the berries if only she could have found suitable places to put them. Where she had greatly preferred to

create a few eyes, namely on the back of his head, she had grave fears lest he might do them some injury. As a final touch she inserted a couple of eyes on the back of his neck, and we must admit that her inventive art in doing this was not entirely without reason. So happily and at the same time with such serious intent did she attack this work of creating a being, and yet for the length of its life this creation was to perplex and sadden her, just as man disturbs his Maker. As self-satisfied as a young artist whose every endeavor succeeds beyond expectation, she inspected her little misshapen prodigy, and then concealed it in a neat little cradle which she had discovered in the house. She wrapped him in blankets, determined to keep this first secret of her life even from old Braka.

One week later and the mandrake, according to the habits of its species, was fully grown, about three and one half feet high. Braka had already got some inkling of its existence. Besides, the little fellow began to protest at being kept concealed any longer, whenever the old woman put in her appearance. Quite the contrary, he was minded to show himself off at his best, so he put on an old silver brocaded ruffled dress once worn by Bella's mother. Bella had shortened this on all sides. Adorned in this fashion he sat one evening quietly in one corner and appeared to be reading when Braka was admitted. Bella alleged that it was her cousin, a very rich girl, whom she proposed taking into her house to live. Braka too was prepared to give her some presents. The old woman, who knew how to be sociable when she thought that there was any advantage to be derived from such advances, took the hand of the supposed cousin in order to kiss it. She was not a little astonished at the hand, a shrivelled, hairy root-hand, and hesitated in bestowing the kiss. This angered the root-manikin, and he gave her a sharp blow on the mouth. That was too much for Braka. Casting every restraint to the winds, she put her hands to her hips and began to rant with such violence, that Bella, uttering peals of laughter, had great difficulty in quieting her. The neighbors, she warned, might hear the commotion, and that would put an immediate end to their place of refuge.

The manikin's temper, however, had not been improved by

these scolding remarks. Nimbly he sprang up and, circling Braka, belabored her with one kick after another. Through these cavortings, the veil fell from his face, whereupon Braka immediately recognized him to be what he was. Frightened she now humbled herself before him. When he had ceased to molest her, she sank back exhausted in a chair and kept exclaiming: "Oh, Bella! what good fortune is yours to possess such a manikin who knows how to find and uncover all treasures. My brother-in-law once had one who went by the name of Cornelius Nepos." — "Call me that too," shouted the little fellow. "What became of him?" — "Ah," said Braka, "my brother-in-law was stabbed to death, the manikin was found in his pocket and given to the children as a plaything. They threw it to a sow. She greedily devoured it and turned up her hoofs from the tid-bit." — Master Cornelius was greatly wrought up over this news. He made a violent protest against being thrown himself to the pigs, and begged them to explain to him what manner of animal pigs might be. Braka tried to prove to him that this world was no concern of his; what creatures did the devouring and which ones were devoured and whatever else transpired must not trouble him, it was his business to dig up treasures and to have no other worries. When, however, little Cornelius again became very angry, she tried to appease him by proposing all manner of high positions, that he was fully capable of holding.

It seemed almost as though this were his second appearance on earth, so rapidly did he grasp every human relation after the briefest reminder. In misshapen children there is often a slant toward this uncanny intelligence. He was not in the least attracted by Braka's prattle about the splendid living of a pantry-cook or a butler. Nothing awakened his desires as much as a baton. He already pictured himself clad in the splendid uniform of a field-marshal, a likeness of whom he had seen on the walls of the little garden-house. How he would ride in advance of a thousand knights past the house and return their salute. Yes, he went the length of commanding both Bella and Braka not to call him by any other name than Marshal Cornelius. Then he ordered them to look after a coat of armor at once. "That means

money," said the cunning Braka, "only death is to be had for nothing. Money, cries the world. Money!" — "Let me attend to that," exclaimed the little fellow. "I feel so restless here where I am sitting! There must be a treasure hidden somewhere in the corner of this wall!" — Braka would have torn the stones out with her nails if no other implement had been at hand. But her eyes quickly espied the iron poker that lay before the door, and in a trice she was busily at work. Fortune favored her quest, for the treasure was covered by only one stone. Still all the buffetings and kickings of the little marshal would not have deterred her from probing about everywhere in the house. The manikin's scratching and biting did not keep her from taking possession of the chest full of gold and silver coins. She sat down on the lid and from this vantage point delivered a solemn address: "Dear children, youth is without virtue. Old people know of what children and calves are capable. Neither one of you knows the value of money. You would be lost; you would immediately run afoul of the suspecting courts, if I did not come to your aid with good advice. So hear my opinion of what you must do so that we may safely enjoy these riches together. Listen, Bella, you have often called me mother. Let this be our relation in the world to which I am about to introduce you. You, Cornelius, you must be on your best behavior as my nephew, as cousin to my dear Bella. You can then live with us on the most intimate terms; we can recommend you to a distinguished emperor somewhere, that he may elevate you to the dignity of marshal. The suit of armor we will purchase for you straightway, and with it a sword and helmet and a charger too. Then you will be thoroughly proud of yourself, and the people on the streets will point you out and say: 'There goes the splendid young knight, the field-marshal, the daring swordsman.' The girls will look down upon you from the windows, and you will then twist up the tips of your mustaches and, nodding graciously, ride by." — If Cornelius had turned around he could not have failed to detect the deceit in the old woman's face. Nothing, however, since he came into this world had pleased him quite as much as these flattering words. He leaped upon her lap and fondled and kissed her until Bella, consumed

with jealousy, laid hold on him and instead of bestowing a kiss, bit him. He flared up on the instant, and a serious struggle would have ensued, if the old woman had not advanced further proposals.

" Have it out some other time, when there is less to plan. To-day we must decide whither we are to go in order to make a dignified entry into Ghent. I know an old woman, an accomplice of thieves in Buik; she will give us the best advice and procure for us whatever we need. First of all a carriage of state in which we will convey Herr Cornelius, alleging that he has been wounded in an affair of honor from which he is gradually recovering." — " No! " cried the manikin, " I'll not play that game, lest some such misfortune actually befall me sometime. Why shouldn't I expose myself to the gaze of the people? " — " Ah," sighed Braka to herself, " he too belongs to that breed of hunchbacks that does not realize how it comes to rub a hole in its shirt." Then she said aloud: " Listen to reason, sir; knightly raiment fit for your station is not to be had in a village; besides, you must have your hair and beard trimmed."

[Both soon agreed to the arrangements that Braka proposed; and before many days had passed they were on the way to Buik.]

When they had come to the city gate, a burgher with a pike stepped up to the carriage and asked whence they had come. " From the country of Hadeln," Braka replied, much embarrassed. " I am Lady von Braka, this is my daughter, and here is my nephew, Herr von Cornelius." — " Drive on! " cried the guard. In a state of triumphant excitement, because they had not been detained at the gate, they were driven by the coachman straight across the market-place to the house in which Mrs. Nietken rented rooms to strangers. Here they alighted without further discomforts and made their arrangements to stay for a time.

The first two months were spent in improving their social attainments. Teachers both male and female were procured. Now whenever the gracious old lady comported herself contrary to the standards of the best etiquette, as a rule the land of Hadeln had to bear the blame for such breaches. There the nobility was still so new that social behavior had not yet become fixed. Bella

rapidly adapted herself to the standards of the very best society. She spoke Spanish with perfect ease. Despite the fact that she had lived so very secluded, still her charms were already the topic of conversation among the younger set, who daily promenaded past her house in order to get a glimpse of her and to attract her attention.

Herr Cornelius was not at all comfortable in his new station. The tight-fitting clothing was exceedingly irksome, and the fencing practice with his instructor exhausted him completely. At the riding school he dealt out vicious glances in all directions because all laughed at his endeavors as though he were some freak animal. The tamest of horses became restive under his nervous twitchings and soon threw him off. But he was not to be discouraged, he climbed right up into the saddle again. Such performances were often repeated ten times in one hour. No human being would have been able to stand punishment so severe. The remainder of his education progressed more favorably. He often put his instructor in rhetoric to shame through his eloquence and vexed him thoroughly by his constant sharp witticisms. He was very skillful in repeating the words of other people, but he possessed no originality in shaping things for himself. Still his artful determination, which enabled him to grasp many a hidden matter with divining eye, brought him a host of acquaintances, who sponsored his cause and put his actions and his affairs in such light that no one was offended at what he did. He became the clearing-house for town gossip. Every incident was brought to his attention to be magnified and embellished. From his lips then it coursed through the city, producing a kind of friction, which finally laid hold on the sphere of the archduke's private activities. The archduke had returned home one day from the hunt quite out of sorts for having shot a doe great with young, which he had mistaken for a buck. At the same time the news was broached to him that his grandfather Ferdinand had disinherited him because in a letter to his father he had omitted one of that gentleman's titles. Both these events little Cornelius quickly combined and requested a page to advise the archduke that it was better to shoot a buck in the forest than at his grandfather's court.

These words actually came to the ears of the archduke, and good fellow that he was, he had the page invite the popular wit to his table. Little Cornelius, trembling within but outwardly insolent and bold, stepped into the room. Charles was then just in the prime of his youth, and his compassion tempered the ridiculous impression which the sturdy little fellow made upon him. The archduke inquired about the country from which his guest had come. The little fellow now regaled him with ridiculous descriptions without end about the peasants in the land of Hadeln, and everyone would have sworn that what he told was true. Through the honied flatteries which were freely dispensed to him, his vanity raised his courage more and more, just as the bobber emerges from the water as the pressure of the hand is gradually released. He began to boast of a duel he had successfully fought in defence of his lady's honor with two strange knights, whom he had fatally injured. He himself, however, had been thrust through the breast in this affair so that he had been taken half dead to Ghent. When several of his hearers asked who the surgeon was who had treated him, and met the manikin's confidence with questioning glances, he tore open his vest and pointed to his shriveled woody skin, which all took for an evidence of many severe scars.

After he had played this trump with effect, he began bragging of his riches and his family connections; his aunt Braka became a brilliant court lady of such ancient lineage, so rich in experience, so splendid of character, kindness, delicacy and good breeding, that she quite put every other lady of Ghent to shame. According to his description, Bella's beauty surpassed the glorious appearance of Helen. By way of good measure he added several anecdotes about her simplicity and innocence — which were in fact true — but no one could be brought to believe them, because some knowledge of her character and bringing-up were indispensable to an understanding of her artless nature. He ended by announcing that he proposed to make her his wife.

A strange sense of longing came over the archduke, but since early he had learned to simulate, he launched jibes against the little fellow to get him to appear publicly with his bride. To this end

he proposed for her coming-out the next church fair at Buik, at which the distinguished as well as the lesser inhabitants of Ghent would appear in great numbers. The little fellow walked into the trap and announced he was living with the ladies at the house of one Mrs. Nietken. After this agreement had been settled upon, the company separated.

The archduke, however, who had never become intimate with a girl and considered most of them not worth the effort, felt such an irresistible premonition that — despite Bella's great beauty, daily becoming more glorious and striking — he would in all probability have fallen in love with her innocent and wondrous nature. Cenrio, who often in the past had gained the prince's confidence by sacrificing duty to even more trivial matters, was approached by him as to how they might escape the strict vigilance of Adrian of Utrecht, his tutor. Then and there Cenrio promised to counterfeit a title to an old book and bring Adrian to believe that it was an unknown appendix to the theological discussions of Petrus Lombardus, on which he was just then engaged in writing a commentary. This book, they would tell him, was being offered for sale by a Mrs. Nietken in Buik. As soon as it came into his hands, he would plunge into the reading of it, and this would give them free opportunity to go wherever they desired. The archduke was much pleased with this suggestion. Nothing flatters a young prince more than to make sport of wisdom, when he is out to satisfy his passions, and nothing is more productive of evil.

Bella too had heard the call of Spring; countless times she arose from her work to go to the window, and so it came that the last few days had brought about in her a natural change such as was to have been expected. During the absence of the little fellow, she had gone one day into his rooms that faced the street and had peeped through the heavy curtains with one eye just at the hour when the archduke and his retinue were passing by. A blow quite as powerful as the one which had stunned her on the way to the mountain on which the gallows stood, yet unproductive of the fear she had felt on the former occasion, righted her memory; and as the golden fleece hung about the neck of the

prince on a strong, well-linked chain, so the eyes of the dear, gentle lamb fastened themselves on this royal vision with her whole soul. Now all the love she had borne him previous to the thunderbolt her magic had conjured down on the gallows-hill came flooding back into her soul with the glance she received from his eyes. Yes, when he had vanished from her sight she clasped her hands over her head and wept so violently, because all her past life and her present surroundings were now so unbearable, that Braka rushed to her side. For a long time the old woman could not get one word out of her, so that Braka too, when her attempt to comfort proved futile, broke forth into bitter wailing. Bella was in such a state that she must confide in some one, so finally she confessed to the old Braka whom she had seen. She told how distasteful this education for city life had become, how she longed with her whole soul to look out upon the splendors of spring and summer from her first-story windows in the little garden-house on the edge of the city. All she had of spring now was to gaze upon the tips of the trees or to get some comfort from the bouquets that stood about the room. " Mother," she sighed, " how I yearn to look out over the meadows in the stilly nights and to say my prayer undisturbed." When Braka had heard these words, she clapped her hands merrily and said: " Mind, do you grasp now what I told you in the garden before we set out for Buik? Well if that's all, I'll soon have a plan that will stand you in better stead than sighing and praying. You shall have him. You must have him! See, dear child, that has long been my secret plan for you to which the rulers of our nation also agree. You must have a child by this heir-to-be of half a world; a child who aided by the love of a mighty father shall gather the scattered remnants of your people in Europe and lead them back to the sacred dwelling places of our Egyptian land. Come, weep no more; don't redden your eyes. Am I not planning what is most pleasant for you? " — " But how shall I have a child by him? " asked Bella. — " Will he without much ado fetch me a child out of that well of which father so often told me? He said it could only be done if one person held the ladder while the other climbed down." — " Dear child," said Braka with a look of cunning

malice, " sometime when you are alone with him you must beg him urgently for a child. Should he be graciously inclined, perhaps on the spur of the moment he will grant you your wish, and I know when the time comes you will feel strong enough to hold the ladder for him."— " Ah, surely my Charles is good, his eye tells me that. I read it from his brow as he, riding by, raised his baret to a crippled soldier. He'll surely do me the favor," cried Bella. " We'll send him the message by the little fellow." — " By the callous on the foot of Our Lady, I beg of you," exclaimed Braka, and clapped her hand over the girl's mouth, " I beg of you, don't mention a word to him, for, see child, in his anger he would never forgive you for having pretended till now that he was your sweetheart." — " My sweetheart, no! he never was that," said Bella, " but he was dear to me until this hour. Now I wish we had left him up there in the ground beside the horse-radish. He appears to me less and less human; I really do not know why." — " Well, child," Braka continued, " I quite agree with you in this. It was often a marvel to me how you could trundle this hideous knee-high so lovingly on your lap while he did all in his power to plague you; tore your drawing books to shreds and spilled soup on your best dresses. But be wary; do what I bid you. Keep up the pretence. If ever I can lay my nails on those accursed eyes in the back of his neck, I'll claw them out, so that he shall know none of this. He must provide the money and seek out the opportunity for us to meet the archduke. Flatter him with your love." — " Would that be right? " asked Bella.— "Stupid! " cried Braka, " if he were a human being, well then — but what injustice can be done to an old root? This root got its chance, another would have been sliced and cooked and nothing more said about it. It is honor enough for this one that we give it the same treatment as a doll. I am well aware of the fact that we must face some difficulties in ridding ourselves of him, but I have plans for this too. If we are once assured that the archduke loves you, then we will have no further need of the manikin's treasures. Your royal sweetheart will not let us die of hunger." —

Bella in her intense longing for the archduke agreed to every-

thing. She promised to show affection for the little fellow. A day or two later the opportunity presented itself to her to show this, when he returned from a visit to the archduke and for the first time spoke to her of the future, proposing marriage and plans for making their home in Ghent. Braka was present and asked him slyly how he was getting on in his military career, whether he would soon become a general or a corporal. He smiled complacently and made some remarks to the end that his appointment was an assured thing; the archduke was clay in his hands. Then he came out with the news that they had agreed to meet at the fair in Buik, and in the same breath he urged Braka to re-rent the rooms they had first had in Buik from Mrs. Nietken. Braka's secret joy was great, but she raised the objection that this woman now knew them and might turn traitor. It was true that their identity might be exposed in Ghent too, and then — well, money would put all things to rights again. She was sure Mrs. Nietken could be bought. In short, the pleasure trip was decided on, and immediately seamstresses were secured to prepare garments for the festivity.

Finally everything was ready for the journey to Buik. Cornelius had been obliged to pay threefold for the hire of the coach, for a great number of people, who as a rule were too busy at their trades, had picked out this very day to make merry. Many a garment that had not seen the light of day for ever so long was brought out. The children were romping about at daybreak. Not many, however, of all this gay crowd were in the position to afford the comforts of a carriage. Most of them trudged in long rows through the grain fields in order not to be choked by the clouds of dust that rose from the highway. Again others preferred to walk, because they wished to inspect separately, as they passed by, the rich merchants and the nobility decked out in their finery — a treat which they feared they would miss when the gay crowd had assembled in Buik. But the curiosity of the people was especially whetted by the news spread abroad that the archduke himself would attend the Kirmess, adorned with the insignia of the golden fleece, attended by all his royal pages and all his knights. That the archduke should attend in person was consid-

ered an act of condescension without precedent, and those who were charged with the arrangements exerted themselves mightily in the preparation of speeches and ceremonials, in erecting arches and floral designs. Peasants were stationed with flags so that a signal could be passed from one to another announcing the approach of the archduke. At each flag-station a group of pedestrians had gathered.

The prince, however, who was more in the mood to love than be festive, played the curious crowd a trick by secretly embarking with Cenrio and Adrian in a covered gondola, so that he might land directly at the house of Mrs. Nietken, where Cenrio had secured rooms for them. On the way Adrian found the prince willing for the first time to be instructed in dialectics. The mentor was pleased when his pupil set up the syllogism: All the youths are in love, Caius is a youth, therefore Caius is in love. Said Caius, however, was the archduke himself, who exchanged knowing glances with Cenrio. The duke was so enamored of the mere thought of the beautiful stranger whom he was to see again this very day, that it seemed to him he was being ferried across the sluggish Styx to a new life, where everything would be freer, stranger, lovelier, and more fearful. Adrian was secretly thinking about the book of Petrus Lombardus, which according to Cenrio could be secured at a certain second-hand book stall. Cenrio dreamed of the favors the archduke would bestow upon him when he mounted the throne.

Preoccupied with thoughts such as these, they landed in the courtyard of Mrs. Nietken. Despite the fact that she had been fully informed by Cenrio, she acted as though she were unaware of the high position of her guests and expressed her lively regrets that a couple of families just arrived from Ghent had taken full possession of her house. Adrian inquired whether there wasn't room for them in the library, at which Mrs. Nietken laughed so heartily that her great double chin puffed out large. She assured them that her library consisted of a few old, worm-eaten tomes, which reposed in an attic room, so small that a person would have trouble to turn around in it. But Adrian persisted until she consented to take them up. When they had arrived at these miserable

quarters, he informed her what a signal distinction had come to her house as the stopping place of the archduke himself. He suggested that the families from Ghent would undoubtedly be only too pleased to accommodate the duke with a couple of rooms toward the front of the house. The sizable woman came within an ace of falling upon her knees from sheer astonishment and humility. She kissed the tip of the archducal scarf and then hastened into the room of Frau von Braka in order to announce that the archduke had arrived. Then she bade her to put the adjoining rooms in order and to leave the door unlocked.

And meanwhile, what were the lovers about? The archduke had scarcely entered the room when he put his ear to the door to assure himself that the two ladies were in the adjoining room. Then he turned to Cenrio with the request to procure him an auger. In all haste a wine-cooper's piercer was fetched. Very quietly he bored into the door until the extreme tip of the auger had pierced through. Then he put his eye to the larger cavity. It seemed a pity to go to all this bother, for the door had been left unlocked purposely to admit him. How his heart beat — ignorant though he was of all this scheming — when he peered through for the first time. How he drew back and put his hands to his head when the beautiful image of the spirit which had plagued him on that memorable night in the garden-house crossed his vision. " Cenrio," he exclaimed, " we are at the mercy of uncanny spirits. We thought to have our game with them, and they instead are making sport of us. Come, let us flee! But stay, I cannot, she is too beautiful! " — Cenrio looked perplexed. — " It is the same spirit which, you remember, at the beginning of winter drove me from the garden-house. Now it has taken on human form, and I can no longer resist its charms. Advise me, how I may speak with her. Now, I know, I could unburden my heart to her." — " Just as I thought," said Cenrio. " Fortunately we are masters of our time; Adrian is preoccupied with his labors to prove that my fabricated appendix to Lombardus is not genuine. To make doubly sure that he would not surprise us, I have also locked the door of his ante-room. Now, my prince, listen to my proposal: the girl is sick of a headache, you impersonate the doctor, this will

permit you to be alone with her, and while feeling her pulse you may tell her of your love." —

In fact Bella's health had suffered somewhat through the preparation for the journey, the sleepless night and the great heat. Cenrio's advice to the duke, however, was really an invention of Frau Nietken, in order to bring the two lovers together. Soon the archduke was fitted out with a large black doctor's gown. Carrying bleeding instruments, bandages and a syringe, he hesitantly entered the room, led by Frau Nietken, who introduced him as a Spanish doctor. Bella recognized him at the first glance, and affection and modesty made her humble, quite as much as Braka was awed by the royal presence. Bella hid her face in a veil, while the old grandmother made a deep bow and then slipped away into the next room. This left the lovers alone, and conditions could not have been better for a quick and happy understanding.

The duke, however, who had never become intimate with a girl heretofore, did not get beyond: " Your pulse, please." " Your pulse, please," he repeated, and a third time he began and stopped with these words. Bella held out her well-rounded white arm. He felt of the tip of one of her fingers and toyed with it a bit. Then he made an attempt at conversation, in all probability about the apparition in the garden-house, but stopped short with the utterance: " Spirit, saw a spirit." With these snatches of words he slipped a ring on her finger, an act which marked the triumph of his deliberation. Here, too, his quiet happiness came to an abrupt end, for amidst great clatter the accursed root-manikin, who had grown tipsy in the company of some chance friends and had escaped the surveillance of the officers, burst into the room, spoke incoherently of the regiment which had been promised him and through it all did not recognize Bella, who lay in plain view on the sofa. The archduke regained his composure instantly. He begged Cornelius not to intrude upon a sick lady, especially since his very appearance betrayed symptoms that death had already laid hold on him. The little fellow was stunned; one of his erstwhile companions entered and confirmed what had just been said by the doctor. Both assured him that he looked very

badly and that it was their belief that he had become seized of the plague, because he had been in the thick of everything to-day and had come in contact with all sorts of people. The mere suggestion of this suspicion made him collapse. Neither the wine nor his legs could sustain him longer. With a clever flip of his hand the archduke threw a great plaster, which he had found in his doctor's bag, over the little man's face. The manikin now strongly maintained that everything was dark before his eyes. The friend with simulated pity promised to carry him home, for up to this point he had neither recognized his own room nor his beloved. Then he was actually carried out.

Meanwhile Braka had been as though stretched on a rack. The archduke had not yet declared his love, and besides he was not famed for his generosity. On the contrary, she had learned from Frau Nietken that he had the reputation of being close-fisted. The manikin, however, could dig up as much treasure as lay buried anywhere in the earth, what was more, he paid no attention to the way the money was spent, as long as there was always enough for his own needs. Should these rivals collide, there was grave possibility of losing every means of comfort in the future, and the great plans for her people would also go unfulfilled.

The archduke and Bella were now again alone. He showed a bit more of courage, but she was chagrined and anxious to know how her manikin was faring, all of which aroused some little jealousy on the part of the duke. With a show of pride, he inquired whether the little fellow were her intended, and then as she was slow to answer, he lost his composure so completely that he forthwith fell out of his rôle as doctor, and revealed himself as the archduke. She was too little skilled in simulation to express her astonishment at this disclosure; and so a confidential relation had been conjured up even before they had confided one to the other. In the end, Bella said that her betrothal to her cousin was her mother's desire and not her own wish. The archduke then adjured her not to consent entirely to the demands of her mother, thereby sacrificing her life's happiness and beauty to the discontent of an unfortunate union. But of his own love and regard for her he said not a word. Bella uttered some incoherent statements,

as she had been instructed to do; that her money was entirely controlled by her rich cousin, that she was forced to abide by the wishes of her relatives, especially since she had no one else who might protect her against their coercion. This brought from the archduke the assurance that any and every offense to her dignity and station, he would ruthlessly punish and avenge. These manly words ended in a declaration of love which not only assuaged the grave concern of the two principals, but also proved a sweet balm to the listening Braka. The composure of the old woman, however, soon got a wrench, when Bella, lost in her love for the duke, spurning every falsehood, fell at his feet and imploring him by his love for her, begged him not to despise her for having deceived him. She was not the person he had been led to believe that she was, the daughter of her elderly companion, she was the daughter of — here a flood of tears choked her voice.

At this point the friend who had helped to carry the manikin off entered and announced to the duke that they could no longer restrain the little fellow; would he be good enough to retire to his own rooms. They had carried Cornelius by circuitous ways back into the same house from which they had taken him. He was suffering from the delusion that he was incurably sick. The archduke hurriedly departed, completely out of sorts that his first love affair had terminated so wretchedly. Bella retired to her bedroom because her soul was still in sweet agitation, as after a shower the breeze sends the big drops pattering down from the foliage.

The little man was now brought to bed, but he wept bitterly and clamored for the doctor, whom he had seen somewhere on the way to his quarters. To allay the commotion Braka, promising the little monster to bend every effort toward seeking out the physician, decided she would apply to Frau Nietken to persuade the prince into making one further professional call. The archduke, however, drew his knife on the woman and commanded her in threatening voice to tell him what manner of strangers these were. Indeed they might have been sent for his destruction by some enemy of his family. Frau Nietken immediately made a clean breast of the whole matter. She informed him that Braka

was an old gypsy woman, an old acquaintance of hers; that with the beautiful Bella she had come to this house on a certain night in company with the little fellow, and from here they had driven to Ghent, where it was a matter of common knowledge, she had been extremely lavish with her money. Bella was not Braka's child, she was willing to take an oath on that, but whether or not the girl came of a noble family, to that she could not swear. The girl, however, had been brought up in that belief. The child, she was sure, had not been kidnapped, for it was her habit in talking with the old woman to assume an attitude of authority, and yet she showed her every sign of respect and love. They always spoke to each other in a foreign language, which, as far as Frau Nietken could judge, was French.

These confessions put a new aspect on the whole situation for the prince. Initially he believed himself enmeshed in the net of a courtesan; now it became his serious opinion that Bella might be the French princess whose marriage with him was being projected by the French court against the wishes of his grandfather. It is an historical fact that his political genius, so highly developed later in life, gave little promise in his earlier years, which were almost entirely devoted to physical exercise. He was credulous where many another had been moved to doubt, and Cenrio was just now too busy with Adrian to serve him with advice, so he agreed with a certain reverence to appear once more as a doctor; a decision which quite startled the trembling Frau Nietken.

The archduke applied charcoal to his eyebrows and forehead to enhance his disguise and followed Frau Nietken into the sick-room. The manikin was delighted that he had come and answered the duke's questions calmly as to his symptoms. The little fellow complained of a violent headache, of nausea, and of hiccoughs, of blindness and of a rash which was spreading over his face. — He was ashamed of mentioning the eyes on the back of his neck in public; to be plain, he had quite disaccustomed himself to use them in company. — Finally he declared that if he were not speedily restored, his whole career would be jeopardized, because the archduke had taken rooms adjoining his and was on the point

of granting commissions in his new regiment. "Oh, dear doctor!" he cried out in a burst of military enthusiasm, "if I should die now, the world would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing me in that glory and splendor to which I am entitled by virtue of my lineage and my courage. At times I am obsessed with the idea that evil conjurors are deliberately balking the true purposes of my life."

The archduke listened to him with patience, the more so since it proved extremely difficult for him to reconcile these effusions with the rank of the strange princess. Could it be that the little fellow was a prince put under the spell by an old witch, not an uncommon occurrence in the popular Spanish romantic tales of the day. This thought, strengthened by his experience in the garden-house, so perplexed him, that he might easily have betrayed himself, if the manikin had not been too tipsy, or had he made use of his superfluous eyes. At length the archduke came to a decision, and told the patient that what the good woman had already done for him was well advised. He must stay well covered to bring on a sweat, which would soon cure him of his ailments. Cornelius lamented to no purpose that his temperature was already such that to put his hand to his body was like touching a hot stove. Braka, chattering merrily, threw over him one blanket after another, bound them together, and then departed under the pretence of preparing something to refresh him.

Again the archduke was left alone with Bella, but they had to exercise every precaution not to utter a loud word in the presence of the well-swathed patient. Bella too was very much abashed when the archduke fell on one knee before her and said: "You were checked in the midst of a beautiful confession, my beloved. I have been forewarned that you are the daughter of a noble prince. I do divine all that you are about to tell me, but I crave the confirmation of these things from your own dear lips; the assurance of your love, which has gone to the length of renouncing the splendor of your station in order to escape the detested pressure of political contrivance. Nothing shall part us. I know my people of the Netherlands, they are aware of their privileges, and they will do all in their power to support my right to choose, and

should force rise up to defeat us, we will escape over the seas to far richer undiscovered worlds."

Who would now take it amiss that Bella, quite ignorant of Europe's political scheming, believed that the duke, her father, had not found recognition, but had been sorely persecuted; and further concluded that the archduke was fully aware of her lineage and had chosen her to be his wife. She stood before him overcome with emotion, raised her eyes and then dropped them again as she struggled to tell him: that once and only once had she been able to dissemble; that should never happen again. She did not deny her ancestry; she could not deny her love that he had awakened in her when first they met in the secret abode at the edge of the city. Now his presence confirmed her affection for him. She inclined her beautiful countenance toward him. The archduke was on the point of pressing a kiss on her lips when the manikin began to throw himself about under the covers, complained loudly of pains in his stomach, and vowed he would smother before he was cured. The fortunate lover suffers no one to be miserable in his presence, so the archduke sprang to the bedside and undid the covers. Steam issued forth as when one opens the napkin in which a pudding is wrapped. The duke looked on the patient, lifted the plaster gently from his face, and assured him that a cure had been effected. He himself was on his way to prescribe some strengthening medicines, but the invalid must meanwhile keep quiet.

The archduke hastened away; and the little fellow, now fully sober, with his vision restored, lay upon the bed in the blessed assurance of one longing for life and health snatched from the embrace of death. He took Bella's hand in his, pressed it and remarked, that the thought of dying had oppressed him so, because he was most loath to leave her. He seemed so tender and loving that Bella's motherly affection toward him would not permit her to confide to him the secret of her new love and her new happiness. He kissed her, as was his custom, and the archduke from the vantage point of the hole bored through the door, where he had stationed himself, boiled with anger, because he thought himself betrayed anew; doubly betrayed, for in his credulity

toward Bella he fancied himself unpardonably childish and good-natured. The little man now tried himself on his legs and found that he could control them. Then he arranged his clothes and told Bella to be on her good behavior; he was about to bring in the duke, and, if that nobleman proved to be in good humor, to ask him for a captaincy. But she must not spare flattering, for his life's joy depended on attaining this rank. As a reward he would be willing to make her his wife. Her great embarrassment closed her lips. At the thought of his military prospects Cornelius forgot his fears of the plague and every ill consequence of his immoderate drinking and stepped up and down the room as though he were reviewing at least a thousand men. Braka he chased from the door when she appeared with a kettle of hot water. This is the manner of the majority of small people; their heart is so close to their head, that it boils over into the head, or at any rate sends its hot fumes into that adjoining region.

The festivities were now at their height. The races and bareback riding had begun. All eyes were intent upon the most amusing of these feats. In order to win a goose, the rider was required to snip with a pair of shears the cord to which the goose was tied suspended from a rope. The neighing of the horses, the merry shouts of the crowd at the deceived confidence which usually ended with a tumble into the sand, brought everyone to the scene. Our manikin too escorted his ladies to witness the sport. Scarcely had he arrived when in his excitement he lost track of his companions, so that Braka was able to question her foster-child. Bella said that the archduke wished to marry her; to which Braka replied, that such a proposal was fraught with difficulties; it might lead to prison. She gave the girl to understand, however, that she should boldly and in a straightforward fashion acquaint the duke with her wish to have a child by him, for the salvation of her people. If he consented, things would take their course without further ceremony. Bella promised to do as she was bid, as soon as the occasion permitted.

The opportunity was not long in coming, brought on in a strange fashion through the archduke's fit of anger. To his friend Cenrio the duke had without delay confided his consuming jeal-

ousy, and his friend again came to the rescue with a patent suggestion. He told the prince he had chanced upon a learned Jew from Poland who had set up a peep-show on the market-place. This Jew had hitherto afforded him a deal of amusement by his skill in making Golems. These Golems, he explained, were figures of clay made after the likeness of a human being, over which the secret, miraculous word *Schemhamphoras* was pronounced. On their forehead the word *Aemaeth,* truth, was written, whereby they became alive. In this state they could well have been used for all kinds of service, if they had not grown so rapidly that soon they were stronger than their creators. As long as their foreheads did not grow out of reach, it was an easy matter to kill them. If but the *Ae* on the forehead could be erased, then only *maeth* remained, which signified death, and in a twinkling the Golems crashed to the ground like so much dry clay.

The old Jew was fetched. The archduke demanded of him a Golem-likeness of the beautiful Bella, for which he promised a princely reward. The Jew warned him to have nothing to do with such an image. In his native land, he assured him, such Golems had been the cause of many a sorry mishap. A cousin of his had once made a Golem to serve him as a domestic. In the course of time it had grown so tall that the cousin was unable to reach up to its forehead in order to wipe out the *Ae*. Disturbed by this predicament, he commanded the monster to pull off his master's boots, and while it was bending over to perform the service, stealthily the cousin rubbed out the *Ae* from its forehead, but with this the great mass of earth fell onto the poor cousin, and he perished under the crumbling load. Such an accident, the archduke assured him, would not befall the one for whom the present Golem was meant. To be sure there was a difficulty to overcome. How was the image to be made in the likeness of the beautiful Bella! The Jew asked that she be made to look just once into his optic mirror and her picture would be retained in the glass. The mirror was a part of the peep-show; the trick consisted in prevailing upon Bella to look into it. Cenrio, who understood the manikin best, undertook to bring him and his beautiful companion to the show, while the archduke was to dis-

guise himself and keep out of sight. All hastened to their appointed tasks.

Cenrio found the little man still at the races. Cornelius seemed glad to see him and showed his courtesy by introducing Bella to him, remarking that they were now engaged. Cenrio made her many a nice compliment, taking advantage of the occasion to inform her not to miss the peep-show, where a world in miniature, all the important cities and peoples, passed before one's vision in varied pictures. It was not long before they were all on their way thither. Bella was the first to look at the display, despite the fact that the inquisitive manikin allowed her this courtesy with marked signs of displeasure. Bella was entranced by the splendor, so much so that she evinced the keen desire to see the pictures again from the beginning, but here the little fellow impatiently pulled her back from the glass. He was beside himself with delight at all he saw. In every city he imagined himself the ruling prince. When strange soldiers hove into view, he wondered how he would look as their leader in such a uniform.

Meanwhile the archduke had been conversing quietly with Bella. He accused her of shameless perfidy, in having feigned love for him for the base purpose of securing a captaincy for her betrothed. Bella burst into tears and pledged him on her oath that her love was true; yes, that it was her noblest desire to have a child by him, who might restore her people to freedom and glory. Such candor threw the archduke into a state of embarrassment. (She was genuinely and innately innocent; he, however, was innocent only through a feeling of pride.) Confused, he promised to do all in his power to fulfill her desires—desires that would also fit in well with his political needs. While yet assuring her, he led her away unnoticed by the manikin, at a sign which they received from Braka.

Cornelius had already finished looking at the pictures a second time, for this show-world really pleased him much better than the actual world. All this time the Jew, while discussing many matters with Cenrio, had been working on the likeness of the now fugitive Bella. Cenrio begged the Jew to initiate him into the science of enlivening such a figure of clay. The Jew made

reply: "Sir, why was it that the Lord created man after He had made the rest of the world? Clearly, because this was a real characteristic of man, when this characteristic emerged from the God-head. If it is a characteristic then it remains even so, and man who is an image of God can create beings similar to himself, if only he knows the right words which God used in creating. If a Garden of Eden still existed, we could make as many people as there were clods of earth in the Garden, but since we were driven out of Paradise, our creations are as inferior to God's children as the clay of this earth is inferior to the clay found in Eden." When he had ended, the Jew's creation was completed. He breathed upon the figure, wrote the word upon its forehead, which was concealed by locks of hair; and a second Bella stood before them. Through the mirror's magic this Golem-Bella knew everything that Bella had learned and experienced up to this period, but she had no mind of her own. Her Jewish creator had imbued her with his own thoughts, namely: pride, passion, and avarice; three gross embodiments of splendid spiritual forces, as indeed are all vices. She differed from the Jew in this, that these three vices were in no way checked by spiritual forces. Naturally she differed from all other human beings. These she was able to deceive, however, as thoroughly as that old picture of fruits deceived the birds so that they flew to the canvas and pecked at it greedily. Cenrio, too, and the old Jew, were enticed by the image, and each gave her a kiss before they entrusted her into the care of the manikin, who finally had got his fill of seeing. With his Bella he now wound his way homeward through the crowds, where many a dirk had already been drawn by the drunken peasants. Braka was quite as ignorant of the substitution as the little fellow himself. The three of them dined together in silence, which seemed not a whit strange after the boisterous experiences of a singular day.

If on a windy night betimes it happens among flowers that two separated chalices become inclined toward one another and are not aware of their meeting until the moon comes out from behind the clouds, then their joy is voiceless; the crickets, however,

sing of this union the whole night through until morning, when the birds relieve them and sing on into the daylight. The archduke was minded to avenge himself for the betrayal of his love. He lent a deaf ear to every anxiety on the part of Bella, who did not realize what was happening when he secretly took her up to his rooms. Both had fallen asleep when the song: *De profundis clamavi ad te Domine: Domine exaudi vocem meam,* coming from the church nearby, awakened them. A song in which the crowds on the streets, who could not find room within, joined.

It was a bright summer night, and both lovers hastened to the windows. Not until now did Bella return to the world of actuality. "Holy Father! is the night already so far gone? How shall I get back to my own bed?" The archduke had grown too fond of her, his pleasure so strangely new, to offend her by reminding her of her duplicity.—"Now you shall remain with me always; we are joined as body and soul."—"Truly?" asked Bella sincerely. "If it be true, then I am happy!"—The archduke showed some surprise: "But your marriage with Cornelius, what of that?"—"Am I not yours?" she asked—"Am I not to have a child by you, that will lead my people back to their country?"—"Of what people are you, dear child?" inquired the archduke, "do not deceive me. Royal I do declare you, but I would know, whether fate was just in your case and blessed you as the daughter of a prince?"—

"My father was Prince Michael of Egypt," said Bella with emotion. "I am the last of his race, which in the midst of political upheavals, now victorious, now put to flight, has kept itself free always. So said my father. I am the last child of the line; my father died in the persecutions to which our people were subjected. There is an old prophecy which says that a child born to me by a world sovereign shall lead the last unhappy remnants of our persecuted subjects back to the blessed Nile."—"I fully believe what you say," said Charles, "but tell me, how was it possible, since you were imbued with such high purpose, to join hands with your little friend against me? How came you to submit to me to gain him a captaincy? As I look upon you here in the moonlight, so beautiful and holy, I would charge my ears

with lying to me, had I not heard your schemings as I stood listening at the door. I vowed then and there that only the gratification of my passion could avenge me for this. Now my passion has had its way, I confess to my previous anger."

Bella did not understand what he meant; to her he seemed most gracious. She laughed at his suspicions, and told him in simple words how Braka had prevailed upon her to submit to the strange whims of the little fellow. She went further; under promise of absolute secrecy she confided to him the manikin's origin. The archduke, swept away from the accustomed logical order of things and plunged into the pleasures of love and the workings of the secret powers, fell into deep, earnest cogitation. Spiritually he felt himself raised above this world like a star; raised above a world in which he had hitherto gone on existing. What he would do and say from now on, it seemed to him, every deed, every word would be fraught with pregnant meaning. His soul was thrilled with a secret which he would keep wholly to himself. Even Cenrio was not deemed worthy to share it. How he was to continue in his love silently occupied his serious moments.

"Are you not as happy as I?" Bella asked him. "I am dazed and know not how it all came about. When I chose to go with you, I did not dream of what has just happened. But look, how the spider-webs gleam in the moonlight on the tree over there; while on the other hand I am unable to distinguish in the dark the rigging of the ship which I know is close by, so I feel in me the stir of higher purposes and still I have not the least inkling what the near future has in store for me. The little fellow will fly into a rage the moment he notices that my heart inclines to you. He provides us with money. He will cut us off. Will you then be in a position to support me?"—The archduke dropped a tear. "Ah, dear child, through the severity of my elders my income is sharply limited. My immoderate love of horses has plunged me deep into debt. My tutors have been forbidden to give me money; they pay for what I need. But I'll get money for you somehow, even if I have to go to the length of pawning my future empire."—Bella kissed his eyes and assured him that she had

just been repeating the contentions of her aunt when voicing her distrust in his ability to support her; if she spoke from her heart she must admit that she was bored by the society in Ghent, that she could not get used to her fine apparel, and that every hour of her time was taken up with all manner of activities for which she had not the least liking. "What is the good of my learning to speak Spanish and Latin? What need then of knowing: *amo,* I love; *amas,* you love? All I care to know is that I love you and you love me." —

They were still standing in a close embrace when Cenrio's voice rang out suddenly at the door announcing that Adrian was on the point of making a hasty departure, because he had seen a strange sign in the heavens. Scarcely had Cenrio finished when the prince heard Adrian's violent coughing. He hurried Bella into the adjoining room where the manikin had lain sick, and hastened off to assuage his whimsical tutor. He found that gentleman in a great state of excitement. Adrian swore that this night had begotten the most wondrous son through a union of Venus and Mars. He protested that he must get back to his books as soon as possible in order to get further evidence for his observations; and, assuming the archduke to be equally interested, he scarcely heard his pupil's objections. Adrian was a tutor of genuine stamp, who believed his pupil imbued with his own thoughts and who pursued his own ends through the instruction he imparted. The prince, however, was completely at the mercy of his tutor's arbitrariness and was finally prevailed upon to get obediently into his clothes in order to accompany him back to Ghent. The prince longed to whisper a farewell to his dear Bella in the adjoining room, but he feared by so doing to betray their relation to her people. He knew as little as nothing of the Golem-Bella, nor had Cenrio in the turmoil been able to acquaint him with the hasty departure of Braka and the manikin. He was quite free from worry at a time when his heart was still governed by the first joys of love, and his imagination still dwelt upon the ecstasies of the pleasures so recently experienced. The whole world about him had taken on new hues; he had no thoughts for either horses or hounds. For the first time in his life

the tender chords had been moved to sound within his heart; a sweet sound which found its echo years afterward. That was in the camp at Regensburg at the sublime notes of a beautiful harpist, when sickness and the cares lest his dearest plans go unfulfilled were already driving him into retirement. Perchance he would never have developed into that tireless sovereign, who stretched forth his hand toward every attainable goal, who endeavored to unite everything within his reach, if fate had not severed this relation so quickly, a relation which at the time could have appeased his whole youthful soul.

The noise and the confusion of the departure had passed. Bella shyly ventured to peep out of the window into the night to catch a last glimpse of her vanishing lover. The ship began to sway back and forth in the darkness, the white sails were unfurled, and the oarsmen finally began to disturb the quiet waters. " Ah," she sighed, " the mighty force of the rigging which hitherto was concealed from our view rises so boldly out of the gloom in order to separate us; will an unseen power come to our aid soon, that we may again be united? " When she had had her fill of thoughts of her lover and through these thoughts had gained back some of her strength, she gently opened the door to the adjoining room, where she and Braka were to spend the night. But what was her astonishment to find the windows open, the beds all made, and the trunks and hand-baggage removed. She approached the bed of the old woman, called in hushed voice, then louder, but all was quiet. Now by the light of the moon she saw that there was not a trace to be found of the former occupants — nothing but dirty water in the washbowl and several wet towels hung over the chairs. Bella was at a loss to explain this; but she was not seized with fear. Then she went into the third room of the suite, which had been intended for Cornelius. Shyly and quietly she entered, but this too was forsaken. Fear now came over her at her forlorn condition, for she knew no one in the house except the repulsive Frau Nietken, and she would have preferred to escape secretly from the house rather than go to her for aid and comfort.

Chance, however, brought their meeting about. A couple of old noblemen had applied to Frau Nietken for rooms in which

they might enjoy themselves at wine and cards in the company of several women they had with them. There were at the time no rooms to be let except those just vacated by the archduke and the Braka family. Frau Nietken approached with a light in her hand in order to put the rooms in order. Great indeed was her fright when she caught sight of Bella, who appeared to her as a ghost. "Why take on so, Frau Nietken; where is my mother?" "Mother of God," exclaimed the old woman, "first I must take a dram to lay my fears! Did you forget something, dear miss? Oh, oh, what a delay. How far were you on your way? You needn't have bothered. Whatever it was you left, it would have been absolutely safe, even if it had been a measure of gold." —

[Frenzied at the leer on the old woman's face, Bella dashed past her down the dark stairs and into the night. Nor did she hesitate in her mad flight until she had reached the edge of the city. Three whole days and nights she wandered about aimlessly through fields and woods until complete exhaustion overpowered her and she sank down in a swoon in a clump of thick sheltering bushes.] Her fears had conjured up dreams in which she saw her father, wearing a magnificent crown, seated upon an Egyptian pyramid such as he had often sketched for her amusement and instruction. His legs, however, had grown together and his hands hung limply at his side. Then she asked him quite calmly: "I fear that you can't give me your hand?"—"No," said he, "in such case I would not have been slow in coming to your aid. I would have restrained you, too, from digging the mandrake root. Be glad that you are now rid of him! You are blessed to bear a child which will lead our people back to their home. Until then many sorrows will still fall to your lot. Be brave, however, and as fearless as the dew which goes forth to meet the sun and faces its rays so that it may be carried aloft."—

When the dream had ended she woke up. The sun was setting. She was able to rise and felt discomfort only from a sense of fatigue in all her limbs. Slowly she crept toward the city and, sighing deeply, passed by the forsaken garden-house which had sheltered her youth. It appeared to her now too oppressive, too small, so she hastened toward the house from which she had de-

parted for Buik some three days before, filled with the lure of great expectations. Confidently she applied herself to the knocker, which soon brought her own maid to the door. Bella fell about her neck. But the maid drew back and failed to recognize her former mistress. When finally told who she was, the girl gave a shriek, dropped the candlestick and ran up to the family, and cried so that it could be heard below: " Jesus, Mary, there's another Bella at the door! "—

Braka, Cornelius and his young bride, the Golem-Bella, rushed out of the room to get a glimpse of the new-comer. It would be impossible to describe the mutual astonishment. Braka was utterly beside herself. Golem appeared quite indifferent as though she were too sure of herself to be confused by a double. Bella burst into tears. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, she was scarcely able to raise up her eyes. Cornelius, suddenly possessed of two women, where one was quite beyond his comprehension, shot about like an exploding fire-cracker, cursed and swore and was entirely at a loss to make a sensible remark. The maid and Braka finally collected their wits sufficiently to venture the guess that our Bella might be the original Bella, but Cornelius contradicted them violently, because the well-dressed Golem pleased him much more than Bella in her bedraggled condition. Bella asked for nothing more than a bed and a bite to eat, because she was dead with fatigue. If on the morrow they did not wish her to stay, she would leave them directly. But even this slight request Golem was inclined to deny; for, as we know, she had been imbued through the mirror with but a slight store of Bella's thoughts with no more than a few mere formulae learned by heart. Aside from this she was possessed of a real Jew's heart; and now, brimful of the fear lest the stranger might supplant her or entail some added expense, she shrieked out that if her visitor did not leave the house on the spot voluntarily, or made the slightest use of that deceptive similarity to alienate her husband's affections, she would tear those false lying features with her nails. " Husband ", she cried as she turned toward him with a threat, " your baseness is evident by the way you stand there unmoved and have not long since broken her neck. You have had relations with

her before, and for that I will knock your heads together that you will forego kissing forever, you adulterers! "—

Cornelius stood in great awe of her strength. Consequently he took on an air of more violent displeasure than he really meant to evince, raised his cane and shouted: "Vile woman, I'll beat you." Braka could scarcely keep from laughing at his silly cuckold's expression, as he gave vent to his anger. Bella, however, crept down the stairs frightened and lonely. Cornelius struck his cane against the banister, came back into the room and exclaimed: "The beating I just gave her, she'll remember as long as she lives." Golem kissed him by way of reward and called him her beloved husband; and he had not the least inkling that he had cast off the beautiful Bella for a figure of clay. Well could this come to pass, for unfortunately Golem-Bella in the wedding night had unwittingly crushed the two divining eyes in the back of his neck; for how could she have suspected eyes there.

After this experience, Bella made up her mind to seek a refuge at the archduke's. From a distance she recognized his castle, which rose up high above the surrounding houses. With beating heart and trembling knees, her voice half choked with fear, she finally succeeded in announcing to the guard at the door that she must have an audience with the archduke. The doorkeeper, quite advanced in years, was in complete sympathy with the old Adrian, who took every precaution to guard the prince's innocence, so that his span of life might be lengthened. Bella was shown into a room by the doorkeeper, who went secretly to Adrian and acquainted him with the fact that a suspicious-looking girl was inquiring for the archduke. Adrian was just then intent upon demolishing a roasted capon, his evening meal, which he was accustomed to have served to him privately in his study. With a frown of displeasure he commanded the girl to be brought into his presence. Bella soon appeared. Frightened at first by the absence of the prince, she gradually took heart at the robust, dignified appearance of Adrian. He looked at her and limited his remarks to: "Strange, strange! "— Bella's eyes were riveted upon the capon, and impelled by her long enforced fasting she

drew up a chair directly opposite her inquisitor, cut off a helping and consumed it with every appearance of the raging hunger which two days without food had so amply developed. Adrian shook his head and repeated: "Strange, strange!" as he served her some stewed fruit. Then he poured her a glass of wine.

"You are a strange girl," remarked the monk. "Tell me, when were you born? I am seized with a desire to read your horoscope." — "Ah, kind sir," replied Bella, "I can scarcely tell you that; at the time I must still have been exceedingly dull." — "Strange, strange!" muttered Adrian, "but how was your father called?—"Ah, my poor father," said Bella, "if he had only known that!"—"Strange, strange!" again came from Adrian's lips; "well, I'll pry no further into your private affairs." "But tell me, won't the archduke be here soon?" asked Bella. — "Strange, strange!" Adrian repeated, "you must think that I am going to take you to him. That is out of the question." — "Dear, kind friend," Bella insinuated, "do me the favor. I must have a word with him; do take me to him. It will make him happy, I assure you. I love him so dearly." — "A strange girl," muttered Adrian to himself, "she expects me to be her go-between. Who knows but I can by means of this love affair limit the prince's amours to a single person. Certainly I won't be able much longer to keep him from associating with women. A number have their caps set for him as it is; these may lead him a devious course. Far better that he become attached to one so young and innocent." In perusing the old Roman poets, his religion had come to smack of a kind of shrewd natural philosophy. — "What is it you are saying to yourself, good father?" asked Bella. — "Very soon I will take you to the archduke," replied Adrian; "wait a bit, and if you are tired, lie down on my bed and rest. While you are waiting, tell me in confidence who you are. You may depend upon my keeping the secret." —

These kindly words unsealed Bella's lips, and she recounted to him frankly the events of her life. Only one incident she could not bring herself to entrust to his ears, namely, how she had met the prince at the fair in Buik. She informed him rather that in the press of the great crowds she had become separated from the

old Braka. When she had finished her story, Adrian became absorbed in deep thought and busied himself with various calculations. Meanwhile Bella dropped off to sleep. When he felt convinced that he had solved some mystery regarding the girl, he stepped up to the bed, leaned gently over the sleeping form, and looked upon her with added astonishment. What struck him as strangest of all, however, was how a girl had come to be sleeping upon his hard, priestly bed.

At length Adrian heard the archduke, who had been dining at Count Egmont's, come riding into the castle-yard. After a short wait he left his study, unknown to Bella, in order to have a talk with his charge in the latter's bedroom. Cenrio, surprised at the tutor's appearance, motioned to him to step softly, because the prince had returned very tired and had immediately dropped off into a sound sleep. Adrian stepped up to the bed, saw the prince's light blond hair bound with a golden net as usual, and then retired on tip-toe, likewise imparting signs for quiet with his hands. Cenrio bit his finger to keep from laughing and rocked back and forth for glee as he lifted one of his legs. The dangerous deception had succeeded as Adrian had taken the puppet for the real archduke. That fair prince in turn was neglecting the real Bella only to bring himself to the verge of despair in the arms of the unfeeling Golem-Bella, deceived in the hope of enjoying the aftermath of his love, which the first time had so thrilled him with joy. The fact is that on the very next morning after his first love experience, the prince, through his trusty friend Cenrio, had prevailed upon Golem-Bella, who in addition to the awakened love of the real Bella was impelled by a mean Jewish nature, to grant him the favor of a nightly visit after the manikin had been drugged to sleep by a potion with which he supplied her. Braka, too, was in on the secret. She consented to take Bella's place in the bed beside Cornelius, because the little fellow was so violently jealous, that even while sleeping he was content only while holding one of her fingers. In fact his bare show of affection consisted in kissing her finger now and again.

The archduke had crept into the house not long after the manikin, disturbed and wakeful because of the existence of a second

Bella, had been drugged off to sleep. The prince had a long wait before Golem-Bella was able to release Cornelius's hold on her finger and come to where the anxious lover stood concealed. His curiosity was at a high pitch to learn how she had fared, how she had come to be married to Herr von Cornelius, and to hear from her lips what had become of the Golem, which he had ordered the Jew to fashion in her likeness for the purpose of deceiving her husband. Golem replied to all these questions with such candor that the prince did not in the least suspect that she herself might be the puppet. Especially did he feel himself reassured since he considered it impossible that the Jew's deceptive arts could beguile his sharp, watchful eyes. She told him that Cornelius, pricked by the suspicion that she entertained a secret relation with the archduke, had at first comported himself like a madman. In the very next village, however, he had changed his tactics and had insisted on an immediate marriage. As a redress for this coercion, she now felt at liberty to submit to the love appeal of the prince. The secret rendezvous was not a time for lengthy explanations. The duke in light vein conjured up a magic propitious, as he believed, to gratify his desires, but this time he had missed his guess, for magic roundly deceived him in his sensuous longings. In the course of true love, uprightness rules so supreme, that every deception, like a false gem in the most magnificent ring, mars complete faith and confidence. Here the question arises, did not the archduke deceive Bella, when he lured her into his arms through the Jew's magic? It was not love alone that impelled him to make her a victim of his hasty and unrestrained passion. The desire prevailed to get his revenge, because he so firmly believed that Bella had been unfaithful to him.

At dawn while the crows, the only song-birds of the large cities, were cawing, when Cenrio waked him, the prince was at a loss to comprehend just what had been lacking to make his pleasure complete. His heart was sad and depressed, for it had no cause to exult; a sad contrast to the joy he had felt when he had parted with Bella in the gray dawn at Buik. He felt indeed as though he had embraced a wholly different being. And now he was sure

that if she had not slipped from his bed so early he would most certainly have raised her dark locks from her forehead to discover the symbol of death. He cursed his experience and solemnly swore to himself that never again would he venture forth from his castle in disguise. His resolution was greatly strengthened when he learned through Cenrio's lips how narrowly he had escaped from being caught in this adventure by the watchful Adrian.

Old Adrian meanwhile was faced with an even more perplexing dilemma. No sooner had he left the figure disguised as the archduke than he began to reproach himself seriously for having furthered the love affair of his pupil. Without mercy he would have driven Bella out into the night, if he had not previously ordered the doorkeeper to lock up the castle, for, as he alleged, the girl had already been dismissed through a rear portal. The night watches were now stationed in the hall-ways, and a scandal could surely not have been prevented, if at so late an hour he had been seen to escort a girl from his apartments. With a touch of dismay he resigned himself to the situation and bade the poor tired Bella to spend the night on his own bed, while he determined to keep himself from every temptation and to do penance by stretching himself on the hard, bare floor. But his embarrassment was not slow in coming on when he felt an irresistible longing for the glass of water which Bella had placed beside her bed. It was the only one he possessed. His thirst became so acute that he was forced to arise, and as he got up he caught sight of Bella flushed in her profound sleep, breathing deeply stretched out in an enticing posture. A sight such as this had heretofore never met his eyes, and he could not quite explain to himself why he drank so slowly and could make no end of brushing away the single fly that persisted in returning to the sleeping angel. Finally he himself became seized with a kind of adoration which hitherto had found only a superficial expression as a reflex of his close study of the ancients. Venus had now become incarnate. He extolled her gently in verses quoted from Horace, and who knows to what length this foppish book-knowledge might have led him in his rôle as Adonis if of a sudden he had not caught a glimpse of his

shaven crown and gray hair in the mirror. He shuddered, and a feeling came over him as though he had just witnessed a saint who prior to his death had become intoxicated on sacramental wine. Sighing he lay down on the hard boards, but he was not able to go to sleep, for his mind was ever busy now with thoughts of penance, now with sensual desires, and then again with broodings as to how he was to get himself out of this dilemma; how he could put Bella away and at the same time care for her. Over and above all this, he was at times keenly aware that she had become necessary to his future happiness.

Finally his eyes fixed themselves on some boy's clothes, which had been worn by a lad who had formerly run errands for him, but whom he had been obliged to dismiss because of persistent knavery. These clothes now seemed to him just the thing to get the girl out of the house unnoticed. When Bella awakened, rubbed her large eyes, and frightened asked where she might be and could scarcely restrain her tears, the good old father had all he could do to comfort her. First he prayed an Ave Maria, which she repeated after him piously. When they had finished their devotions, he told her that she must patiently resign herself to the fact that his conscience would not permit him to take her before the archduke. He would, however, see to it personally that she was well taken care of. Wouldn't she give him some hint as to where she might find food and shelter, since he had no acquaintance outside of the castle. The lad who had formerly done his errands had stayed with poor relations and had inquired mornings and evenings at the castle whether there were errands to run or some other service to perform. Now if she would put on these clothes, she could attend to his small needs better than the officious court lackeys had attended him in the past. Bella accepted all his suggestions, for she immediately recognized the possibility of being near the archduke in such a disguise, and that would fill the measure of her desires. She hastened to don her new livery; but when she became entangled in the doublet and small-clothes the old priest came to her aid with a laugh. She told him that she purposed to return to the garden-house and remain there in concealment. To complete her disguise she in-

formed him that she knew the art of staining her skin with the juices of plants, so that no one should take her for a girl. Adrian became aware of the shrewdness of her race through these suggestions, but still he felt uneasy lest the part they were playing might be revealed. Consequently he was greatly relieved when he saw her emerge safely from the castle and go over the square, where a couple of boys, who were rolling a hoop, called to her in the belief that she was their old comrade, Adrian's dismissed errand-boy.

Thus ended his fears for the day. After he had collected himself sufficiently, he betook himself to the apartments of the archduke, whom he found dead asleep after the night's adventure. He aroused the sleeper vigorously and delivered himself of a lengthy reprimand, emphasizing that indolence was like a bottomless sea in which the anchor of virtue could find no hold but must of a certainty be lost. During the night he had refrained from disturbing his pupil, for the hours before midnight counted as the most refreshing sleep. A single hour at this time was of more benefit to body and soul than any two after midnight; but now when the sun was so far risen that it shone into his nostrils, nothing could be more unseemly than to go on peacefully snoring. He might have continued with his admonitions for hours, but the only effect his words had on the archduke were to talk him out of one nap into another. In disgust the old tutor finally got up and turned his attention toward Cenrio, whom he regaled with various proofs that the aforementioned supposed work of Petrus Lombardus, which Cenrio had discovered in Buik, was either fictitious or had been written at a time when the author had lost his inspiration or had shifted his standpoint. Cenrio feigned surprise. In secret, however, he chuckled because the learned man had racked his brains so long over this old tome.

Then he turned the conversation to the strange signs in the heavens which Adrian had observed in Buik, and got the very definite information that in the night a mighty ruler had been conceived in the Orient; just where to locate the place of his nativity was more than could be foretold. In this matter, too, Cenrio was secretly much better informed, although there were

some details running through his mind which he could not get to rhyme properly, perchance because nature was intent upon expressing herself in assonance. He was puzzled as to what had become of Golem-Bella; besides he did not know how Bella had got back to Frau von Braka after the family had departed, leaving the pretty girl in the archduke's embrace. These were matters which for lack of time and privacy he had not been able to discuss with the archduke. As soon as the old tutor had gone, remarking as he left: "Strange, strange! I'd give a good deal to discover the prodigy," Cenrio turned to question the duke.

The young prince was greatly astonished at Cenrio's disclosures, since he himself had yearned in his passion for a lost Bella. —"Truly the real Bella has vanished; she whom I loved. She has faded away at the portal of my life like the rosy blush of dawn before the bright sunlight. Instead of a goddess I have embraced an earthly image who has clasped me to her and from whom my heart recoils. Ah! that I was born a prince! Could I but become a poor pilgrim! What could prevent me then from going to the ends of the world, from entrusting my plaints to the winds that they might help me to find her; her to whom I am bound with my whole soul; and if all my searches were vain, to become a hermit among the secluded valleys of the Monserrat. Cenrio, these are my heart's desires, and since they cannot be attained, I feel that much must go unfulfilled that the world expects of me." —

Cenrio was one of those perverted tutors to princes who are as attentive in guarding their revered charges against every serious thought, as they are watchful in shielding them from a draught. They seek to nurture their pleasures, for the pleasures of a prince are so limited and their renunciations so exceeding. Pleasantry halts at the sill and seriousness rules supreme like an old spirit in the halls of the castle. Cenrio promised the archduke to make all manner of inquiries in Buik toward the solution of this riddle, and hastened away.

[Meanwhile the archduke left to himself] began to feel himself overpowered by an intense longing for the Golem, despite his feeling of dissatisfaction over the past night's experience and the

very lively suspicion that some thing of magic was making sport of his love. He felt an urge to be with her, an urge quite different from the one he had hoped to feel, but he could not dispel it, rid his mind of this longing. What was more, he made no pretence of denying, that these desires had a definite objective, made demands possible of realization; while his former longings were vague and tended to fade into the indefinite. Indeed by this cleavage in his soul the unreality and uncertainty of his initial joys seemed emphasized over against the recognized triumph of his sensual desires.

Bella, sad at heart, had that morning betaken herself to the old garden-house, where she hoped to slip in unnoticed through a hole in the garden wall. [In the neighborhood of the cemetery, however, she was approached by a shabby-looking old idler whom she had seen several times before lurking about the house in which they had stopped in Buik. Deeply troubled by the turn her relations with the archduke had taken, she welcomed every possible opportunity that might throw some light on her perplexing condition. The thought welled up in her bosom that this idler might be in the employ of the archduke or had been sent out by Braka to watch over her comings and goings. She was not deceived in this, for scarcely had he uttered his first sentence, when Bella became aware that he was conversant with the course events had taken since her flight from Frau Nietken's house. Whatever the idler's instructions had been, his caution was soon overpowered by the deep distress that lay in the eyes of the beautiful Bella.] He assured her that he knew she had been supplanted in the archduke's affections by an image made after her likeness. Bella would hear no more. [She understood it all now.] After the reception she had got on her return to the house in Buik she was filled with an irrepressible repugnance toward Braka, Cornelius and all the others, so that it was henceforth out of the question for her to renounce her royal privilege and freedom in favor of the conventions of the city. She purposed to take up her abode in her old quarters until she could gather about her some freemen of her own race.

[But the desire to know what had happened proved too strong

in her] so she requested the old idler to tell her how all this had come about. Then he confessed that he had been hired by the false Bella to watch for the archduke, who had requested the favor of a visit. The idler was to usher him in through a rear door. At these words Bella closed the old fellow's lips with her hand; she had heard all she could bear. The miserable cheat had shamelessly deprived her of her last comfort in life, the love of the archduke. Misery filled her soul, and not until her tears began to flow was the great burden removed from her heart. She threw her arms about the old idler and held him thus for a long time. It was indeed fortunate that the spot where they were was well away from the main road, otherwise they might have attracted considerable attention.

Bella was indifferent now what might happen to her. Throwing precaution to the winds, she made directly for the haunted house and opened the door in her old accustomed manner. She was beyond contemplating the changefulness of her fate. A feeling of dishonor was uppermost in her mind now that she had come to realize that she was no longer loved by the archduke. She was devoid of every sense of security, and her dignity was at low ebb. She vowed to forget him although she was unable to repress her anxiety as to where he might be at the moment. It was this anxiety more than a gnawing hunger which impelled her to go back to the castle when evening had come. To her dismay, she found the door to Adrian's study closed against her, for the old monk was engaged in a religious disputation with a group of his colleagues. In her quandary she stood in one of the dark halls of the castle. Here suddenly the archduke came upon her, and in the indistinct light took her for Adrian's former errand boy, who, because of the gifts received from time to time, had long been well disposed to the prince.

The archduke called to the page to take a torch and to light him on his way to the house of Herr von Cornelius. Bella did as she was bidden with all speed; lighted a torch and preceded the prince. The archduke was unusually elated. A secret messenger had just arrived from Spain with the authentic news that his grandfather had only a short time to live. Vainly was the

old monarch struggling against death as he moved about from one city to another, as invalids often do by changing from one bed to another. Carvajal, Zapara and Vargas had finally convinced him that he must soon die and urged him to undo the injustice he had worked against Charles. To attest his change of heart the dying monarch had appointed Cardinal Unnenez as vice-regent instead of Ferdinand and had cleared the way for Charles' legal succession. The magnetic sphere of the approaching rêign affected Charles' dominating spirit as violently as the the northern lights unsettle the compass needle. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he paid no attention to Bella except to follow the torch which she bore. When they had arrived at the house, he commanded Bella to remain outside until he should be ready to return to the castle.

Poor Bella! She extinguished the torch like a good spirit whose assistance no longer avails. The serious looks, the whole bearing of the archduke seemed so unpropitious that she could not muster the courage to address him. She felt that she had lost him forever, and was adjusting her mind to a complete renunciation, when she was suddenly snatched from her despair by the shouts of a troupe of serenaders. Bella gave no heed to the song by means of which the singers hoped to induce the occupants of the illumined house to favor them with some little recompense. The song, however, had this effect that it raised Bella out of the depths of her despair and nurtured in her soul the desire for life. Her utter helplessness and the feeling that she ran a serious risk in exposing herself to the great crowds in the large city by night frightened her so that she sought a refuge behind the pillars of a little chapel. It was a small shrine dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which stood in the darkness quite forsaken beside the house in which she had formerly lived.

[Song followed song, some gay, some with more serious content,] when suddenly a traveling scholar emerged from the group and straightway approached the image of the Virgin, before which he stood in reverence so that the brightly illumined windows of the neighboring house lit up his sad face. When he had finished a song, he threw back his mantle, drew forth a little

lantern from which he took a lighted candle, and placed it before the Holy Mother. Then the song of adoration which had just come from his lips was changed to a love plaint.

As the light fell squarely upon the youth's features, Bella remembered that she had several times noticed him before her house, when she had chanced to look down on the passers-by. Instantly she became aware of the cause of his sorrow. He was unhappy because he believed her the wife of another. Unknown she saw herself the object of the truest love, while he whom her soul desired most, to whom she had offered her heart without reservation, had forsaken her, the victim of a fickle deception. Should she bestow her love upon her secret adorer like a mere alms? How petty she felt in her own estimation! Through his love she could live a virtuous life. She was on the point of rushing down to the praying youth. She felt a mighty urge to reveal herself to him forgetful of her lineage and her people, when the moon like the rays from a lighthouse spread its beams over the high pyramidal church tower that rose up before her like a great shadow, and she thought of the pyramids of Egypt and of her people. [Then the troupe and the youth moved on up the street, passing out of her mind like a vision.]

When Bella was alone she prostrated herself on the spot where the scholar had knelt in the dust, where the little candle left by him was still burning. The Holy Mother looked down upon her so benignly that a feeling came over her that the sins of her people had been forgiven. "Holy Mother, Virgin Mary," she sighed, "hast Thou forgiven our misdeeds? wilt Thou now stretch out Thy loving hands toward us? wilt Thou lovingly care for us after we have so long renounced Thee?" — As she gazed up at those dear features, she seemed to see the Holy Mother nod to her kindly, and her soul was so filled with sweet contemplation that she was wholly unaware of the crowds pouring out of the neighboring house at midnight.

Two drunken pages of the archduke were talking as they went by, how they had put little Cornelius, drugged to sleep with opium, under the stove, and how they had enhanced their sport with the midget by tying his arms and his feet to the legs of the

stove so that he hung suspended. They lamented that the season was such that the stove was not heated, had it been, then the little fellow could have chimed in with the song of the three men in the fiery furnace. They went on their way without noticing Bella, who likewise paid no attention to them. Finally when the little candle of the scholar had flickered out, she was wafted in mind, with eyes open and seeing, into another world. She saw a child upon her knees, whose features were those of the archduke. Before the child many races and nations bowed down in reverence. She was completely filled with this vision.

The dear voice of the archduke aroused her out of her reverie with the words: "Wake up, boy! kindle your torch and light me on my way!" She staggered to her feet and caught sight of Golem-Bella, who had lighted the archduke down the stairs as far as the door. She was enveloped in a dark mantle. The archduke, now completely under the spell of his passion, quite forgetful of the ennobling pleasures of love, disturbed as he was by the news recently brought from Madrid, returned to the Golem and said: "Tomorrow evening then, and the evening after, and so every night: yes, I'll spend my days with you, too, as soon as I shall be accountable to no one as the ruler of a mighty empire. And my subjects, like us two, shall forget the follies of this life in rapturous enjoyment."—"Do not forget the pearls you promised me," said Golem. By this time Bella had lighted the torch. Her cap, which she had removed during her devotions, still lay on the ground, and since her male attire was completely hidden by her mantle, the archduke drew back aghast; for he saw before him the same sweet features he had caressed in the gray dawn in Buik. Clapping his hand to his forehead he exclaimed: "Almighty God, there are two of them!"

"Must I lay eyes on you again, you creature after the image of God, must I quake in fear lest you extinguish my life!" screeched Golem as she thrust at her rival with a golden, arrow-shaped pin. But the archduke, now suddenly becoming aware of the confusion which hitherto he had refused to admit, held Golem-Bella back by the hair which fell in braids down her back. As he did so he caught sight of the inscription high up on her forehead; espied

the AEMAETH. In a twinkling he extinguished the first syllable, and the Golem crumbled to earth on the spot. The mantle lay spread over the shapeless heap as if a servant maid, who had gone to fetch some sand from the town quarry had been summoned away and had laid her cape over the small mound, so that no one else should carry it off.

Neither the archduke, however, nor Bella had any desire to touch this earthy treasure. He quickly raised Bella in his arms, as the torch fell from her hands, and carried her off to the fountain nearby, where he washed his face and his hands in the clear cleansing waters, expunging every trace of the tainting contact with the image of earth. When now he felt himself clean of contamination, he kissed the beloved lips of the real Bella, and confessed to her what had been the cause of his transgressions. Then he begged her to tell him how she had fared and how she had come to assume this disguise. Bella realized that she was again in possession of her lost treasure, and still her heart was oppressed, as much as she wished to appear happy and in good spirits. She gazed upon the same dear features, but they lacked that spotless bloom, which the touch of an inquisitive world so readily effaces from an innocent life. We wine drinkers would compare it to a cask of precious wine into which a measure of a lesser vintage is poured; the wine is still notwithstanding clear, precious, but no longer as pure. Charles was in good spirits. He desired to be so in order to drown the embarrassment which he endeavored to shake from his spirit. His exuberance rose to its heights, however, when Bella told him her experience with the old Adrian. This event bulked so large in the mind of the archduke that Bella desisted from entrusting to him her unspeakable anguish, her great self-sacrifice and her desire to return to Egypt. Charles's caresses were tempered by the joys of his approaching accession. Adrian, whom he intended to send back to Spain to keep an eye on Ximenez, had already been chosen by him for the victim of a practical joke, so that this aged guardian should plainly understand that his office as court tutor had come to an end.

An important meeting of the privy council was to be held on the

following night, at which Adrian was to preside. At the close of the meeting Charles planned to have Bella enter the hall, accuse the old Adrian of desertion, and demand that the cardinal be tried for his unbecoming conduct. Bella, who saw how merry the archduke was, would much have preferred to forget in Charles's company the sorrows she had endured, rather than to lend herself to the playing of a practical joke. Still she felt it her duty to forget what she had suffered, especially since the archduke had promised to be of real service to her and her scattered nation when the time came.

When she had agreed to the plan, she followed the archduke into the castle through a rear portal. The prince urged Bella to rest upon his own bed, gave her some refreshment, and finally left her, unwillingly to be sure, in order to listen to counsel about the fate of the empire, and to make a decision on affairs of the state for the first time in his life. The assembly consisted of Adrian, Chievres, William of Croy, the latter's two nephews, and Sauvage. When the archduke entered, he noticed with a stir of vanity and pride the changed manner in which he was greeted. Each one of the councilors was speculating deep down in his bosom as to what manner of preferment might arise for him out of the changing conditions. As for Ferdinand, the grandfather, he was not merely sick; he was already dead, buried, and forgotten. As the young archduke entertained a blind confidence in their goodwill, all turned their wits toward nurturing a prejudice in his mind against the Spaniards, who, as they alleged, had never had the glory and the power of their kings at heart. They had consistently aimed to increase their own privileges and importance. It was not a difficult matter to convince the archduke of something in which he had always believed. The recommendation previously suggested by Chievres, to send the staunch and faithful Adrian as an escort to Ximenez, was immediately adopted. In consequence Adrian was instructed to take ship for Spain the next morning without awaiting an official report of the death of the old king.

When this matter had been settled and the councilors were looking toward an adjournment, Charles made the serious dis-

closure that now he was on the point of becoming his own master, it was his painful duty to subject his former tutor to a rigorous cross-examination at the hands of a legally appointed body. He felt it expedient to investigate carefully as to whether Adrian had conscientiously lived up to his monastic vows in keeping himself chaste. The councilors looked in astonishment from one to the other, and Adrian, who had never heard the archduke lay stress on such matters and besides was only too conscious of his innocence, lost his composure completely. He angrily demanded a trial by the church authorities, so that his case might be submitted to a most rigorous testing. "It is not our purpose to pass judgment," said Charles, "let us content ourselves to hear the witnesses, for monkish collusion might deprive us of this intimate knowledge."

With these words he gave the sign agreed upon, and Bella stepped shyly into the assembly dressed in the livery that the cardinal had provided. A flush instantly ran over the churchman's face. The rest were at a loss to understand what this boy could divulge, until the archduke asked the cardinal to state on his conscience: whether this person were his servant? If this person were a boy? If he had known that this person was a girl? And whether this girl had not slept on his bed? Adrian was so completely unnerved that he sat there speechless. None of the many subtleties that had often brought him off victor in hair-splitting debates would present themselves for his defence. In the end he remarked that he had nothing to say. From all appearances there was a conspiracy on foot to malign him; he was being punished for his goodheartedness. The archduke and Bella were distressed at prolonging his great embarrassment. Laughing, the prince took Bella into his arms and cleared Adrian before the assembly by stating that he had deceived his old tutor, that actually he had placed Bella in his charge so that she might be closer by. Adrian's breathing became more regular after this explanation. The others were loud in expressing their approval of the archduke's early adeptness in affairs of love. Chievres, who had some ambitions of seeing Charles his wife's paramour in order the more securely to keep the prince under his own influence,

asserted in a loud tone, that he would not risk leaving his wife alone with him in the future. Meanwhile the archduke had instructed Bella to betake herself to Mme. de Chievres' apartments in the castle. The lady had instructions to dress her in the most costly attire. Then she was to return to the assembly in the lady's company, for there were still several papers to sign before Adrian departed for Spain.

These proposed preparations were only a pretence, however, to gain time for Charles to reflect. Conflicting desires had riven his soul; what obligation did he owe his love, to what extent would he dare to prejudice his high station. He debated whether it were permissible for him to marry a duchess of Egypt; such a step might undermine the safety of his throne. He was still in the midst of his quandary when Bella, clad in a glorious silvery dress patterned in red flowers, on her head a small golden crown, entered the room accompanied by Mme. de Chievres. Bella's natural grace so captivated the councilors that Sauvage and Croy exchanged whispering remarks, saying in all probability she was a princess, whom Charles had secretly determined to marry. The prince received her with a deep bow, escorted her to his chair, and made an attempt to speak, but his soul was so stirred that he was incapable of uttering a word. Chievres remarked the prince's confusion, and concluded that he would be doing his liege a service by bridging the awkward pause. He therefore approached Charles and said that Adrian had left the room, because the anxiety lest his reputation be blotted had worked on his bowels. The ridiculous triumph of his joking distracted the prince's mind for the moment from his serious reflections. The conflict within him had ceased; there seemed in fact to be no solution. Perhaps too the fatigue born of the eventful night just passed tempered his remarks as he announced to the assembly: " I publicly declare Isabella, daughter of Duke Michael of Egypt, — sole heiress to this aforesaid land, princess of all the gypsies in every land both here and beyond the seas, and grant her full freedom to lead her people back to the Nile, unless for love of us she prefers to remain here." —

Bella, who had gathered but little of the meaning of this

declaration, because her eyes had feasted upon the prince's lordly appearance and dignity as he spoke, now fell upon his neck. Her frank and open behavior freed Charles of a real anxiety lest she should demand a marriage with him. Reassured, he kissed her with doubly increased tenderness. Each one now in turn begged to kiss her hand, while Chievres, wishing to anticipate his new master's every desire, begged that his wife might be privileged to invite the Princess of Egypt to stay with her, until such time when a special palace could be set apart for her comfort. Charles graciously acquiesced in the proposal; the very proposal to which he had just a short time previously begged Mme. de Chievres to agree. Bella went with her new mother to the other wing of the castle; Charles exchanged a few more remarks with his councilors. It was early morning when they separated. The birds were singing, and the men of politics sought out their beds. Charles, however, stretched himself at full length on a grassy bank in the castle garden, where Bella looking out of her window espied him and could not herself go to sleep.

[The sudden and complete disappearance of the Golem had naturally thrown Cornelius and Braka into a state of consternation. Vainly they searched in every nook and corner of the city, and sent people out into the woods and fields to look for her. In short they made such a stir about the mysterious disappearance that reports of their great distress came to the ears of the court. Bella and the archduke took counsel together, and decided to send for Cornelius and the old Braka so that once and for all these interested parties might learn the solution of a riddle which had proved so perplexing to every one. When Cornelius came before the archduke, he clapped the little fellow on the shoulder and went straight to the heart of the issue by saying] that Cornelius should weigh carefully the great difference in rank between himself and Bella. — He traced his lineage back to a root while she had been born of a race of princes. It was clearly out of the question for him to be Bella's husband, for according to biblical phrase it was emphatically stated: and the man shall be your master. Scarcely would the nation, whose ruler Bella now was, permit him to be her consort. He, however, had this pro-

posal to make, not an empty proposal either. Would Cornelius agree to a sort of left-handed marriage with Bella which would grant him the privilege of living under the same roof with her while enjoying the title of her field-marshal, but at the same time waive his claim to share bed and board with her. To prove himself worthy of this signal honor, he must promise to exert all his powers in unearthing hidden treasures and entrust them to him, the prince, as guardian of the future gypsy empire. The little fellow thought for a while, then he exclaimed: "*Bravo,* that suits me, and I would fall about the neck of his Highness if his Highness weren't so tall. If I am assigned a private bedroom, I'll rest in comfort; it is really beyond my grasp what sleep is for anyway. My lost wife, if this one be not she, never left me in peace, and besides was the cause of my losing two brand-new eyes, which I had concealed on the back of my neck for the purpose of looking into the future, whenever I was minded to use them. As far as that goes, the meals I shared with my former wife, if this one be not she, weren't a source of happiness either. Shout as I might, she always took the choicest morsels for herself, and when I continued to berate her, she struck me in the face with a hot bone or, if a soup-ladle lay handy, with that."

When Bella likewise had agreed to the proposal, the archduke sent for the same priest who had made the mandrake and the Golem man and wife. He threatened to have the priest imprisoned on bread and water for having secretly married the couple in case he now refused to officiate at a second solemn union. The poor cringing soul declared himself ready to do as the prince wished; and in the evening, in the company of a small group of the archduke's confidential friends, the left-handed marriage was solemnized. During the ceremony Bella wept so violently, so irrepressibly, that she was unable to express her assent. Vainly did Charles in compassionate manner ask the cause of her tears, but she knew no other reason to give except that a wee kitten had come to her mind, which she had once drowned to please the manikin. She had quite forgotten to confess this sin. But since no objection to the ceremony was heard from her lips, the wedding was considered as ended. On that very evening the little fellow

gave a splendid evidence of his appreciation for what the archduke had done, by hauling forth from a hidden corner of the castle a great treasure of coins and golden chains, which had lain there concealed for over two hundred years.

The archduke, when that night he was alone with Bella, was to his own concern so disturbed by recalling how Golem-Bella had suddenly crumbled to earth; and Bella for her part felt herself so devoid of any emotion of loving surrender, that both were relieved to find their beds placed much farther apart than had been the case in Buik. It was not long before the archduke was dreaming. He dreamt that the Spanish grandees, who appeared even before the king with covered heads, were staggering under the load of splendid gold chains which the manikin had brought to light. He dreamt how in time he would get together a large army with the price of these chains, and that wherever he appeared the people would bring him thundering ovations. Bella's happiness, on the other hand, reached its height this very night, when at the hour of midnight strangely sweet sounds called her to the window. She heard the voice of her people, whose scattered leaders, after they had learned that the archduke had granted the gypsies the right to sojourn in the Netherlands, had immediately rallied to their recognized princess. They had now come to greet her with a nightly song and to pledge her faith and love to the death.

Yes, Bella truly belonged to the species of birds of passage, that despite the tender care and loving attentions at the hands of kind people, cannot resist taking wing when it hears the call of its kin passing high in the clouds. I am told there are poor beings near the poles, for whom the pleasures and institutions of our milder zone possess no attractions. At the sight of a swan they plunge into the waters in the delusion that the bird will pilot them back to their wintery homes. How much more impelling does the feeling of genuine superiority react in a proud ruling spirit, such as Bella had fallen heir to! She was like an exotic flower transplanted to Europe, which opens its chalice only at night, because in its native home it is day then. A tender melancholy, a longing flooded her soul; she could not abide here longer and

knew not what was drawing her away. She still loved the archduke as tenderly as ever, but she felt, since he had loved another too, that she must carry the joys of his first love far away with her. Not until now had she been able to bring herself to admit that the archduke's arrangements — little though they affected her moral integrity — did demean her, because she was aware that Charles had not plainly and firmly expressed his purpose to marry her, as she, fully conscious of her rank, thought he ought to have done. What did his wisdom concern her, what cared she how he would possess himself of the treasures and to what use he put them. She knew only the glories of poverty, which possesses all that it needs, because it renounces all that is beyond its reach. She knew only her people, who scorned payment at the hands of their rulers and considered every deed in their behalf as the purest gain.

Torn in her soul, she approached the bed of the archduke. She pressed a kiss upon his lips; if he had awakened she could not have gone from him; but far from waking he repelled her in his sleep. He was dreaming that the gold chain wherein he held the nations encircled was beginning to twist itself ever tighter about his own feet, so that he was in danger of falling. It was this that made him spurn her. Stirred as her soul was, she put another interpretation upon this act, and sprang lightly onto the window-sill, and, quite unmindful as to whether she were close to or far from the ground, down to where her people were gathered. The kind fate which just now hovered about her race protected her from harm, however. Her rooms were on the first story, and the traveling scholar, whose love and sadness had attracted him to her windows when he knew that she was in the castle, caught her in his arms. The gypsies recognized their queen, put a crown upon her head, placed a scepter in her hand, and led her off to the gates without attracting the attention of the guards. The traveling scholar had to go along lest he betray what they had done and whither they had gone. At the castle gates they mounted their light horses, and disappeared on devious paths beyond the peradventure of a rigorous pursuit.

When the archduke awakened from his dream fraught with great

fears for the success of his rule, the light which met his opening eyes seemed to dispel his vision with the bold reproof: "You are not real, for you fade before my beams." Likewise the prince relegated all the cares which had oppressed him to the land of dreams. Who is He Who fills our mind with visions? Who holds the stars to their course and vaults the heavens above our heads? He it is Who sends us such visions. The treasure which the manikin had secured for the archduke lay intact at the foot of his bed; he slipped it through his hands quietly not to waken Bella. The sounds of a city astir became louder and louder on the street below, and still Bella did not awaken. He called her, he peered over toward her bed, but she was not there. Anxiety drove him to search for her everywhere in the castle. Bella did not answer his calls. "Is she gathering a bouquet for me to brighten our morning? Has she gone to early mass to thank God for His kindness?" In the course of an hour both these conjectures were dashed. An inquiry among the castle-guards brought no solution. Braka was called, but the prince received no comfort from her lips. The old Braka wept real tears for Bella, for now all the splendid prospects had vanished. But as women will behave in misfortune, their respectability does not bridle their tongues; their mind is so obsessed with a single emotion that they forget every precaution. So it was with old Braka. Instead of being cowed by the angry impatience of the archduke, she assailed him with the bitterest reproaches, charging that his brutality in forcing on Bella a marriage with the manikin had driven her to flight. The archduke was silent. He accepted the rebuke since he felt that the old woman was right. His ill-advised shrewdness had bereft him of a treasure that would have enhanced the joys of his life. He felt himself more despicable in the presence of the old woman, than the little fellow had ever felt in appearing at court. He commanded Braka to leave him. Some time later he begged her to accept a competency at his hands, which would give her a comfortable living not far from the castle, so that he might have someone close by with whom to talk about his first love. His countless messengers, sent out to search Germany to the remotest corners, all returned, and none brought back news

of the beautiful fugitive. His grandfather, who had got wind of the archduke's attachment, had ordered the messengers turned back. Many months later, when Isabella and the remnants of her scattered nation had reached the wooded mountains of Bohemia, the archduke learned that in this remote country his Bella had given birth to a prince who was baptised Lrak (the name of his father, Karl, reversed). In addition he learned that the traveling scholar, who had fled with the gypsies, had risen so high in Bella's favor that under the name Sleipner he had been made one of the leaders of her tribe.

Far-off Egypt has been the seat of strange funeral rites since time immemorial. To this very day they have persisted on in Abyssinia. To this day the descendants of our Isabella who rule over that country lie in state the day after their death at the entrance of a pyramid, and each subject is in duty bound to express his thoughts about the departed sovereign. The judgment of the people was also pronounced over Isabella. To this day the Abyssinians tell of the ceremony that Isabella had ordered performed and recorded while she still lived. At the sources of the Nile they still point out her picture, which represents her gathering her people in an immense sieve, through which they drop in countless rills to the earth, as a sign that she had gathered together the scattered tribes of Abyssinians and gypsies, but had been powerless to unite them, rent as they were by internal strife. We are indebted for this information to the famous traveler Taurinius, whose own words are here appended:

" Isabella, the renowned queen, summoned her son Lrak, whom, according to Adrian's prognostication, she had conceived by Charles; her general Sleipner, who as a poor traveling scholar had escaped with her from Ghent, besides all the leaders and officials of her nation, to the entrance of the great pyramid which she had ordered built at the sources of the Nile as her final resting place. It was on the 20th of August, 1558, the very day on which her beloved Charles ordered his own funeral, alive though he was and with eyes open and watchful. Like him she seemed to harbor the secret wish of departing this life in full knowledge of

her subjects' frank and serious opinions of her life and deeds. At the entrance of the pyramid she explained what she desired as she bid all there assembled a fond farewell. In particular she bade the comfortless Sleipner to turn his thoughts toward heaven, where his love for her would be richly recompensed. Her son she clasped to her bosom. Then, I affirm, for it was told me repeatedly, she declared that she was too ill and weak longer to continue her reign. Now that her rule was concluded and she had only a short time to live, she desired to give expression to her inmost wish and ask one last favor of her subjects. She begged that the old sacred accustomed funeral rites be not postponed until after her death, but that each one immediately, as soon as she had been laid in her coffin, pass by and on oath express himself frankly and without reserve about her. Thus had she spoken, and since every entreaty proved unavailing, no tears could shake her purpose, the oath was administered without further delay. Amidst the wailing of her subjects she was placed in her coffin, and each one according to his rank stepped up to the bier and uttered his well-considered opinion in such a manner that the queen could hear all that was said. These opinions were written down in the regal book. Ah, what a day of joy for this pure soul! How slight was the blame over against the many rebukes with which she is said so often to have reproached herself! The priest who acquainted me with every detail of the ceremony read to me from an old parchment roll, how the queen had been moved by the rites, and how with a look of peaceful contentment on her countenance she had closed her eyes in eternal sleep, before the service was over. From the parchment I ventured to translate the account into our German mother-tongue, but in so doing I felt a lack of *copia verborum*, so that I submitted my version to Master Uhsen, who corrected and improved it greatly:

"'While the funeral rites were still in progress she went into a happy trance. Out of the mists which hitherto had spread over the splendid country, made what it was through her untiring efforts, there first emerged the near-lying fertile gardens, which the happy children of her wandering people were again privileged

to enjoy. There were leaping fountains, where formerly the crocodiles had basked in the barren sand. Birds of bright plumage sang, where formerly only the hissing of serpents was heard. Beyond the gardens her eyes roamed the green meadows covered with flowers, and the lambs with tinkling bells grazed slowly among the grasses, where in former times death lurked in wait for all living creatures under the bottomless swamps. Past her vision flowed the river, the river of rivers, the innocent metal of the earth's surface gleaming like a sword, beaten by the oars of the boatmen, where formerly only fish essayed to swim through its shallow waters. But of all these splendors the most glorious lay still beyond on the other bank of the river. How her soul leapt at the thought that through her untiring efforts all the stones meant for the palaces of the future rise of her people lay quarried and ready. On the opposite banks she saw rising, glistening in the approaching light, the castles and temples of a future magnificent kingdom. Filled with amazement, she approached the river, keeping her eyes ever fixed on the further shore, where her dreams of the past had now become indisputable reality, and as she went toward the goal of her efforts in behalf of her nation she plunged into the river and was carried by the waters to the other shore.' — Thus did the pious witness of her death endeavor to express and explain the bliss of her dying countenance."

SECTION II

Romantic Drama

HEINRICH VON KLEIST

(1777—1811)

Kleist lived and died under the shadow of an hereditary mental taint. He never was actually deranged, but even from early manhood he was beset with morbid moods, melancholies, and fears. This inspired him with sympathy for characters who, like himself, were courageous, brilliant, and ill-balanced. Sometimes he represents them as swept on by their morbid mentality to a fate as tragic as that waiting for himself; sometimes the wholesome element in them triumphs over the morbid one, and they reach that state of healthy tranquillity to which Kleist himself never attained. Kaethchen is of the latter type. She carries her love for Count vom Strahl almost to the point of monomania, yet she develops into one of the most charming of brides and presumably into a well-balanced ancestress of warrior nobles. Though Kleist's characters have usually a touch of abnormality, his attitude toward them is more sane and objective than disparaging critics have realized, not so different from the attitude of Shakespeare toward Lear. " Here," he seems to say, " are the wounded heroes of life, weakened by the injury that rankles in their brains, fighting the uphill fight against fearful odds, till the wound in their foreheads either heals or kills them. We are the ill-starred children of the night; judge us not rashly till you have shown courage like ours." Force of personality, and of thought, tragic power and poetic beauty, combine to make Kleist the greatest of the *Romantiker* and one of the greatest poets of Germany.

KAETHCHEN OF HEILBRONN

OR

THE TEST OF FIRE

GREAT HISTORICAL CHIVALRY DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BY

HEINRICH VON KLEIST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KAISER, Emperor.
GEBHARDT, Archbishop of Worms.
FREDERICK WETTER, Count vom Strahl.
COUNTESS HELENA, his mother.
ELEANORE, her niece.
KNIGHT FLAMMBERG, the count's vassal.
GOTTSCHALK, his thrall.
BRIDGET, housekeeper in the count's castle.
KUNIGUNDE VON THURNECK.
ROSALIE, her chambermaid.
THEOBALD FRIEDEBORN, armorer of Heilbronn.
KAETHCHEN, his daughter.
GOTTFRIED FRIEDEBORN, her betrothed.
MAXIMILIAN, Burggrave of Freiburg.
GEORGE VON WALDSTAETTEN, his friend.
THE RHINEGRAVE VOM STEIN, betrothed to Kunigunde.
FREDERICK VON HERRNSTADT, EGINHARDT VON DER WART } his friends.
COUNT OTTO VON DER FLUEHE, WENZEL VON NACHTHEIM, HANS VON BAERENKLAU } imperial counselors and judges of the Secret Tribunal.
JACOB PECH, an innkeeper.
Three gentlemen of Thurneck.
KUNIGUNDE'S aged aunts.
A charcoal burner's son.
A night-watchman.
Several knights.
A herald, two charcoal burners, servants, messengers, sheriffs, thralls, and populace.

The action takes place in Swabia.

ACT I

Setting: A subterranean cavern with the insignia of the Secret Tribunal, lighted by a lamp.

SCENE I

COUNT OTTO VON DER FLUEHE *as presiding judge,* WENZEL VON NACHTHEIM, HANS VON BAERENKLAU *as judges lateral, several counts, knights, and gentlemen, all masked, officers with torches, etc.* THEOBALD FRIEDEBORN, *citizen of Heilbronn, as accuser,* COUNT WETTER VOM STRAHL *as defendant, stand before the bar.*

COUNT OTTO (*rises*). We judges of the high Secret Tribunal, we, the earthly magistrates of God, forerunners of the wingéd armies which He gathers in his clouds, we who seek out crime where it lies crouched like a monster in the depths of the bosom, where it cannot be discovered by the arm of earthly justice — we summon you, Theobald Friedeborn, honorable and well known armorer of Heilbronn, to bring your accusation against Frederick Count Wetter vom Strahl. There he is, come at the first call of the Holy Tribunal administered through its herald's hand three times with the handle of our sword on the gates of his castle. According to your request he has appeared and asks what you wish. (*He sits down.*)

THEOBALD. You high, holy, and secret lords! Had he whom I accuse ordered me to fit him with armor — say in silver from head to foot, or in black steel, with greaves, buckles, and rings of gold — and later if I had demanded, Lord, pay me, he had answered, Theobald, what do you mean? I owe you nothing; or had he come before the magistrate's bar attacking my honor with the tongues of serpents — or had he broken from the dark woods at midnight and assaulted my life with sword and dagger, then, God help me! I don't think I should have made any accusation before you. In the three and fifty years which I have lived, I have suffered so much injustice, that the feeling of my soul is now, as it were, armored against its goad. While I forge weapons for others who are plagued by gnats, I myself say to the scorpion, Begone!, and send it on its road. Frederick, Count Wetter vom

Strahl, has seduced my child, my Katherine. Seize him, you earthly magistrates of God, and deliver him to all the armored swarms who stand at the gates of Hell and brandish their redhot spears. I accuse him of shameful enchantment, of all the arts that spring from the black night and from fraternizing with Satan!

Count Otto. Master Theobald of Heilbronn, consider well what you are saying. You allege that the Count vom Strahl, whom we have known long and intimately, has seduced your child. I hope you do not accuse him of enchantment because he has turned your child's heart away from you? Merely because he has turned the head of a girl full of nimble fancy with a question as to who she is, or simply with the gleam of his red cheeks glowing under the plume of his helmet, or with some other art of broad midday, practiced at every market place?

Theobald. It is true, my lords, that I did not see him in the nighttime on moors and sedgy banks, or anywhere else where man's foot seldom treads, wandering around and consorting with will-o'-the-wisps. I did not find him on the peaks of the mountains, with the magic staff in his hand, measuring off the invisible kingdom of the air, or in subterranean caverns, which no sunbeam lights, murmuring conjurations out of the dust. I did not see at his side Satan and the hosts whose ally I called him, with horns, tails, and cloven hoofs, as they are carved at Heilbronn above the altar. None the less, if you will let me speak freely, if you will let me give you a simple statement of what has happened, I think that that alone will be sufficient to bring you to your feet with the shout: We are thirteen and the fourteenth is the devil! Then in mad haste to the doors and beyond, to strew the wood which surrounds this cave, for three hundred paces around, with your taffeta cloaks and plumed hats.

Count Otto. Well, you wild, old accuser, go on.

Theobald. It is important for you to know, my lords, that my Kaethchen last Easter was fifteen years old, sound in body and soul as the first human beings born into this world: a child acceptable unto the Lord, which went up out of the desert in the eventide of my life like a rising sacrificial smoke of myrrh and

juniper. You could not imagine a creature of more tender, pious, and loving nature, even though your thoughts flew on the wings of imagination to the dear little angels who peep out with bright eyes from under God's hands and feet. Whenever she crossed the street in her simple finery, wearing her straw hat gleaming with yellow lacquer, with neat little silver chains draped over the black velvet bodice that fits her so trimly, a whisper would run from window to window: That is Kaethchen of Heilbronn. Kaethchen of Heilbronn, my lords, as if the Heaven of Swabia had begot her, and the city beneath it, fructified by its kiss, had borne her. Cousins, whose relationship had been forgotten for three generations, called her at baptisms and marriages their dear little kinswoman, their dear little cousin. Everyone on the square where we lived, would appear on her name-day and crowd and shoulder each other to give her presents. Whoever got one glimpse of her and a greeting in passing, included her in his prayers the week following as though he were cleaner and better on her account. She had an estate in her own right, which her grandfather, excluding me in his will, had bequeathed to her as his pet, to show his tender regard; so she was already independent of me, one of the most well-to-do daughters of the middle class in the city. Five sons of respected burghers, stirred to the depths of their hearts by her worth, had already sued for her hand. Knights who rode through the city would shed tears because she was not highborn; ah, and had she been, the Orient would have arisen, and come to lay pearls and gems, borne by black slaves, at her feet. But Heaven kept both her soul and mine from pride. Then because Gottfried Friedeborn, the young proprietor, whose estate adjoins hers, desired her for his wife; and when I asked her: Katherine, do you wish him, she answered, Father, your will be mine!; I said: The Lord bless you, and wept and rejoiced and resolved this coming Easter to have them made man and wife. Such she was, my lords, before this man stole her from me.

Count Otto. Well? and how has he stolen her from you? By what arts has he beguiled her from you and from the path along which you had led her?

Theobald. By what arts? — My lords, if I could tell that,

these my five senses would know it, and I should not stand before you and bring complaint against all these horrors of Hell of which I am ignorant. What shall I say, if you ask me, By what arts? Did he meet her by the spring when she was drawing water, and say, Sweet maiden, who are you? Did he take his stand by the pillar when she came from mass, and ask, Dear maiden, where do you live? Did he steal to her window in the night-time, and, as he hung a necklace about her neck, say, Sweet maiden, where do you sleep? You noble lords, she was not to be won that way. Our Saviour did not see through the Judas-kiss more quickly than she suspected such arts. Never had she laid eyes on him. Her back, and the birth-mark on it that she inherited from her late mother, she knew better than she knew him. (*He weeps.*)

Count Otto (*after a pause*). And yet, if he seduced her, you strange old man, it must have happened at some time and place.

Theobald. On the eve before Pentecost, when he came for five minutes into my workship, in order, as he said, to have an iron splint, which had worked loose between his breast and shoulder, fastened back in its place.

Wenzel. What!

Hans. In broad daylight?

Wenzel. When he came into your workshop for five minutes in order to have a splint of armor fastened? (*Pause.*)

Count Otto. Collect yourself, old man, and tell the rest.

Theobald (*drying his eyes*). It was not far from eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when with a calvacade of troopers he galloped up in front of my house, armored from head to foot, climbed down clanking from his horse, and entered my work-room. He had to bow his head low to pass through the door with the heron plumes that were nodding on his helmet. Look here, master workman, he said; I'm moving against the Pfalzgrave, who is on the point of razing the city's walls; my eagerness to encounter him has sprung the splints of my armor. Take wire and tool, without my disarming, and fasten them for me again. Sir, I said, if your chest breaks your armor like that, the Pfalzgrave will leave our walls intact. I got him to sit down on a stool in the middle of the room, and I called through the door for

wine and for freshly smoked ham for refreshment. Then I placed a bench, filled with tools, before him to mend the flaw in his armor. And while outside the charger was neighing, and with the troopers' horses was pawing the ground, so that the dust went rolling up as if a cherub had trailed down from heaven, the door opened slowly, and there — bearing a great, broad tray on her head, on which bottles, glasses and the repast were placed — the maiden came in. Mind you, if the Lord God himself had appeared to me in a cloud, I should have done as she did. The instant she saw the knight, she dropped dishes and goblets and repast, and pale as a corpse, with hands clasped as in prayer, her forehead and breast to the floor, she fell down before him, as if a bolt of lightning had stricken her down. And when I said, Lord have mercy! what ails the child? and raised her up, she threw her arms around me, closing up like a pocket-knife, with face aflame turned toward him, as if she had seen an apparition. The Count vom Strahl, taking her hand, asked: Whose child is she? Apprentices and servant-girls rushed up and cried, Heaven help us! what has happened to the girl? But as soon as she, with a few furtive glances at his face, had recovered, I thought the attack quite over, and went back to my work with punches and needles. At length I said, Now, sir knight, you can proceed against the Pfalzgrave; the splint is back in place, your heart will not unjoint it again. The count rose. Thoughtfully he scanned from head to foot the girl, who reached scarce higher than his chest, and bowed and kissed her forehead, and said: May the Lord bless you and keep you and give you His peace, Amen! Then as we stepped to the window, the girl hurled herself down thirty feet to the pavement below, with uplifted hands, like a mad woman bereft of her five senses — this just as he was mounting his charger. And, my venerable lords, broke both of her thighbones, both her delicate thighs, right above the ivory arch of the knee; and I, pitiable old fool, who had looked to her as the support of my failing years, must carry her on my shoulders as to my grave. In the meanwhile, *he* there, whom God accurse! on horseback among the crowd who had gathered, turned in his saddle to inquire what had happened. — Well, for six endless weeks she lay close to death,

in the glow of a burning fever, helpless. Not a sound did she utter; even delirium, the pick-lock of all hearts, did not open hers. No one could lure from her the secret that dominated her mind. And no sooner had she begun to mend, than she tested her strength at walking, tied up her bundle, and with the first ray of morning stepped to the door. Where are you going? the servant-girl asked her. To Count Wetter vom Strahl she answered, and vanished.

WENZEL. It's not possible!

HANS. Vanished?

WENZEL. And left everything behind her?

HANS. Property, home and her lover, to whom she was betrothed?

WENZEL. And did not even as much as ask your blessing?

THEOBALD. Vanished, my lords, — left me and everything to which duty, custom, and nature bound her — kissed my eyes as I lay asleep, and vanished; I wish she had closed them for me in death.

WENZEL. By heaven! a strange case.

THEOBALD. Well, since that day in blind surrender she has been following him from place to place like a wench. She is led by the gleam of his countenance that he has laid five-plied, like a cable around her soul, her bare feet exposed to every pebble, her short skirt, that covers her limbs, fluttering in the wind, nothing but her straw hat to protect her from the sun's sting or the anger of breaking storms. Wherever he turns his foot in his career of adventure, through the mists of the chasms, through deserts singed by the noonday, through the night of wild, tangled forests, she hurries on behind him, like a dog that has tasted his master's sweat. She who was accustomed to rest on soft cushions, and who felt the tiny knot in the threads of her sheet, which her own hand has carelessly woven into it; she lies now like a servant-girl in his stables, and when night comes, sinks exhausted down on the straw on which his proud steeds are bedded.

COUNT OTTO. Count Wetter vom Strahl, is this substantiated by the facts?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It is true, my lords. She follows on the trail that I leave behind me. Whenever I look around, I see two objects, my shadow and her.

COUNT OTTO. And what explanation have you for this strange state of affairs?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You unknown lords of the Secret Tribunal! if the devil is playing his game with her, he is using me in it as the ape used the cat's paw. I am a rascal, if he gets the meat of the nut for me. If you are willing to believe my simple speech, as Holy Writ bids, Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay — well and good. If not, I will go to Worms, and beg the Kaiser to invest Theobald. Here in advance I cast him my gauntlet.

COUNT OTTO. You shall give answer here to our questions. What justification can you offer for the fact that she is sleeping under your roof, she who belongs in the house where she was born and reared?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. About twelve weeks ago, on a journey that led me to Strassburg, I became exhausted by the noonday heat and fell asleep by the face of a cliff. — Nothing was further from my mind than the girl who in Heilbronn had leaped from the window. As I awoke, there she lay, like a rose, asleep at my feet, as if she had fallen from heaven! I said to my servants, who were lying around on the grass, What the devil! as I live that's Kaethchen of Heilbronn. And just as I said this she opened her eyes and fastened the hat, that had slipped from her head in sleep. Katherine, I cried, girl, how came you here? Almost fifty miles from Heilbronn, far away on the banks of the Rhine. I have an errand, worshipful sir, she answered, that takes me to Strassburg. I got frightened at wandering so alone in the woods, and joined your troop. Then I had some refreshments brought her which Gottschalk, my servant, had provided. I asked her how she had fared in the fall, also what her father was doing, and what she was expecting to do in Strassburg. But as she did not answer fully and frankly, I thought, What concern is it of yours anyway? Then I hired a guide for her to take her back through the woods, swung myself on to my charger and rode off. That evening at the inn on the Strassburg road I was just making ready for bed, when Gottschalk, my servant, came and said that the girl was below and asked if she could spend the night in my stables. With the horses? I asked. I said, If it's soft enough for her, it won't trouble me. Then I added as I turned in my bed,

Make a place for her in the straw, Gottschalk, and see to it that no harm comes to her. The following day she started earlier than I, and again went roaming along the highway, camped again in my stables, and camped there night by night, as my expedition advanced, just as if she belonged to my troop. Well, I put up with this, my lords, for the sake of that gray, exasperated old man, who is now blaming me about it, for Gottschalk, whimsical as he is, had grown fond of the girl, and took care of her as if she were his own daughter. Should you chance to have business in Heilbronn, I thought, then the old man will thank you for it. But when in Strassburg, at the archbishop's castle, she again put in her appearance, and I became aware too that she purposed nothing there — for she had dedicated herself absolutely to me, and washed and mended as if there were no one else near the Rhine to render such service — then one day when I found her at the stable door, I approached her and asked what business she was attending to in Strassburg. Ah, good sir, she said, and a blush that I thought would kindle her apron flamed up over her face, why do you ask? Surely you know! Ha, ha, I thought, is that how matters are? So I sent a messenger straight to Heilbronn to her father with these news: That Kaethchen was with me and under my care; in a short time he could fetch her from the castle of Strahl to which I would bring her.

Count Otto. Well? and what next?

Wenzel. Did not the old man fetch the girl?

Count vom Strahl. After that, when twenty days later he appeared before me to take her away, and I led him into my ancestral hall, I was astonished to see him, on entering the door, thrust his hand into the font of holy water and sprinkle me with the water that it contained. I, unsuspecting, as by nature I am, urged him to sit down, told him frankly everything which had happened, also explained to him sympathetically by what means he could direct matters again into the wished for channel, and comforted him. Then I led him down into the stable, to hand over to him the girl, where she stood, cleaning the rust from one of my weapons. The instant he entered the door, and with his eyes filled with tears, opened his arms to receive her, the girl flung

herself deathly pale at my feet, calling on all the saints to have me protect her from him. Like a pillar of salt he stood there at sight of this. Then, before I could collect my wits, he turned on me the most horrified countenance, exclaiming, That is Satan incarnate, flung the hat which he was holding in his hand into my face as if to dispel some horrible image, and ran, as if all Hell were pursuing him, back to Heilbronn.

COUNT OTTO. You strange old man! What did you imagine?

WENZEL. What was there in the knight's conduct that deserves censure? Can he help it if the heart of that foolish girl is attached to him?

HANS. What is there in this whole occurrence that accuses him?

THEOBALD. What accuses him? Oh you — being, more horrible than words express or thought can fathom — do you not stand there exposed, as if Cherubims had disrobed, and laid their glory, sparkling like the May around you! Was it surprising that I trembled before the creature who has so perverted nature in the purest heart ever born, that, with face white as chalk, she flees from her father as if from the wolf that would rend her? When her father had come to offer her lips the breast of his love? Well then, rule on, Hecate, princess of magic breathing of moors. Sprout, you demoniac powers, which the statutes of men in the past have labored to exterminate, blossom under the breath of witches and shoot up into forests, so that the tips break and the plants of Heaven which sprout in their shade will moulder away! Run, ye juices of Hell, drawn trickling from trunk and stalk, fall like a cataract on the land, so that the throttling pest-vapor will rise to the clouds! Flow and pour yourselves through all the channels of life and carry away in a universal deluge innocence and virtue!

COUNT OTTO. Has he given her poison?

WENZEL. Do you think he has handed her enchanted potions?

HANSEL. Opiates, which ensnare with secret power the hearts of those who take them?

THEOBALD. Poison? Opiates? My noble lords, why ask me? It was not I who sealed the bottle from which he gave her

refreshment by the cliff-side. I was not standing by when at the inn night after night she slept in his stables. How am I to know whether he gave her poison or not? Have patience nine months, then you will know to what she submitted.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The old ass that he is! My reply to that is brief; my own good name. Call her in; and if she says a word that even by the faintest implication smacks of these thoughts, then call me the count of the stinking pool,* or whatever else your righteous anger may please.

* Play on words. Count vom Strahl — Count of the bright beam.

SCENE II

KAETHCHEN *with blinded eyes led by two officers. The officers remove the handkerchief and retire.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

KAETHCHEN (*looks around on the assembly, and when she sees the count, bows on her knee before him*). My noble lord!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. . . What is it?

KAETHCHEN. The court has summoned me before my judge.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Mistake me not for him; rise; there he sits.
I stand here one accused, as well as you.

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord, you mock me.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. No, you hear.
Why bow your humble face in dust for me?
I am a wizard, self-confessed but now;
And now from every spell I cast on you
I set your young soul free. (*He raises her.*)

COUNT OTTO. This way, young lady, please; the bar is here.

HANS. Here sit your judges.

KAETHCHEN (*looking around her*). You are testing me.

WENZEL. Come here before this bar, and answer us.
(*Kaethchen takes her place beside the Count vom Strahl and gazes attentively at her judges.*)

COUNT OTTO. Well?

WENZEL. Will you?

HANS. Will you kindly do as told?

COUNT OTTO. Will you obey your judges' order, please?
KAETHCHEN (*to herself*). They call for me.
WENZEL. We do.
HANS. What's that she says?
COUNT OTTO (*aroused*). My lords, what ails this strange uncanny being? (*They stare at each other.*)
KAETHCHEN (*to herself*). They sit there cloaked and masked from head to foot,
Just like the Court at Judgment Day.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rousing her*). Strange girl,
What plans, what visions, lead your wits astray?
You stand before the secret, dread tribunal.
I'm here accused of that accurséd art
With which, you know, I won your heart for mine.
Go there and tell them promptly what was done.
KAETHCHEN (*gazes fixedly at him and puts her hands to her breast*).
You pain me cruelly, almost make me weep.
Instruct your servant-maid, my noble lord,
How I should act in case so strange as this.
COUNT OTTO (*impatiently*). Instruct you — how?
HANS. By Heaven, unheard of conduct!
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with, as yet, mild severity*).
Step instantly in front of yonder bar,
And tell the truth about what these men ask you.
KAETHCHEN. No, tell me, do you stand accused?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You hear.
KAETHCHEN. And those men sitting there are judging you?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. So 'tis.
KAETHCHEN (*stepping to the bar*).
You worthy lords, however great and high,
Arise at once and yield that bench to him!
By God Who lives, I say to you his heart
Pure as his armor is, and yours and mine,
Compared with his, like these dark cloaks you wear.
If wrong has been committed, he is judge,
And you should stand before the bar and tremble.

COUNT OTTO. You silly child, just out of nurse's care,
Where got you that prophetic truth? Who, pray,
Among the apostles told you that in trust?

THEOBALD. You see the wretched girl!

KAETHCHEN (*now aware of her father, she goes up to him*). My dearest father! (*She tries to take his hand.*)

THEOBALD (*sternly*). The place where you belong is yonder now.

KAETHCHEN. Do not repulse me.
(*She takes his hand and kisses it.*)

THEOBALD. Do you know this hair,
Turned gray but lately through that flight of yours?

KAETHCHEN. No day went by, not one, without my thinking,
How fast his locks are falling. Only patience,
Become not prey to grief beyond control.
If happy hours can darken locks again,
Then you shall bloom again as if in youth.

COUNT OTTO. You officers there! seize her! bring her here!

THEOBALD. Go where they call you.

KAETHCHEN (*to the judges as the officers approach her*). What's your wish with me?

WENZEL. Who ever saw a child so stubborn?

COUNT OTTO (*as she steps before the bar*). Here
You must give answer, short, convincing too,
To what we ask; for we, by our own consciences
Ordained, are judging you. The soul that sins,
Too far presuming, finds we punish well.

KAETHCHEN. Speak, honored lords, say what you wish to know.

COUNT OTTO. Why then, when Frederick, Count vom Strahl, appeared
Within your father's dwelling, did you fall
Before his feet, as people do to God?
Why was it, when he rode away, you plunged
Insanely from the window to the street?
And followed him, when scarce your bones were healed,

From place to place, through night and dread and fog,
Whithersoever his charger turned his hoof?

KAETHCHEN (*blushing deeply, to the count*).

Must I tell that, and here before these men?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The silly fool! the curséd lunatic!
Why is she asking me? Is't not enough
At their command to make the matter clear?

KAETHCHEN (*falling to the ground*).

Lord, take my life if I have failed in aught!
What happened in this bosom's silent realm,
Unblamed by God, no mortal need to know.
The man were cruel who would question me.
If *you* desire to know, then ask and learn;
My inmost soul lies open here for you.

HANS. Who ever had experience like this?

WENZEL. She lies in dust before him—

HANS. On her knees—

WENZEL. As men before the Saviour's image lie.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to the judges*).

You worthy lords will count me free from blame,
I hope, for this girl's folly. Some wild dream,—
As well you see,— misled and made her mad,
Though what delusion, still remains as dark
For you as me. But let me question her.
In every tack and turn of thought or word
My soul will show its guilt or innocence.

COUNT OTTO (*eyeing him searchingly*).

So be it; try it, Count, and question her.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning to Katherine, who is still on her knees*).

Katherine, will you — comprehend me well —
Will you yield up to me the inmost thought
That sleeps within your heart in some hid corner?

KAETHCHEN. My whole heart, sir, to you, if you desire it.
And so you're sure of all that heart contains.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What is it, briefly, plainly said, that drove you

From home and father; links you firmly yet
To all my steps?

KAETHCHEN. Great sir, you ask too much.
And were I lying just as now I lie
Before my consciousness instead of you,
And had it throned on a gold judgment chair,
And all the terrors of our conscience towering
In flaming armor at its side — ah, yet
My every thought would speak of what you ask,
And say: I do not know.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Do you deceive me?
Girl, are you trying to delude my knowledge?
My kindness, woven round your heart and soul?
When, like the rose beneath my look you lie
With youthful flower-cup opening to the light?
What have I ever done to you? What harm
Through me has come to you in body or soul?

KAETHCHEN. Where?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Anywhere.

KAETHCHEN. When?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Late or long ago.

KAETHCHEN. Help me, great sir.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Forsooth, *I* give you help,
Strange being, you— (*He pauses.*) Can you remember nothing?

(*Kaethchen drops her eyes.*)

What place where you have seen me rises up
More clear before your mind than any other?

KAETHCHEN. The Rhine's more clear to me than any other.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Quite right. 'Twas there. 'Twas that I wished to know.
The cliff beside the Rhine bank where we two
Rested together in the noon-day heat.
And you recall no more what happened there?

KAETHCHEN. No, honored sir.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. No, No? I gave your lips
A something sweet, refreshing. What was that?

KAETHCHEN. Because I did not like your wine, you sent
Your faithful servant, Gottschalk, ordering him
To draw a drink for me out of the grotto.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I took your hand then, offered those red lips
A something else — now, didn't I? Why no answer?
KAETHCHEN. When?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Then and there.
KAETHCHEN. No, no, my noble lord.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Later perhaps?
KAETHCHEN. In Strassburg?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Or before.
KAETHCHEN. You never took my hand.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Katherine!
KAETHCHEN (*flushing*). Ah!
Forgive me; in Heilbronn.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. When?
KAETHCHEN. As my father
Was working on your armor.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Never elsewhere?
KAETCHEN. No, noble sir.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Katherine!
KAETHCHEN. Take my hand?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes, hand or arm or anything you will.
KAETHCHEN (*thoughtfully*). Once, I remember, by the chin — in Strassburg.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. When?
KAETHCHEN. As I sat upon the threshold crying,
And, when you asked me, wouldn't tell the cause.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why wouldn't you tell the cause?
KAETHCHEN I felt ashamed.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You felt ashamed. Quite right. At my proposal.
You turned fire-red from forehead down to throat.
What was it I proposed?
KAETHCHEN. You said my father
At home in Swabia's land would die of grief,

And asked me too, did I not long to go,
With horses you would furnish, back to him.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*coldly*). We're not discussing that. Well, where have I
At any other time encountered you?
Sometimes in the stables I would visit you.

KAETHCHEN. No, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not that! Come, Katherine!

KAETHCHEN. You never came to me in any stable,
And yet more rarely laid a hand on me.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What, never?

KAETHCHEN. No, great sir.

COUNT VOM STRAHL Ah Katherine!

KAETHCHEN (*with deep feeling*). Never, my highly honored lord, no, never!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Now, verily, behold the lying jade.

KAETHCHEN. May heaven reject me, may my soul be lost,
If ever you — !

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with the appearance of violence*). She swears and damns herself,
The frivolous baggage, saying that, and thinks
God will forgive it to her youthful blood.
What happened five days back at evening-time,
As in my stable it was growing dark,
And I commanded Gottschalk to be gone?

KAETHCHEN. Oh Jesu, I'd forgotten that!
In the stable at Strahl you came to visit me.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. At last, the secret's out! In saying that
She swore away in truth her soul's salvation.
In the stable at Strahl I came to visit her.

(*Kaethchen weeps. Pause.*)

COUNT OTTO. You rack the child too hard.

THEOBALD (*approaches her*). Come here, my daughter.

(*He offers to take her to his bosom.*)

KAETHCHEN. Stay, stay!

WENZEL. I call that inhumane procedure.

COUNT OTTO. When all is said, within the stable at Strahl
Nothing occurred.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*looking fixedly at the judges*). By God, if you think that,
Lords, so do I. Command and let's adjourn.
COUNT OTTO. We feel you should interrogate the child,
Not make a mock of her with barbarous triumph.
Admit that Nature granted you such power,
Used as you practice it, it is more hateful
Than that dark art of which you stand accused.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*raising Kaethchen from the ground*).
My lords, what I have done I only did
To exalt her here triumphantly before you!
In place of me my gauntlet fronts the court (*pointing to the ground*).
If you believe her pure, as pure she is,
'Tis well; permit her then to leave your presence.
WENZEL. It seems you have good grounds for wishing that?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I? grounds? decisive ones! You will, I hope,
Not make a mock of her with barbarous pride.
WENZEL (*with emphasis*). With your permission, though, we wish to hear
What happened that time in the stable at Strahl.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You lords wish that?
WENZEL Most certainly.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*fiery red, as he turns to Kaethchen*). Kneel down!
(*Kaethchen sinks to her knees before him.*)
COUNT OTTO. You're wondrous bold, Lord Frederick, Count vom Strahl.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to Kaethchen*).
That's right; you answer me and no one else.
HANS. Allow us, sir! we will —
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*as above*). You stir no step!
No man shall judge you here but he alone
To whom your soul submits by free accord.
WENZEL. Sir Count, we here have means —
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with suppressed violence*). I tell you no!

The devil take me if you use force on her! —
What's that you wish to know, my honored lords?

HANS (*starting up*). By heaven!

WENZEL Such defiance!

HANS Ho, officers!

COUNT OTTO (*half aloud*). Stay, calmly, friends; remember who he is.

FIRST JUDGE. If guilt weighs down his heart, he has not even
With cunning failed to understand her.

SECOND JUDGE. True!
We well may let him act in this for us.

COUNT OTTO (*to Count vom Strahl*).
Inquire of her what happened five days back,
In the stable at Strahl, as it was growing dark,
And you commanded Gottschalk to be gone.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to Kaethchen*).
What happened five days back, at evening-time,
In the stable at Strahl as it was growing dark,
And I commanded Gottschalk to be gone?

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord, forgive me if I failed you;
But I will tell you all now, step by step.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well — There I fondled you, truly — didn't I? really?
That you've admitted.

KAETHCHEN. Yes, my honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well?

KAETHCHEN. Honored lord?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What is't I wish to know?

KAETHCHEN. What is't you wish to know?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Speak! Why so slow?
I took and fondled you, and kissed your cheek;
And threw my arm around —

KAETHCHEN. No, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What then?

KAETHCHEN. You spurned me from you with your feet.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I spurned — No! no! I treat no dog like that.

Why? for what cause? what had you done to me?

KAETHCHEN. Because when father, full of grace and kindness,
Had come with horses there to take me home,
I turned my back in horror on him, and —
Praying to you that you would shield me from him —
I sank unconscious down in dust before you.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. And so 'twas then I spurned you with my feet?

KAETHCHEN. It was, my honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Ha! empty farce!
Mere trickery that, to meet your father's eyes.
You still remained beneath my roof at Strahl.

KAETHCHEN. No, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not so? where were you then?

KAETHCHEN. When you, with face aflame with anger, took
The whip down from the cross-bar, I went out,
Before the moss-grown gate, and there I lay
Outside against the curve of ruined wall,
Where, hid in fragrance-breathing elder-boughs
A twittering finch had built itself a nest.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. But there I hunted you away with dogs?

KAETHCHEN. Not so, my honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. And, when you fled,
Pursued by yelping dogs, from my domain,
I summoned my neighboring landlord to pursue you?

KAETHCHEN. No, honored lord; what words are these you say?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not so? — these lords will censure me for that.

KAETHCHEN. You care no whit about these lords' opinion.
You sent me word by Gottschalk three days later,
Who said from you, you looked on Kathie kindly,
But I must be a girl of sense, and go.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. And what reply was that you made to Gottschalk?

KAETHCHEN. I said you let the twittering finch remain
In the sweet-breathing elder-bough, and so

Would suffer Kathie too, to live and stay.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*raising Kaethchen*).

Well then, now take her hence, you lords and judges,
And deal, as you desire, with her and me.

(*Pause.*)

COUNT OTTO (*indignantly*). The crazy dreaming fellow, unacquainted
With Nature's universal magic charm!
If you, as I, have formed your judgment, lords,
I'll close the case, and have the votes collected.

WENZEL. Yes, close.

HANS. The votes.

ALL. Collect them!

A JUDGE. The old fool!
The case is clear. There's nothing here to judge.

COUNT OTTO. Collect the votes. Vehm-herald, take the helmet.

(*The herald of the Secret Tribunal collects the ballots, and brings the helmet in which they lie, to the count.*)

COUNT OTTO (*rising*). Lord Frederick Wetter, Count vom Strahl, you are
Unanimously acquitted by the Vehme;
And you there, Theobald, I warn you well
That you appear no more as man's accuser,
Till you can furnish better proofs; my lords,
Let us arise; the session is concluded.

(*The judges rise.*)

THEOBALD. You, highly honored lords, pronounce him guiltless?
God, so you say, created earth from nothing;
And he there, who through nothing and still nothing
Destroys her, hurls her into primal Chaos,
You find him not the abominable Satan?

COUNT OTTO. Be still, old fool! This court has other tasks
Than leading back your crazy wits to light.
Court ushers, do your duty; blind his eyes,
And guide him out again in open field.

THEOBALD. What, out in field! me! helpless, gray old man,
And this my one belovéd child — ?
COUNT OTTO. Lord, Count,
One task the Vehme leaves to you. You've shown us
So many proofs, and marvellous, of the power
You exercise on her; before we part,
Show yet another, greatest far of all,
Restore her to her agéd father.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Lords,
What power I have I use as you desire.
Maiden!
KAETHCHEN. Great lord!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You love me?
KAETCHEN. From my heart.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Do something, then, to please me.
KAETHCHEN. Tell me what.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Dog me no more; go home, back to Heilbronn.
Will you do that?
KAETHCHEN. I've given you my promise. (*She falls in a swoon.*)
THEOBALD (*catches her*). My child! my only child! help! God in heaven!
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning*). Your kerchief, officer!
(*He blindfolds himself.*)
THEORALD. Oh, be accursed,
Thou murder-glaring basilisk-soul! Must I,
Even here, behold thy magic's final proof?
COUNT OTTO (*descending from the judge's bench*). What happened, lords?
WENZEL. She sank upon the ground.
(*They gaze upon her.*)
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to the officers*). Now guide me out.
THEOBALD. Yes, down to hell, you Satan!
There let the snake-haired guardians of the gate,
Soon as you enter, seize on you, magician,
And hurl ten thousand fathom deeper yet

Than blaze their wildest tongues of fire!

COUNT OTTO. Be still!

Dotard, be still!

THEOBALD (*weeping*). My child, my Kaethchen!

KAETHCHEN. Ah!

WENZEL (*joyfully*). Her eyes are opening!

HANS. She'll recover soon.

COUNT OTTO. Go bear her to the porter's lodge. Begone!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

ACT II

SCENE I

A forest before the cave of the Secret Tribunal. COUNT VOM STRAHL *enters with eyes blindfolded, led by two officers, who remove the bandage, and then return into the cave. He throws himself flat on the ground, weeping.*

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Here I'll lie and lament like a shepherd. The sun shines redly through the trunks that support the leafy canopy of the forest; in scarce a quarter of an hour it will have set behind the hills. If I mount then and push my horse a bit over the level plain across which my road lies, I'll reach the castle of Wetterstrahl before the lights in it have been extinguished. Here let me fancy that my horses below there, where the spring trickles, are sheep and goats, who clamber over the cliffs and crop the grasses and bitter shrubs. Here let me dream that a thin white cloth of linen covers me, fastened with ribbons of red; that around me there come blowing a troop of cheerful breezes which will bear straight up to the ears of the kindly gods the sighs welling from my grief-laden bosom. Verily! I will delve in the lexicon of my mother-tongue, and ransack the whole rich column under the caption Emotion, — so plunder it that no rhymester ever after shall be able to find a new way of saying, I am sad. I will put under conscription every jot of pity that sorrow bears; blithe joy and death-harboring grief shall alternate, and shall guide my voice, like a graceful dancer, through all the intricate movements that enchant the soul. And if the trees are

not moved by this, and do not drip down the gentle dew like rain from heaven, then they are mere wood, and all that the poets tell us of them is relegated to the realm of lovely fable. Ah you — how shall I call you? Kaethchen! why can I not call you mine? Kaethchen! my Kaethchen, why cannot I call you mine? Why can I not lift you in my arms and bear you off to the canopied bed that my mother has made ready in the state-chamber at home? Kaethchen, Kaethchen, Kaethchen! you whose young soul, as to-day it stood divested before me, seemed all adrip with sensuous beauty, like the anointed bride of the Persian king, when dropping fragrance at every step, she is led to his bridal chamber. Kaethchen, my Kaethchen! What keeps me from doing the like? Oh beauty, more charming than I can sing, I will invent some special art and weep it. I will open all the phials of feeling, of this world and the next, and compound such a mixture of tears, an effusion so particular, at once so holy and yet so sensuous, that everyone on whose neck I weep for her shall instantly say: These tears flow for Kaethchen of Heilbronn.—You bearded, gray old ancestors, what conjures you up? Why do you leave your gilt frames, you likenesses of my steel-clad fathers, who people my armory, and come stepping around me here in uneasy assembly, shaking your venerable locks? No, no, no! Though I love her, I cannot make her my wife. I will join your proud ranks; that was settled before you approached me. But you, Winfred, leader of that array, you, the first of my name, godlike with the head of Zeus, I ask you if the mother of my race was like this woman; more resplendent in virtue, more spotless in body and soul, with every charming grace more adorned, than she? Oh Winfred, venerable greybeard, I kiss your hand, and give thanks to you for my existence; but had you pressed her to your steel-clad bosom, you would have begotten a race of kings, and Wetter vom Strahl would have been law upon earth! I know that I shall recover mastery of myself and heal this wound, for what wound does not time heal? But, Kaethchen, if ever a wife like you falls to my lot, I will journey from country to country, learn every idiom uttered and praise God in every tongue spoken by man.—Gottschalk!

SCENE II

The same. GOTTSCHALK, *the* COUNT VOM STRAHL.

GOTTSCHALK (*outside*). O there, Lord Count vom Strahl!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What now?

GOTTSCHALK. Hang it! there's a messenger come from your mother.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. A messenger?

GOTTSCHALK. At full speed, gasping, with loose bridle-rein. Upon my soul, if your castle had been a steel bow and he an arrow, he could not have been shot here faster.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What tidings has he?

GOTTSCHALK. Ho there, Sir Franz!

SCENE III

KNIGHT FLAMMBERG *enters.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Flammberg! — what has brought you here in such a hurry?

FLAMMBERG. Gracious lord, the command of your mother, the countess. She ordered me to mount the fastest horse, and ride to meet you.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well? and what news do you bring?

FLAMMBERG. War, by my oath, war! Summons to a new feud, fresh, just as she got it but now from the lips of the herald.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*taken aback*). Whose? — surely not from the Burggrave, with whom I have just concluded a peace?

(*He puts on his helmet.*)

FLAMMBERG. That of the Rhinegrave, the Squire vom Stein, who has his castle among the vineyards down by the Neckar.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The Rhinegrave! — What business have I with the Rhinegrave, Flammberg?

FLAMMBERG. My soul! what business had you with the Burggrave? And what quarrel did so many others have with you, before you got the war with the Burggrave on your hands? If you don't stamp out the spark of Greek-fire that enkindles these wars, you will yet see all the highlands of Swabia blaze up against you, and the Alps and adjacent regions besides.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It's not possible? Lady Kunigunde again—

FLAMMBERG. The Rhinegrave demands, in the name of the Lady Kunigunde of Thurneck, the redemption of your estate of Staufen, those three towns and seventeen villages and manors, transferred by sale from her ancestor Peter to your ancestor Otto under the aforesaid clause. He makes his demand precisely as the Burggrave of Freiburg, and the Lady's cousins before that, did in her name.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rising*). The raving Megaera! That makes the third knight of the empire she has set on me like a dog to wrest this property from me! I think the whole empire eats out of her hand. Cleopatra found one, but when he had come to grief the others grew wary; but she makes a vassal of everything that has one rib less than she, and for each one I send back to her battered and bleeding, ten others rise up against me.— What are his reasons?

FLAMMBERG. Whose? the herald's?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What are his reasons?

FLAMMBERG. Ah, worshipful sir, the real reason would have caused him to blush.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. He mentioned Peter von Thurneck — didn't he? As well as the invalid sale of the property?

FLAMMBERG. That he did. And the Swabian laws. Every third word was a mention of duty and conscience, whereupon he called God to witness that nothing but the cleanest intent could bring his master, the Rhinegrave, to take up the lady's quarrel.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. But the lady's red cheeks he kept for himself?

FLAMMBERG. He made no mention of them.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Pox take her! I wish I could gather up the night-dew in basins and pour it over her white neck. That accursed little face of hers is the final reason for all these wars against me. Until I can poison the March snow, with which she bathes, I cannot expect peace from the knights of the empire. But patience! — Under whose roof is she now?

FLAMMBERG. She's at the Castle of Stein. Here for three days she has been regaled with banquets so sumptuous that the

fastnesses of heaven were shattered and sun, moon, and stars no longer looked at. The Burggrave, whom she has jilted, is said to be brooding revenge; and, if you send to him, I doubt not he will join your campaign against the Rhinegrave.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Good! Bring up the horses, I am off.— I have promised this young mischief-maker, if she continues to use her insidious little face as a weapon against me, that I'll find means to play her a joke, so that she'll keep that weapon sheathed in the future. And by this right hand uplifted, I'll keep my word! Follow me, friends!

(*All go out.*)

SCENE IV

A charcoal-burners' hut in the mountains. Night. Thunder and lightning. The BURGGRAVE OF FREIBURG *and* GEORGE VON WALDSTAEDTEN *enter.*

FREIBURG (*to those behind the scenes*). Lift her from the horse. (*Thunder and lightning.*) Ho! strike where you will but spare the powdered wig of my sweet bride, Kunigunde of Thurneck.

A VOICE (*from without*). Hello! where are you?

FREIBURG. Here.

GEORGE. What a night!

FREIBURG. The rain pours down from the sky drowning treetops and mountain peaks as if a second Deluge were in progress! — Lift her from the horse!

A VOICE (*from without*). She's lifeless.

ANOTHER. She lies like a corpse beside the horse.

FREIBURG. Mere trickery! She does that so as not to lose her false teeth. Tell her, I'm the Burggrave of Freiburg and that I've counted all the genuine teeth in her head.— Now, bring her in.

(*Knight Schauermann appears, carrying the Lady of Thurneck on his shoulder.*)

GEORGE. There's a charcoal-burners' hut.

SCENE V

The same. KNIGHT SCHAUERMANN *with the* LADY OF THURNECK, KNIGHT WETZLAF *and the* BURGGRAVE'S *troopers. Two coal-burners.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

FREIBURG (*knocking at the door of the coal-burners' hut*). Ho, there!

FIRST COAL-BURNER (*within*). Who's knocking?

FREIBURG. Ask no questions, rascal, and open.

SECOND COAL-BURNER (*also within*). Ho there! not till I've turned the key. We scarcely expect the Kaiser to-night.

FREIBURG. You good-for-nothing! if it's not he, it's someone to be obeyed on the spot, contrariwise I'll break a sceptre from a nearby tree and prove the matter.

FIRST COAL-BURNER (*entering with a lantern in his hand*). Who are you? What do you want?

FREIBURG. I am a knight; and this lady who is being brought here, deathly sick, is —

SCHAUERMANN (*from behind*). Away with the light!

WETZLAF. Knock the lantern out of his hand!

FREIBURG (*seizing the lantern*). You thieving rogue! Why the light?

FIRST COAL-BURNER. Gentlemen, I think I'm probably a match for any one of you. Why take the lantern from me?

SECOND COAL-BURNER. Who are you? And what do you want?

FREIBURG. We're knights, you lout, I've told you that once before.

GEORGE. We are knights, good people, overtaken by the storm.

FREIBURG (*interrupting him*). Warriors just coming from Jerusalem and homeward bound; and that lady there, who has just been carried in, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak, she is — (*A clap of thunder.*)

FIRST COAL-BURNER. Hey, crack so that the clouds burst! From Jerusalem, you say?

SECOND COAL-BURNER. You can't catch a word for this brawling thunder.

FREIBURG. From Jerusalem, yes.

SECOND COAL-BURNER. And the woman, you've with you — ?

GEORGE (*pointing to the Burggrave*). That's the gentleman's sick sister, good people, and craves —

FREIBURG (*interrupting him*). You rascal, this is his sister, and my wife; deathly sick, as you see, almost pounded to death by a shower of hail-stones, so that she can't utter a word; she craves a place in your hut until the storm's over and the day breaks.

FIRST COAL-BURNER. She craves a place in my hut?

GEORGE. Yes, my good coal-burners, until the storm is past and we can resume our journey.

SECOND COAL-BURNER. My soul, then you've wasted your breath in making so many words about it.

FIRST COAL-BURNER. Isaac!

FREIBURG. You will do this for us?

SECOND COAL-BURNER. For the Kaiser's dogs, gentlemen, if they howled in front of my door.— Isaac! you scamp, don't you hear?

BOY (*in the hut*). Hey! I say, what's up?

SECOND COAL-BURNER. Shake down the straw, you rascal, and spread blankets over it; we're bringing a sick woman to put to bed in our hut. Do you hear?

FREIBURG. Who's that speaking inside?

FIRST COAL-BURNER. A towhead of ten years, who lends us a hand.

FREIBURG. Good — Come here, Schauermann. Here's a gag worked loose.

SCHAUERMANN. Where?

FREIBURG. No matter! — Into the corner with her, over there! — When day breaks, I'll call you.

(*Schauermann carries the lady into the hut.*)

SCENE VI

THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS *without* SCHAUERMANN *and the lady.*

FREIBURG. Now, George, let me jubilate in every strain; we have her, we have this Kunigunde of Thurneck! As truly as I

was named after my father, not for the salvation for which I prayed as a boy will I surrender the delight that will be mine at break of day! What brought you down so late from Waldstaedten?

GEORGE. The fact that you didn't send me word sooner.

FREIBURG. Oh George, you should have seen her as she came riding along, like the princess in a fable, surrounded by the knights of the land, like a sun among her planets! Didn't it seem as if she said to the pebbles, that flashed fire beneath her, You must melt at sight of me? Thalestria, queen of the Amazons, when she came journeying down from the Caucasus to beg Alexander the Great for a kiss, was not more charming and divine than this woman.

GEORGE. Where did you seize her?

FREIBURG. Five hours' ride, George, five hours, from the Steinburg, where the Rhinegrave for three whole days gave one resounding banquet after another for her. She had scarcely parted company with the knights, who had escorted her, when I unhorsed her cousin Isadore, her sole protector, and on to the charger with her, and away.

GEORGE. But Max, Max, what have you — ?

FREIBURG. I'll tell you, friend —

GEORGE. What, tell me, do these colossal preparations mean?

FREIBURG. Dear friend! Good sir! Strange fellow! Honey of Hybla for this breast, as dry as wood through thirst for revenge. Why should this unreal image henceforth, like an Olympian goddess, stand in splendor on its pedestal, seducing us and our equals from communion in Christian churches? Rather wrench it loose, and hurl it out on the rubbish heap with the base upwards, so that all eyes may see that it is not the abode of a god.

GEORGE. But what in the world has kindled this raging hate of yours against her?

FREIBURG. Oh George, man will throw all his possessions into a puddle, but not his sensibilities. George, I loved her, and she was not worth it. I loved her and was disdained, George; and she was not worth my love. Let me tell you something — I turn pale to think of it. George! George! if the devils are at a loss for an

invention, they should ask a rooster that in vain has been circling a hen, only to see later that she is eaten up with the scab and useless for his sport.

GEORGE. You'll not take an unknightly revenge on her?

FREIBURG. No, God forbid! I'll not demean a knave of mine to carry it out. I'll carry her back to Steinburg, to the Rhinegrave, where I'll do nothing but take off her neckerchief. That shall be my whole revenge.

GEORGE. What! take off her neckerchief?

FREIBURG. Yes, George, and call the people together.

GEORGE. Well, and what when that's done, you'll — ?

FREIBURG. Ah, then I will philosophize over her. Then I will give you a metaphysical tenet about her, like Plato, and later illustrate my tenet, as the merry Diogenes did. Man is — but hush! (*He listens.*)

GEORGE. Well, man is — ?

FREIBURG. Man is, according to Plato, a two-legged, unfeathered animal. You know how Diogenes demonstrated this. I recall he plucked a rooster and cast it among the crowd. And this Kunigunde, friend, this Kunigunde von Thurneck, she is, as I — But hush! As true as I live, there is somebody dismounting.

SCENE VII

THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *and* KNIGHT FLAMMBERG *enter. Afterwards* GOTTSCHALK. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*knocking at the hut door*). Hello there, good coal-burners!

FLAMMBERG. This is a night to ask the wolves in the caves for a shelter.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. May we come in?

FREIBURG (*barring his way*). Allow me, gentlemen! whoever you may be, you —

GEORGE. You can't put up here.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Can't? Why not?

FREIBURG. Because there's no room within either for you or us. My wife's inside there sick to death; she and her attendants have

filled the place completely. You won't go to the length of driving her from there.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. No, by my oath! On the contrary, I trust that she may speedily recover. Gottschalk!

FLAMMBERG. There's nothing left for us but to pass the night with the vaulting sky for our inn.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Gottschalk, I say!

GOTTSCHALK (*outside*). Here!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Fetch the blankets! we will make our bed here under the trees.

(*Gottschalk and the coal-burners' boy enter.*)

GOTTSCHALK (*as he brings them the blankets*). The devil knows what sort of business we have here. The boy says that inside there is a man in armor watching a lady who lies bound and gagged, like a calf on the way to the butcher's block.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What do you say? a lady? bound and gagged? Who told you that?

FLAMMBERG. Boy, how do you know that?

BOY (*frightened*). Sh—! by all the saints! Gentlemen! what are you doing?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Come here.

BOY. I say, Sh—!

FLAMMBERG. Boy, who told you that? Speak up.

BOY (*in a low whisper after glancing around*). I saw it, gentlemen. I lay on the straw as they brought her in. They said she was sick. I turned the lamp toward her and saw that she was in the best of health with cheeks as rosy as our Laura's. And she whimpered and pressed my hand and blinked so that I understood her as clearly as our own good dog, Set me free, dear boy, set me free! I could hear it with my eyes and understand it with my fingers.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You young towhead, do it then!

FLAMMBERG. What keeps you? What are you about?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Free her and send her here!

BOY (*timidly*). Sh—! I say. I wish you were turned into fishes. Three of them have got up already and are coming here to see what's up. (*He blows out his lantern.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It's nothing, my good boy, nothing.

FLAMMBERG. They haven't heard a word.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The rain has forced them to change their resting place.

BOY (*looking around*). Will you protect me?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes, as truly as I am a knight, I will.

FLAMMBERG. You can depend on that.

BOY. All right! I'll tell my father. Watch what I do, and mark whether I go into the house or not. (*He goes and talks with the older men, who are standing behind near the fire, and directly after vanishes into the house.*)

FLAMMBERG. They're that sort, are they? Knights of Beëlzebub, the mantle of whose order is the dark. Husband and wife on the highway joined to each other with noose and fetter?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Sick, they said!

FLAMMBERG. Deathly sick, and were thankful for every attention.

GOTTSCHALK. Just wait, we'll disjoin them. (*Pause.*)

SCHAUERMANN (*in the hut*). Hey! hello! the beast!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Up Flammberg, on your feet! (*They rise.*)

FREIBURG. What's the matter? (*The Burggrave's party rise.*)

SCHAUERMANN. I'm tied! I'm tied!

(*The lady appears.*)

FREIBURG. Ye gods, what do I see?

SCENE VIII

(LADY KUNIGUNDE VON THURNECK *in traveling habit with hair in disarray.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS).

KUNIGUNDE (*throwing herself down at Count vom Strahl's feet*).
My savior, be you who you will, espouse
The cause of one dishonored and reviled,
An injured maiden! If your knightly oath
Bids you to shelter innocence, behold it,
Stretched out in dust, imploring help of you!

FREIBURG. Away with her, my men!

GEORGE (*restraining him*). No, Max! Hear me.
FREIBURG. Away with her, I say; don't let her speak!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Stay gentlemen! what's this you wish?
FREIBURG. We wish?
The devil! it's my wife I wish. Up! Seize her!
KUNIGUNDE.. Your wife? You heart of falsehood!
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*severely*). Touch her not!
If you've demands to make upon this lady,
Then let me know them. She belongs to me,
Entrusted by herself to my protection. (*He raises her.*)
FREIBURG. And who are you, presumptuous sir, that you
Crowd in between a married pair? Who gives you
The right, sir, of refusing me my wife?
KUNIGUNDE. His wife! Black-hearted villain, that I'm not.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. And who are you, you worthless rogue, that you
Call her your wife, you thrice accurséd knave,
Dare name her yours, lascivious thief of women,
This maiden, married by the devil in hell
To you, with gag and bond?
FREIBURG. How? Who? What's that?
GEORGE. Max, I implore you.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Who are you?
FREIBURG. You gentlemen
Are quite mistaken —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Who are you, I ask?
FREIBURG. Gentlemen, if you think that I —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Lights here!
FREIBURG. This woman whom I brought with me, she is —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I say, bring torches here at once!
(*Gottschalk and the coal-burners come with torches and pokers.*)
FREIBURG. I am —
GEORGE (*in low tone*). A lunatic you are! go! off at once!
Or else you'll shame your coat-of-arms forever.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. So, my good charcoal-burners, give me light.

(*Freiburg closes his visor.*)

Now who are you, I ask you. Raise your visor.

FREIBURG. Gentlemen, I'm —

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Your visor up!

FREIBURG. You hear.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You wanton knave, dare you refuse me answer,

As I would you, and think to go unpunished?

(*He tears the helmet from the head of the Burggrave, who falls.*)

SCHAUERMANN. Strike the presumptuous rascal down at once!

WETZLAF. Up! draw your swords!

FREIBURG. You madman, what a deed!

(*He rises, draws, and directs a blow at the count, who evades it.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Strike back at me, you pseudo-bridegroom, will you? (*He strikes him down.*)

So journey straight to hell, from which you came,

And celebrate your honeymoon down there!

WETZLAF. Oh horror! see! he bends, he sways, he falls!

FLAMMBERG (*pressing forward*). Up now, you friends!

SCHAUERMANN. Away, escape!

FLAMMBERG. Strike home.

And drive the rabble into utter rout.

(*The Burggrave's followers flee; no one remains except George, who is working over the Burggrave.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to the Burggrave*). Freiburg! what's this I sée? almighty gods!

Are you the one?

KUNIGUNDE (*aside*). The thankless fox of hell!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Unhappy man, what meant this maid to you?

Or what wished you of her?

GEORGE. He cannot speak.

Blood, gushing from his scalp-wound, fills his mouth.

KUNIGUNDE. May he choke on it!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It seems a dream to me.

A man like him, till now so good and gallant.

Come, give him aid, you people!

FLAMMBERG. Up! lay hold!

And carry him inside of yonder hut.

KUNIGUNDE. Into his grave. Go, bring the spades. He's ended.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Compose yourself. As he is lying there,
Not even unburied, will he injure you.

KUNIGUNDE. A drink of water, please.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You feel unwell?

KUNIGUNDE. It's nothing — help me! — let me find a seat.
Alas! (*She totters.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You saints above! Ho, Gottschalk, help!

GOTTSCHALK. The torches here!

KUNIGUNDE. Let be, let be.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*who has led her to a bench*). It's passing.

KUNIGUNDE. The light comes back to my dimmed eyes again.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What was it seized on you so suddenly?

KUNIGUNDE. Oh my great-hearted savior, liberator;
How can I name it? What a horrible,
Inhuman deed of crime my fancy painted!
The thought of what my fate perhaps had been,
Already, but for you, unfixed my hair,
And made each limb of mine grow stiff and numb.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Who, pray, are you? and what befell you? Speak!

KUNIGUNDE. Oh rapture, to reveal this now to you!
The deed your arms achieved, was done for no
Unworthy woman. I am Kunigunde,
The Baroness von Thurneck; know the truth.
For that sweet life which you preserved for me,
Not only I, but family and friends
In Thurneck will reward you gratefully.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You are — ? It is not possible! Kunigunde — ?
Von Thurneck —

KUNIGUNDE. So I said. Why so astonished?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rising*).
Well then it grieves me, by my knightly oath,
You've left the frying-pan to find the fire;
For I am Frederick Wetter, Count vom Strahl.

KUNIGUNDE. What's that? Your name? the name of him who saved me?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Is Frederick Strahl, you hear it. I am grieved
That I've no better name to offer you.

KUNIGUNDE (*rising*). Ye saints in heaven, how you try this heart!

GOTTSCHALK (*aside*). The Lady of Thurneck, did I hear right?

FLAMMBERG (*astonished*). 'Tis she.

KUNIGUNDE. So be it. Never shall the mood that here
Flamed up within this bosom, trouble me.
I will think nothing else, feel nothing else,
But honor, innocence, life, escape, protection,
Before this wolf who lies here on the ground.
Come hither, you belovéd, precious youth,
Who rescued me, receive this ring of me;
It now is everything I have to offer.
Some time, young hero, worthier reward
I'll give for that brave deed which loosed my bonds,
Which guarded me from shame and rescued me,
The deed which rendered me a happy woman.
(*She turns to the Count.*)
I call you master; everything that's mine
I name as yours. Speak, what have you resolved
Concerning me? I'm in your power. What follows?
Must I go with you to your knightly castle?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*not without embarrassment*).
My lady — it is not so very far.
If you would mount a horse, you might to-night
Sleep at my mother's house, the countess's.

KUNIGUNDE. Bring up my horse.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*after a pause*). Lady, you'll pardon me
If the relationship in which we — two —

KUNIGUNDE. It's nothing. I implore you, shame me not!
Without complaint I'd go into your dungeon.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. My dungeon! what! you think — ?

KUNIGUNDE (*interrupting*). Oh do not crush me
Down to the earth with magnanimity.
I beg your hand.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Ho! torches! give us light!

(*Both leave.*)

SCENE IX

The castle of Wetterstrahl. A chamber in the citadel. KUNIGUNDE *partly dressed in a romantic costume enters and sits down before a toilet-table. Behind her* ROSALIE *and the aged* BRIDGET.

ROSALIE (*to Bridget*). Here, my dear, sit down. The Count vom Strahl has announced himself to my lady. I am busy dressing her hair. She'll be glad to hear your gossip.

BRIDGET (*sitting down*). So you are Lady Kunigunde von Thurneck?

KUNIGUNDE. Yes, my dear, I am she.

BRIDGET. And you say you are a daughter of the Kaiser?

KUNIGUNDE. Of the Kaiser? No; who told you that? The present Kaiser is a stranger to me. I am the great-granddaughter of one of those earlier Kaisers who in past centuries ruled this German land.

BRIDGET. Oh Lord! is it possible? the great-granddaughter?

KUNIGUNDE. To be sure.

ROSALIE. Didn't I tell you so?

BRIDGET. Well, by my faith, then I can go to my grave in peace; the dream of the Count vom Strahl has come true.

KUNIGUNDE. What dream?

ROSALIE. Listen to her tale! It is the strangest story in the world. Be brief, my dear, and spare us the introduction; for, as I've said, our time is short.

BRIDGET. Year before last in winter time the Count, afflicted by a strange melancholy, of which no one could find the cause, fell sick. He lay quite weak with face a feverish red and grew delirious; the doctors, who had done everything in their power, gave him up. Every secret that he had kept safely locked up in his heart, was now, in the ravings of his fever, on his tongue. He

would be glad to leave this world, he said; the girl who could love him, had not appeared to him. Life without love was death. He called the world a grave, and the grave a cradle, and said, he would soon be a newborn babe again. On three succeeding nights, during which his mother did not leave his bedside, he told her that an angel had appeared to him and called: hope! hope! hope! When the countess asked him if his heart did not feel encouraged by this heavenly message, he answered, Encouraged? No!, and added with a sigh: Yes! yes, mother! when I see her again! — And you will see her? the countess asked. Surely, he replied. When? she asked; Where? On New Year's-eve, when the new year comes in, then he will lead me to her. Who? she asked, and to whom, dear? The angel, he said, to my beloved — turned over and went to sleep.

KUNIGUNDE. Mere prattle.

ROSALIE. Listen to the rest. — Then?

BRIDGET. Then, on New Year's-eve just at the stroke of twelve, he half rose from his couch, stared fixedly into the room as if he saw an apparition; and pointing with his hand he cried, Mother, mother, mother! — What, my child? she asked. — There, there! — Where? — Quick! he said. — What? — My helmet, my armor, my sword! — Where are you going? asked his mother. To her, he cried, to her! So, so, so! and sank back; adieu, mother, adieu! — stretched all his limbs out straight, and lay as dead.

KUNIGUNDE. Dead?

ROSALIE. Yes, dead.

KUNIGUNDE. You mean, like one dead.

ROSALIE. She said dead. Don't disturb her. Then?

BRIDGET. We listened for his heart-beat; within all was as still as in an empty chamber. A feather was held in front of him to test his breathing; it did not stir. The doctor thought his spirit had in fact departed, called him by name repeatedly, tried to arouse him with the use of aromatics, by pricking him with points and needles, — plucked out a hair so that blood came — all in vain. He did not move a limb, and lay as dead.

KUNIGUNDE. Well? and then?

BRIDGET. Then, after he had lain that way awhile, he started up, turned to the wall with an expression of sadness, and said: Ah, now they're bringing in the lights! Now she has vanished from me anew! — just as if the gleam of those lights had frightened him away. And when the countess bent over him, pressed him to her breast, and said: My Frederick! where were you? — he replied with cheerful voice: With her, with her who loves me, with the bride whom heaven has ordained for me! Go! mother, go, and have prayers said for me in all the churches, for now I want to live.

KUNIGUNDE. And he recovered?

ROSALIE. That's the miracle.

BRIDGET. Got better, lady, actually got better, recovered from that hour, won back his strength as if healed by heavenly balsam; and before the new moon waxed he was as healthy as before.

KUNIGUNDE. And he told you — well, what did he tell?

BRIDGET. Ah, he told and found no end to his telling: How an angel had led him by the hand through the night; how the heavenly guide had gently opened the door of the maiden's sleeping chamber, and, illuminating all the walls with his radiance, had stepped inside; how she had lain there, the sweet child, in her nightgown, had opened her eyes wide at sight of him, and had called in a voice suppressed by astonishment, Mariana! which must have been somebody who slept in the next room; how then, her face agleam all over with the flush of joy, she had risen from her bed and thrown herself on her knees before him, with bowed head, and murmured, My noble lord; how the angel then had told him that she was a Kaiser's daughter, and shown him a reddish birth-mark clearly distinguishable on the back of the child's neck; how he, trembling with unceasing delight, had taken her by the chin, to look into her face, and how then the accursed servant-girl, Mariana, had come with a light, and the whole vision at her entrance had vanished.

KUNIGUNDE. And now you think that I am this Kaiser's daughter?

BRIDGET. Who else?

ROSALIE. I say so too.

BRIDGET. Every living soul in the castle, at your entrance, when it was rumored who you were, clapped his hands for joy, and cried, 'Tis she!

ROSALIE. Nothing was lacking, except that the bells did not loose their tongues and peal: Yes, yes, yes!

KUNIGUNDE (*rising*). Many thanks, my dear, for your story. Meanwhile take these ear-rings as a remembrance, and withdraw.

(*Exit Bridget.*)

SCENE X

KUNIGUNDE *and* ROSALIE.

KUNIGUNDE (*after regarding herself in the mirror, goes aimlessly to the window and opens it. Pause*).
Have you laid everything in order there,
That I intended for Count Frederick, Rosalie?
Deeds, letters, depositions?

ROSALIE (*still in the background by the table*). Here they are. They're all together, laid in this envelop.

KUNIGUNDE. Well, give them—

(*She takes in a lime-twig, which is fastened outside.*)

ROSALIE. What, my lady?

KUNIGUNDE (*with animation*). Girl, look here!
Is't not a trace a wing has left?

ROSALIE (*going to her*). What's there?

KUNIGUNDE. Lime-twigs, which someone set outside the window,
Some stranger. See, has not a wing touched here?

ROSALIE. The trace is surely there. What bird? a finch?

KUNIGUNDE. A young male finch it was, that I in vain
The whole forenoon have been enticing here.

ROSALIE. See the wee plume! He left that hanging there.

KUNIGUNDE (*thoughtfully*). Well, give me—

ROSALIE. What? the documents, my lady?

KUNIGUNDE (*laughs and strikes her*).
You rogue, I want the millet-seed that's yonder.

(*Rosalie laughs and goes and brings the millet.*)

SCENE XI

Enter a SERVANT. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

SERVANT. Count Wetter vom Strahl and the countess his mother.

KUNIGUNDE (*casting everything aside*). Quick, off with all this!

ROSALIE. Yes, right away! (*She draws the curtains in front of the dressing-table and goes out.*)

KUNIGUNDE. Now I am ready to receive them.

SCENE XII

COUNTESS HELENA *and* THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *enter.* LADY KUNIGUNDE.

KUNIGUNDE *advances toward them.*

My justly honored friend, my savior's mother,
What, pray, or whom thank I for this great joy,
That you bestow your countenance on me,
That you permit my kissing these dear hands?

COUNTESS. Lady, you humble me. I came to kiss
This brow of yours, and ask you how you fare
Here in my house.

KUNIGUNDE. Most excellently, madam.
Whatever I could need or wish, I've found.
I had deserved no kindness from your grace,
And you have cared for me as for a daughter.
If anything disturbed my peace, it was
This moving sense of shame. Yet I but needed
This moment to conclude that strife within me.
(*Turning to the Count.*)
And how's that injured hand of yours, Count Frederick?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. This hand of mine, the wound upon it, lady,
Gives me less sense of suffering than your question.
'Twas nothing but the saddle, which I hit
By carelessness in lifting you from horse.

COUNTESS. A wounded hand? I'd heard no word of that.

KUNIGUNDE. We found, as we drew near the castle, blood
In bright red drops was flowing from it.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. See,
The hand itself already has forgotten.
If it was Freiburg whom I paid this blood
In fight for you, then I can say, and truly,
Cheap was the price at which he sold you to me.
KUNIGUNDE. 'Tis you that hold your blood so cheap, not I.
(*Turning to his mother.*)
But, gracious madam, will you not be seated?
(*She brings one chair, the Count brings the others. They all sit down.*)
COUNTESS. What thoughts are yours about your future, lady?
Have you already weighed the situation
To which your fate has brought you? Do you know yet
What attitude your heart will take to face it?
KUNIGUNDE (*moved*). Revered and gracious Countess, I was planning,
If fate allow, to spend my destined days
In praise and thanks, in ever still more fervent
Remembrance of what late took place for me,
In inextinguishable glorification
Of you and of your house, till the last breath
Which moves my breast, — in Thurneck with my people. (*She weeps.*)
COUNTESS. You planned to leave here for your people — when?
KUNIGUNDE. I wish, — because my aunts expect me shortly, —
If possible, to-morrow — or at least
Within a day or two — to be sent back.
COUNTESS. Do you consider, too, what stands opposed?
KUNIGUNDE. No longer, noble lady, if you'll grant me
The right to tell you all my meaning frankly.
(*She kisses her hand, rises, and fetches the papers.*)
Take these from my own hands, Lord Count vom Strahl.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rising*). Allow me, lady, what are these?
KUNIGUNDE. The papers

Relating to the lawsuit brought by me
Concerning your estate of Staufen, lie there;
The documents on which my claim was grounded.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. My lady, you have shamed me, verily.
If this envelop, as you seem to think,
Establishes a right, I'll yield to you,
Yes, though it meant the last poor hut I own.

KUNIGUNDE. Take them, Lord Count vom Strahl, the letters are,
As I perceive, ambiguous, the claim
To which they justified me, void by time.
Yet, were my right as obvious as the sun,
Not against you can I maintain it longer.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Never, my lady, never, verily!
With pleasure I accept, if you will grant,
A mutual, lasting peace between us; but —
Even if you doubt your right to Staufen — never
I'll take the document that forms your claim.
Appeal your case before the Kaiser and the realm,
And let the law decide which side is wrong.

KUNIGUNDE (*to the Countess*).
Then, honored Countess, you I ask to free me
From these offensive documents, that burn
Within my hands, that chime in hostile tone
Against the feeling now aroused within me,
And, though I lived for ninety years, could help me
To nothing more on this wide world of God.

COUNTESS (*rising also*). My dearest lady, this gratitude of yours
Leads you too far. You cannot deed away,
In one impulsive mood, which seizes you,
A right concerning all your family.
Accept my son's proposal; let the papers
At Wetzlar be examined. Rest assured
That you will still be worthy in our eyes,
Whatever the decision given there.

KUNIGUNDE (*with emotion*).
The claim, remember, was my property.
I need to ask no cousin; to my son
Some far-off day I can bequeath my heart.
The lords in Wetzlar I've no wish to trouble.
So, so, this hasty bosom here decides.
(*She tears the papers and lets them fall.*)

COUNTESS. My dear, young, inconsiderate child,
Upon my soul! what have you done? Come here,
Since now the deed is done, and let me kiss you. (*She embraces her.*)

KUNIGUNDE. I am resolved no longer to oppose
The feeling kindling now within my bosom;
I am resolved that the dividing wall
Shall down, which looms between me and my savior,
I am resolved that my whole life shall be
Filled full of tranquil praise and love of him.

COUNTESS (*touched*). 'Tis well, my daughter, that is ample now.
You are too deeply stirred.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It is my hope
That never you repent your deed to-day. (*Pause.*)

KUNIGUNDE (*drying her eyes*). When now may I return to Thurneck?

COUNTESS. Now,
Or when you wish. My son himself shall take you.

KUNIGUNDE. 'Tis well. To-morrow then.

COUNTESS. You wish it; good.
Although your longer stay would please me much.
To-day you'll give us one last joy at dinner?

KUNIGUNDE (*bowing*). If I can master my poor heart, I'll come.

(*She leaves.*)

SCENE XIII

COUNTESS HELENA. THE COUNT VOM STRAHL.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. So true as I'm a man, 'tis she I want
To be my wife.

COUNTESS. Well, well, well, well!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What! no?
You wish that I should choose myself a wife,
And yet not her, this woman?

COUNTESS. Be not impatient,
I haven't said that she displeased me wholly.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Nor I that I would wed this very day.
She comes of blood of ancient Saxon kings.

COUNTESS. And so your dream of New Year's-eve upholds her,
Is that your meaning?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why conceal it? Yes.

COUNTESS. Let's take some time to think the matter over.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

Mountains and forest. A hermitage. THEOBALD *and* GOTTFRIED FRIEDEBORN *lead* KAETHCHEN *down from a cliff.*

THEOBALD. Take care, my dear Kaethchen; the mountain here, you see, is riven. Set your foot here on this stone that is partially overgrown with moss; if I knew where there was a rose, I would tell you. There! —

GOTTFRIED. Surely, Kaethchen, you have not yet confided to God the purpose of the pilgrimage you consented to make with us to-day? I thought that at the cross-roads, where the image of the Virgin stands, two angels would appear, youths of lofty stature, with snow-white pinions on their shoulders, and would say: Adieu, Theobald, adieu Gottfried! go back whence you came; we'll lead Kaethchen now on her pilgrimage to God. But the angels did not come, and we have escorted you to the very gates of the cloister.

THEOBALD. The oaks scattered over the mountains are so still that you can hear the woodpecker hammering at their trunks. I believe they know that Kaethchen has come, and are listening with open ears to learn her thoughts. If only I could be dissolved into nature so as to learn it too. Music of harps cannot be sweeter than her feeling; it would have lured Israel away from

David and taught their tongues new psalters. My dear Kaethchen.

KAETHCHEN. My dear father!

THEOBALD. Speak one word.

KAETHCHEN. Have we reached our journey's end?

THEOBALD. We have. There in that hospitable structure which is wedged in with its towers between the cliffs, are the quiet cells of the pious Augustine monks; and here is the place consecrated to their prayers.

KAETHCHEN. I feel faint.

THEOBALD. We will find a place to rest. Come, give me your hand and let me support you. Here before this grating is a bench overgrown with short, thick grass; just see, the pleasantest spot that I ever saw.

(*They sit down.*)

GOTTFRIED. How do you feel?

KAETHCHEN. Quite well.

THEOBALD. You look pale still, and your forehead is damp with beads of sweat. (*Pause.*)

GOTTFRIED. In the past you were so active, could wander for miles through wood and field, and needed nothing but a stone, and the bundle you carried on your shoulder for a pillow, to restore your strength; and to-day you are so exhausted that it seems as if all the beds in which the empress rests could not put you on your feet again.

THEOBALD. Do you want some refreshment?

GOTTFRIED. Shall I go and draw you a drink of water?

THEOBALD. Or find some fruit just ripened for you?

GOTTFRIED. Speak, my dear Kaethchen.

KAETHCHEN. Thank you; no, dear father.

THEOBALD. You decline?

GOTTFRIED. You disdain all we offer?

THEOBALD. You ask nothing except that I should come to a decision, proceed to the prior Hatto, my old friend, and say: Here's old Theobald, who's come to bury his dear and only child.

KAETHCHEN. Dear father!

THEOBALD. Very well. It shall be done. But before we take

the decisive step, which can never be recalled, I want to tell you something further. I want you to know what idea came to Gottfried and me on the way here, something that ought to be decided at once, before we discuss this matter with the prior. — Do you wish to know?

KAETHCHEN. Go on.

THEOBALD. Well then, listen carefully and put your heart to a careful test. You wish to go into the cloister of the Ursuline nuns, that lies deep among the lonely pine-clad mountains. The world, the lovely theater of life, charms you no longer. To gaze on God's visage in seclusion and piety shall mean for you father, marriage, child, and the kiss of growing little grandchildren.

KAETHCHEN. Yes, dear father.

THEOBALD (*after a short pause*). How would it be if just for a few weeks, now while the season is still pleasant, you should go back to the ruined wall and consider the matter there again?

KAETHCHEN. How?

THEOBALD. I suggest that you go back to Strahlburg under the elder-boughs where the finch has built its nest by the face of the rock, you know, the rock from which the castle, glistening in the sunlight, looks down over hill and valley?

KAETHCHEN. No, my dear father.

THEOBALD. Why not?

KAETHCHEN. My lord the count has forbidden it.

THEOBALD. He has forbidden it. Good. And what he has forbidden you dare not do. But what if I should go and beg him to let you do it?

KAETHCHEN. What? What are you saying?

THEOBALD. If I should beg him to grant you the little spot where you were so happy, and request his permission to supply you there, like a kind father, with everything required for your needs?

KAETHCHEN. No, my dear father.

THEOBALD. Why not?

KAETHCHEN (*sadly*). You would not do that; and if you did the Count would not permit it; and if the Count permitted it, I would make no use of his permission.

THEOBALD. Kaethchen, my dear Kaethchen! I will do it. I will prostrate myself before him as I do now before you, and say: My noble lord! allow Kaethchen to dwell under the blue heaven that arches over your castle. If you ride abroad, allow her to follow at a bow-shot's distance; and when night comes grant her a bit of a tiny place on the straw that is scattered for your proud steeds. Far better this than that she should die of sorrow.

KAETHCHEN (*assuming a posture like her father*). God in the highest heavens! you annihilate me! Your words are like knife blades in my breast! The desire has left me now to enter the convent; back to Heilbronn I'll go with you. I will forget the Count and marry anyone you please, even if a grave eight ells in depth must be the bridal bed.

THEOBALD (*who has risen and now raises her*). Are you angry at me, Kaethchen?

KAETHCHEN. No, no! what comes into your head?

THEOBALD. I'll take you to the convent.

KAETHCHEN. Never, no, never! Neither to Strahlburg, nor to the convent. Arrange with the prior to let me have a bed for this one night, so that I may rest and be refreshed. With daybreak, if possible, we will retrace our steps. (*She weeps.*)

GOTTFRIED. What have you done?

THEOBALD. Ah! I have offended her.

GOTTFRIED (*ringing bell*). Is Prior Hatto in?

PORTER (*opening*). Praised be Jesus Christ!

THEOBALD. For ever, amen!

GOTTFRIED. Perhaps she'll change her mind.

THEOBALD. Come, my daughter! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II

An inn. The RHINEGRAVE VOM STEIN *and* FREDERICK VON HERRNSTADT *enter, followed by* JACOB PECH, *the host, with a train of servants.*

RHINEGRAVE (*to the attendants*). Take the saddles off! place sentries at three hundred paces around the inn, and let everybody in, nobody out! Fodder the horses; stay in the stables,

and show yourselves as little as possible. When Eginhardt returns with information from Thurneck, I'll give you my further orders. (*The attendants go out.*) Who lives here?

JACOB PECH. By your leave, I and my wife, worshipful sir.

RHINEGRAVE. And here?

JACOB PECH. Brutes.

RHINEGRAVE. What?

JACOB PECH. Dumb brutes. — A sow with her litter, by your leave. It is a pig-pen, built of laths as a lean-to.

RHINEGRAVE. Good. Who lives here?

JACOB PECH. Where?

RHINEGRAVE. Behind this third door?

JACOB PECH. Nobody, by your leave.

RHINEGRAVE. Nobody?

JACOB PECH. Nobody, worshipful sir, that's a fact. Or rather everybody. It opens on to the wide world.

RHINEGRAVE. Good. What's your name?

JACOB PECH. Jacob Pech.

RHINEGRAVE. Retire, Jacob Pech. (*The innkeeper goes out.*) I will roll myself up in my meshes here like a spider, till I look like a tiny speck of artless dust. Then when she, this Kunigunde, becomes entangled in my web, I will pounce upon her, drive the sting of revenge deep, deep into her faithless breast: kill, kill, kill! and preserve her skeleton as the relic of an arch-courtesan among the rafters of the Steinburg.

FREDERICK. Not so impetuous, Albert. Eginhardt, whom you have sent to Thurneck, has not returned with confirmation of what you suspect.

RHINEGRAVE. Right you are, friend; Eginhardt is not back yet. To be sure the scrap that the minx wrote me, ran: Her compliments, but in the future it would be unnecessary for me to exert myself on her account. Staufen had been transferred to her by way of peaceful mediation. — By my immortal soul! if this means anything righteous, then I will gulp it down, and disband the forces that I have got together for her cause. But if Eginhardt comes and tells me what rumor has already hinted, that she has promised him her hand in marriage, then I'll close

up my courtesy like a jack-knife. I'll hound the expense of the campaign out of her, if I must go to the length of turning her up-side-down, and shaking the sum, copper by copper, from her pockets.

SCENE III

EGINHARDT VON DER WART *enters.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

RHINEGRAVE. Well, friend, most cordial greetings to you! — How do matters stand at the castle of Thurneck?

EGINHARDT. Friends, it's all just as rumor had it. They run with full sail on the ocean of love, and before new moon, they will have made the harbor of matrimony.

RHINEGRAVE. Lightning shall split their masts before they reach it!

FREDERICK. They are betrothed?

EGINHARDT. Plainly said, I think not; but if glances talk, looks write, and holding of hands can seal, then the marriage pact is drawn.

RHINEGRAVE. How came it that Staufen was transferred to her by gift? Tell that!

FREDERICK. When did he make her the gift?

EGINHARDT. Ah! day before yesterday, on the morning of her birthday, when her relatives had prepared a gorgeous feast in Thurneck. The sun had scarcely begun to redden on her couch, when she perceived the document lying on the coverlet, the document, you understand, wrapped in a message from the enamoured count, with the assurance that it was her bridal gift, if she could resolve to share her life with him.

RHINEGRAVE. She accepted it? Of course. She posed in front of her mirror, courtesied and took it.

EGINHARDT. The document? She certainly did.

FREDERICK. And her hand, which was asked in return?

EGINHARDT. Oh, she did not refuse him it.

FREDERICK. What? Did not refuse it?

EGINHARDT. No. God forbid! When did she ever refuse her hand to a suitor?

RHINEGRAVE. But when the bells peal, she'll not keep her word?

EGINHARDT. You didn't ask me that.

RHINEGRAVE. What answer did she give to the letter?

EGINHARDT. She was so touched that her eyes, like two fountains, trickled tears, and her writing got drowned. The verbal message on which she must rely to express her feelings, was a beggar. He had an eternal claim on her gratitude, even without this last sacrifice, and it was written, as if with a diamond, in her breast; — in short, a message full of ambiguous fine phrases, one that, like changeable silk, reflects two colors and says neither yes nor no.

RHINEGRAVE. Well, friends, with this master-piece her art shall find its grave. She deceived me; no further victims shall succumb. I end the procession of those whom she has led about by the nose. Where are the two mounted messengers?

FREDERICK (*calling into the inn*). Ho, there!

SCENE IV

Two MESSENGERS *enter.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

RHINEGRAVE (*taking two letters out of his riding-jacket*). Take these two letters — this one you, this one you — and bring them — this one to the Dominican prior Hatto, do you understand? It states that I will be there about seven this evening to receive absolution at his hands. This letter you take to Peter Quanz, governor of the castle of Thurneck. It reads that on the stroke of twelve to-night I'll be ready with my troopers to seize the castle. You're not to enter the castle until after dark, and don't let a soul see you. Do you understand? — You (*to the other messenger*) need not shun the light of day. — Have you both understood me?

THE MESSENGERS. Perfectly.

RHINEGRAVE (*taking the letters out of their hands again*). You're sure these letters have not been interchanged?

FREDERICK. I'm quite sure.

RHINEGRAVE. Sure? — Heaven and earth!

EGINHARDT. What's up?

RHINEGRAVE. Who sealed them?

FREDERICK. The letters?

RHINEGRAVE. Yes!

FREDERICK. Death and destruction! you sealed them yourself!

RHINEGRAVE (*returning the letters to the messengers*). Quite right! here, take them. At the mill by the Sturzbach I will be waiting for you. Come, my friends.

(*All go out.*)

SCENE V

A room in the castle of Thurneck. THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *is sitting thoughtfully at a table on which two lights are standing. He holds in his hand a lute and strikes a few notes on it. In the background is* GOTTSCHALK, *busied with the count's clothes and weapons.*

VOICE (*from without*). Open, open, open!

GOTTSCHALK. Ho! who's calling?

VOICE. I, Gottschalk, it is I, it's I, dear Gottschalk.

GOTTSCHALK. Who?

VOICE. I!

GOTTSCHALK. You?

VOICE. Yes.

GOTTSCHALK. Who?

VOICE. I!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*laying aside the lute*). I know that voice.

GOTTSCHALK. My soul! I've heard it somewhere before too.

VOICE. Lord Count vom Strahl! open, Lord Count vom Strahl!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. By heaven, that is —

GOTTSCHALK. As I'm alive, that is —

VOICE. Kaethchen it is, who else? It's Kaethchen, sir,
The little Kaethchen of Heilbronn.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rising*). How? what? the devil!

GOTTSCHALK (*dropping everything*). You, little girl? what! you, my darling child? (*He opens the door.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Was anything like this since earth —

KAETHCHEN (*enters*).

GOTTSCHALK. Look here, by heaven! look here, it's she herself.

SCENE VI

KAETHCHEN *with a letter.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Quick, throw her out! I wish no dealings with her!

GOTTSCHALK. What! hear I rightly — ?

KAETHCHEN. Where's the Count vom Strahl?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Quick! throw her out! I wish no dealings with her!

GOTTSCHALK (*taking her by the hand*). But, gracious sir, permit —

KAETHCHEN (*reaching him the letter*). Here, take it, sir.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning suddenly to face her*).
What errand brings you? what's your pleasure here?

KAETHCHEN (*frightened*). I? nothing. God forbid! here, please, a letter —

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I want no letter. Pray, what kind of letter?
Who writes? what message is inside for me?

KAETHCHEN. This letter is —

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I'll hear no word about it!
Be off! deliver it in the hall below.

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord, I beg you, let me tell you —

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*furiously*). The hussy, shameless vagabond, I say,
Quick! throw her out! I wish no dealings with her!
Back to Heilbronn with you, where you belong!

KAETHCHEN. Lord of my life, I'll leave you instantly,
But lower yourself to take from hands of mine
This letter, all important, sir, for you.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. But I don't wish it, don't desire to have it!
Off! instantly! away!

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning*).
My horsewhip here! upon what nail is't hung?
I'll see if I can't get some rest, by heaven!

In my own house, from these loose girls.

(*He takes the whip from the wall.*)

GOTTSCHALK. Oh what,
My gracious lord, are you about to do?
Remembering that the letter's none of hers,
Why, pray, not take it kindly from her hand?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Still, you old ass, I say!

KAETHCHEN (*to Gottschalk*). Hush, let him be.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I'm here in Thurneck, know what I'm about.
I will not take the letter from her hand.
Now will you leave us?

KAETHCHEN (*quickly*). Yes, my honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well then!

GOTTSCHALK (*half aloud to Kaethchen as she trembles*).
Be calm, fear nothing.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Get you gone!
A page is standing in the hall outside.
Give him your note. Go back the way you came.

KAETHCHEN. Good. You will find me most obedient to you.
But hold your whip till Gottschalk hears my story.

(*She turns to Gottschalk.*)

You take the letter.

GOTTSCHALK. Give it here, dear child.
What kind of letter's this? what news is in it?

KAETHCHEN. This letter came from Count vom Stein — you hear me? —
It shows a planned attack this very night
On Thurneck keep, and Lady Kunigunde,
The lovely bride of my high lord, the count.

GOTTSCHALK. Impossible! a plot against the castle?
By Count vom Stein? You got this letter — how?

KAETHCHEN. The note was laid in prior Hatto's hands,
As I and father, late, with God for guide,
Sought one night's rest in his still hermitage.
The prior, he did not understand the contents,
And was returning it to the bearer; then

I seized the letter from his hand, and hurried,
Without an instant's waiting, here to Thurneck,
To tell you all, and hurry you to arms,
For when the hour of midnight strikes, at once
The murderous crime goes into execution.

GOTTSCHALK. How came the prior Hatto by the letter?

KAETHCHEN. I do not know, dear friend, it makes no difference.
The letter, you can see, was meant for someone
Who lives here day by day in Thurneck castle.
How it concerns the prior, no one knows.
But proof the plot is being carried out
I've seen myself, for, in a word, the count
Is marching here already against Thurneck.
I met him on the path while coming here.

GOTTSCHALK. Dear child, you're seeing empty phantoms.

KAETHCHEN. Phantoms!
I tell you No! as true as I am Kaethchen.
The count lies out before your fortress there,
And he who'll mount a horse and look around
Can see the whole wide forest, right and left,
Filled with his troopers.

GOTTSCHALK. Take the letter, sir.
Look to't yourself. I don't know what to think.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*puts the whip away, takes the letter and unfolds it*).
"At twelve o'clock, when the bell strikes, I'll be
In front of Thurneck. Have the gates left open.
Soon as the blaze flames up, I'll march inside.
I aim this plot at none but Kunigunde,
And her betrothed, the Count vom Strahl. Old man,
You'll show me where they room."

GOTTSCHALK. A hellish crime!
The signature?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Three crosses. (*Pause.*) Katherine,
How numerous did you find his troop of soldiers?

KAETHCHEN. From sixty men, my noble lord, to seventy.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Did you see the Count vom Stein himself?

KAETHCHEN. Not him.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Who was it led his following then?

KAETHCHEN. Two knights
Unknown to me, my highly honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. And now you say they lie before the castle?

KAETHCHEN. Yes, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. How far away from here?

KAETHCHEN. Three thousand paces, scattered through the wood.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. To right of the highway?

KAETHCHEN. To left, among the firs,
Where the bridge spans the Sturzbach. (*Pause.*)

GOTTSCHALK. Cruel, unheard of!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*pocketing the letter*).
Call in the lords of Thurneck instantly.
How near upon the hour?

GOTTSCHALK. Half past eleven.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Then not a single moment's left to lose.
(*He puts on his helmet.*)

GOTTSCHALK. I'll go at once, this moment. Come, dear Kaethchen.
Let me refresh your poor exhausted heart.
How great, by God, the thanks we owe to you!
Thus in the night through valley, field, and wood—

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You still have something left to tell me, maiden?

KAETHCHEN. No, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You seem to search? for what?

KAETHCHEN (*putting her hand in her bosom*).
The wrapper, meaning much for you, perhaps.
I think I have — I think it is — (*She looks around.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The wrapper?

KAETHCHEN. No, here (*she finds the envelop and hands it to the Count*).

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Give here. (*He examines the paper.*) Your face is spitting flames.
Put on a scarf this instant, Katherina,

And dare not drink until you've time to cool.
— You have no scarf?

KAETHCHEN. No.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*unfastens his scarf, turns suddenly and throws it on the table*).

Then throw my scarf around you.

(*He takes his gauntlets and draws them on.*)

When you desire to go back home to father,
I will, of course, see to't that you — (*He pauses.*)

KAETHCHEN. Will what?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*espies the whip*).

What means this horse-whip here?

GOTTSCHALK. 'Twas you who took it!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*angrily*).

Have I a pack of dogs here, needing scourging?
(*He throws the whip through the window, so that the glass falls rattling; then turns to Kaethchen.*)
Will give you team and carriage, darling child,
To take you home more safely to Heilbronn.
You wish to go home — when?

KAETHCHEN (*trembling*). Now, honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*patting her cheek*). Not now! one night the inn can give you shelter. (*He weeps.*)

Quit staring, rogue! Go, take the pieces up!
(*Gottschalk picks up the broken glass. The Count takes the scarf from the table and gives it to Kaethchen.*)
There! when you're rested, give it back to me.

KAETHCHEN (*tries to kiss his hand*). My noble lord!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning away from her*). Farewell, farewell, farewell!

(*Uproar and ringing of bells outside.*)

GOTTSCHALK. Almighty God!

KAETHCHEN. What's that? what's happening now?

GOTTSCHALK. Is that the alarm?

KAETHCHEN. Alarm?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Up, lords of Thurneck!
By the Living God, the Rhinegrave's here already!

SCENE VII

Esplanade before the castle. Night. The castle is burning. Alarm. A night-watchman enters and blows his horn.

NIGHT-WATCHMAN. Fire, fire, fire! Wake, you men of Thurneck, you women and children within the walls, awake! Cast off sleep that lies on you like a giant; come to your senses, rise and bestir yourselves! Fire! Crime passed through the gate in stocking-feet. Murder stands with bow and arrow in your midst; and Devastation, to give Murder light, puts her torch to all corners of the castle! Fire! Fire! O that I had lungs of brass and a word that could be cried louder than this: Fire! fire! fire!

SCENE VIII

THE COUNT VOM STRAHL. THE THREE LORDS OF THURNECK. *Attendants. The night-watchman.*

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Heaven and earth! who set the castle on fire? Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK (*outside the scene*). Hello!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. My shield, my lance!

KNIGHTS OF THURNECK. What has happened?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Don't ask, take it as you see it, hasten to the walls, fight and strike about you like wounded boars.

KNIGHTS OF THURNECK. The Rhinegrave is before the gates?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Before the gates, my lords, and sooner than you can shove the bolt, he's in. Treachery inside the castle has opened the gates to him.

KNIGHTS OF THURNECK. The murderous, lawless plot! Away!

(*Out with their followers.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK (*outside*). Hello!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. My sword, my shield, my lance!

SCENE IX

KAETHCHEN *enters*. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

KAETHCHEN (*with sword, shield, and lance*). Here!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*taking the sword and girding it on*). What business have you here?

KAETHCHEN. I'm bringing you your weapons.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It was not you I called.

KAETHCHEN. Gottschalk is gone to the rescue.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why didn't he send the boy? You intrude again?

(*The night-watchman blows his horn anew.*)

SCENE X

KNIGHT FLAMMBERG *with troopers*. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

FLAMMBERG. Hey, blow till your cheeks burst! Fishes and moles know that there's a fire; what need is there of your blasphemous song to announce it to us?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What's there?

FLAMMBERG. Strahlburg troops!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Flammberg?

FLAMMBERG. He himself.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Approach! wait here till we find out where the battle's raging.

SCENE XI

The AUNTS OF THURNECK *enter*. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

FIRST AUNT. God help us!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Peace, peace!

SECOND AUNT. We are lost! They'll kill us!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Where is Lady Kunigunde, your niece?

THE AUNTS. The Lady, our niece?

KUNIGUNDE (*in the castle*). Help! you people! help!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. God in heaven! wasn't that her cry?

(*He gives shield and lance to Kaethchen.*)

FIRST AUNT. She cried for help! — Hasten, hasten!

SECOND AUNT. There she comes out of the portal.

FIRST AUNT. Quick, by all the saints! she reels, she's falling!

SECOND AUNT. Hasten, to support her!

SCENE XII

KUNIGUNDE VON THURNECK. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*seizing her in his arms*). My Kunigunde!

KUNIGUNDE (*feebly*).

The picture that you gave me lately, count,
The picture with the case!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. It's what? it's where?

KUNIGUNDE. In the fire! woe's me! help! save it! it is burning!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Forget that! have you not myself, beloved?

KUNIGUNDE. The picture with the case, Lord Count vom Strahl.

The picture with the case!

KAETHCHEN. (*Comes forward.*) Laid where? where is it?

(*She gives shield and lance to Flammberg.*)

KUNIGUNDE. Inside my desk. Here, precious child, 's the key.

(*Kaethchen starts to go out.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Hark, Kaethchen.

KUNIGUNDE. Hurry!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Hark, my child!

KUNIGUNDE. Away!

Why is it that you hold her back — ?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. My lady,
I'll give you ten such likenesses instead —

KUNIGUNDE (*interrupting him*).

'Tis this I need, no other! Here's no place
To explain to you how much it means to me.
Go, hurry, girl, bring me the case and picture,
And I'll reward you for it with a diamond.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well, get it then! it serves her folly right!
What business had she here?
KAETHCHEN. The chamber — right?
KUNIGUNDE. Left, dear, a stair, there where the balcony,
See, marks the entry.
KAETHCHEN. In the middle chamber?
KUNIGUNDE. Yes, there! You'll find it! run, the danger's pressing!
KAETHCHEN. On, on! God helping me, I'll bring it for you!
(*Goes out.*)

SCENE XIII

THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS *without* KAETHCHEN.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You people, here's a purse of gold for him
Who follows her inside there!
KUNIGUNDE. Why? for what?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Veit Schmidt, Hans, you, Karl Boetiger! Fritz Toepfer!
Is no one here?
KUNIGUNDE. What thought has hit you now?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. My lady, verily, I must confess —
KUNIGUNDE. What wondrous zeal is this that glows in you?
What sort of child is this?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. It is the maiden
Who showed such zeal to-day in serving us.
KUNIGUNDE. By heaven, and if it were the Kaiser's daughter,
What is't you fear? The house, though burning now,
Stands on its timbers firmly as a rock.
No instant death awaits her on this journey.
The stairway still remained untouched by fire;
The only danger she can meet is smoke.
KAETHCHEN (*appearing at a burning window*).
My lady, help! the smoke is choking me!
The key is not the right one.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to Kunigunde*). Death and devils!
Why didn't you guide your hand with greater care?

KUNIGUNDE. Not the right key?
KAETHCHEN (*in a weak voice*). God help me! help me, God!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Come down, my child!
KUNIGUNDE. Stay! stay!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Come down, I say!
Without a key you're useless there! Come down!
KUNIGUNDE. Just wait a moment!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why, in the devil's name?
KUNIGUNDE. The key, now I remember, dearest child,
Is hanging on the pin which holds the mirror
That's fitted in above my toilet-table.
KAETHCHEN. The mirror's pin?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. By God of earth, I wish
The man had never lived who painted me,
And he who made me never breathed besides!
Then search!
KUNIGUNDE. Dear child, you hear. The toilet-table.
KAETHCHEN (*leaving the window*). Where is the table? all is full of smoke.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Search!
KUNIGUNDE. Right, against the wall.
KAETHCHEN (*invisible*). Right?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Search, I tell you!
Damned be this dog's fidelity for service!
KAETHCHEN (*weakly*). God help me! help me, God!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I tell you, search!
FLAMMBERG. She'd best make haste; the house will soon collapse!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Bring me a ladder here!
KUNIGUNDE. Why, my beloved?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Bring me a ladder here! I'm going up.
KUNIGUNDE. My dearest friend, you mean yourself —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I beg you,
Make room for me! I'll get the picture for you.
KUNIGUNDE. Wait here one moment more, I beg of you!
She'll bring it soon.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. I tell you, let me go.

Mirror and pin and toilet-table too
I know, she doesn't; I can find it out,
The face on canvas drawn with oil and crayon;
I'll bring you that to suit your heart's desire.
(*Four attendants bring a fire-ladder.*)
Here! set the ladder up!

FIRST SERVANT (*in the foreground, looking around*). Hello, behind there!

ANOTHER (*to the Count*). Where?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Where that open window is.

SERVANTS (*raising ladder*). Oho!

FIRST SERVANT (*in foreground*).
Deuce! stay back, you behind! what are you doing?
The ladder is too long.

OTHERS (*behind*). Then smash the window.
Thrust in the cross-bar with the ladder! There!

FLAMMBERG (*who has been helping*).
There stands your ladder firm and doesn't stir.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*throwing aside his sword*). Now then!

KUNIGUNDE. Hear me, one moment, my beloved!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I'll be back here before you miss me.
(*He places his foot on the first rung.*)

FLAMMBERG (*crying out*). Stop!
Great God!

KUNIGUNDE (*frightened hurries away from the ladder*).
What now?

SERVANT. The house collapses! back!

ALL. Saviour of Earth! it lies in dust and ruins!

(*The house collapses. The Count turns away and puts both his hands to his forehead. The crowd surges back and also turns its face from the ruins. — Pause.*)

SCENE XIV

KAETHCHEN *with a paper roll in her hand enters swiftly through a great portal that has remained standing; behind her a cherub in the shape of a youth, flooded with light, blonde-haired, with pinions on his shoulders and a palm-branch in his hand.* KAETHCHEN, *as soon as she is through the portal, turns and prostrates herself before him.*

KAETHCHEN. Guard me, ye heavenly hosts! what fate comes now?

(*The cherub touches her head with the tip of the palm-branch and vanishes. Pause.*)

SCENE XV

THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS *without the cherub.*

KUNIGUNDE (*the first one to look around*).
Well, by the living God, I thought, I dreamed!
My friend, look here!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*crushed*). Flammberg!

(*He leans against Flammberg's shoulder.*)

KUNIGUNDE. My aunts, my cousins!
Lord Count, but hear me speak!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*thrusting her away*). Go, go! I beg you.

KUNIGUNDE. You fools, are you transformed to salty pillars?
All's ended well.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with averted face*). All comfortless for me!
Leave me alone! Earth holds no more that's lovely.

FLAMMBERG (*to the servants*). Quick, brothers, quick!

A SERVANT. Bring spades and hatchets here!

ANOTHER. Dig out the wreckage; see if yet she lives!

KUNIGUNDE (*sharply*). These aged, bearded idiots! the girl
That they believe consumed to ashes, lies
Upon the ground before them fresh and well,
Holding her apron to her mouth and giggling.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning*). Where?

KUNIGUNDE. Here!
FLAMMBERG. No, speak! it is impossible!
THE AUNTS. The girl, you say — ?
ALL. Look! heavens! there she lies.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*going to her and staring at her*).
God with his legions hovers over you!
(*He raises her from the ground.*)
Whence came you here?
KAETHCHEN. Don't know, my noble lord.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Here stood a house, I think, and you were in it.
Was it not so?
FLAMMBERG. Where were you when it fell?
KAETHCHEN. Don't know, you gentlemen, what happened to me.
(*Pause.*)
COUNT VOM STRAHL. And you've the picture here besides.
(*He takes the roll from her hand.*)
KUNIGUNDE (*seizing upon it*). Where?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Here.
(*Kunigunde turns pale.*)
Is't not the picture? Surely!
THE AUNTS. Marvelous!
FLAMMBERG. Who gave it to you? say!
KUNIGUNDE (*smiting her a blow on the cheek with the roll*).
You stupid sloven!
Did I not give you orders, bring the case?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well, by just God, I'm bound to say that this — !
You want the case?
KUNIGUNDE. Yes, that and nothing else.
You had inscribed your name there. I impressed
Upon her mind how priceless 'twas to me.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. In truth if that is all —
KUNIGUNDE. What? think you so?
But that's for me to say, and not for you.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. My lady, your devotion makes me dumb.

KUNIGUNDE (*to Kaethchen*).
Why did you take it out, out of the case?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why did you take it out, my child?
KAETHCHEN. The picture?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes, yes.
KAETHCHEN. I did not take it out, my lord.
The picture half unrolled lay near the case,
Well back inside the desk which I unlocked.
KUNIGUNDE. Begone, you monkey's face!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. But Kunigunde! —
KAETHCHEN. Should I have stopped and put the picture back,
Inside the case?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. No, no, my dearest Kaethchen!
My praise is yours, you did exactly right.
How could you know what worth the pasteboard had?
KUNIGUNDE. A devil steered her hand!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Don't be alarmed.
The lady's not so angry really. Go.
KAETHCHEN. If only you'll not beat me, noble lord!
(*She goes to Flammberg and mixes with the servants in the background.*)

SCENE XVI

THE LORDS OF THURNECK. THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

KNIGHTS OF THURNECK. Victory, lords! the assault is beaten back!
The Rhinegrave's marching home with bloody poll!
FLAMMBERG. What, has he gone?
THE PEOPLE. Hurrah!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. To horse, to horse!
Let's reach the stream without a moment's loss,
The Sturzbach, so we'll cut off all their troops!
(*All go out.*)

ACT IV

SCENE I

A mountain region with waterfalls and a bridge. THE RHINEGRAVE VOM STEIN *on horseback with a troop of infantry crosses the bridge. They are followed by the* COUNT VOM STRAHL *on horseback. Immediately behind him* KNIGHT FLAMMBERG *with men-at-arms and troopers on foot. Finally* GOTTSCHALK, *also on horseback, beside him* KAETHCHEN.

RHINEGRAVE (*to his troops*). Cross the bridge, men, cross the bridge! This Wetter vom Strahl crackles behind us, as though borne on the wings of a storm. We must destroy the bridge or we are all lost.

(*He rides over the bridge.*)

VASSALS OF THE RHINEGRAVE (*following him*). Tear down the bridge!

(*They destroy the bridge.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*appearing on the scene, wheeling his horse*).

Away with you! Leave that footplank where it is!

VASSALS OF THE RHINEGRAVE (*shooting at him with arrows*). Hey there! Take these arrows for your answer.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*turning his horse*). Assassins. — Ho, there, Flammberg!

KAETHCHEN (*holding a roll above her head*). My noble lord!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to Flammberg*). Bring up the archers!

RHINEGRAVE (*calling across the river*). Farewell for now, Lord Count! If you can swim, then swim; we'll be awaiting you at Steinburg, on this side of the brook.

(*He goes off with his troops.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Many thanks, gentlemen! If the river will bear us up, we'll pay you a visit soon. (*He rides through the water.*)

ONE OF HIS MEN. Stop! the devil! look out for yourself!

KAETHCHEN (*remaining behind on the bank*). Lord Count vom Strahl!

ANOTHER MAN-AT-ARMS. Bring beams and boards here!

FLAMMBERG. What! are you a Jew?

ALL. Plunge through, plunge through! (*They follow the Count.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Follow me, follow me! It is a trout-brook, neither wide nor deep. That's it, that's it!
Let's put the whole rabble to the sword. (*He goes off with his troops.*)

KAETHCHEN. Lord Count vom Strahl! Lord Count vom Strahl!

GOTTSCHALK (*wheeling his horse round*). Well, why cry and shout? What business have you here in this confusion? Why follow us?

KAETHCHEN (*holding on to a tree*). Heavens!

GOTTSCHALK (*dismounting*). Come, tuck up your dress and jump on. I will take the horse by the bridle and lead you through.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*behind the scene*). Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK. Coming, gracious lord, right away! What are your orders?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Bring me my lance.

GOTTSCHALK (*helping Kaethchen into the stirrup*). I'll bring it in a moment.

KAETHCHEN. The horse is skittish.

GOTTSCHALK (*seizing the bridle*). Stand, you brute. — Take off your shoes and stockings then!

KAETHCHEN (*sitting down on a stone*). As quick as I can.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*outside*). Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK. Coming! Coming! I'm bringing the lance. — What's that you have there in your hand?

KAETHCHEN (*taking off her stockings*). The case, dear friend, that yesterday — well!

GOTTSCHALK. What! the one left in the burning castle?

KAETHCHEN. Certainly! The very one that brought that scolding on me. Early this morning I made a search for it among the ruins, and by God's help — well, there! (*She draws off a stocking.*)

GOTTSCHALK. Hey, what the devil! (*He takes it out of her hand.*) Quite intact, by my faith, as if it were of stone. And what's in it?

KAETHCHEN. I don't know.

GOTTSCHALK (*taking out a sheet of paper*). "Deed relating to the presentation of Staufen by Frederick, Count vom Strahl"— Ah, damn it!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*outside*). Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK. Coming, gracious sir, coming!

KAETHCHEN (*rising*). Now I'm ready.

GOTTSCHALK. Well, the count must see that! (*He returns her the case.*) Come, give me your hand and follow me! (*He leads her and the horse into the water.*)

KAETHCHEN (*at the first step into the water*). Ah!

GOTTSCHALK. You'll have to tuck up your dress a bit.

KAETHCHEN. No, by my soul, I won't! (*She stands still.*)

GOTTSCHALK. Just to your knees, Kaethchen.

KAETHCHEN. No, I'd rather look for a foot-bridge. (*She turns around.*)

GOTTSCHALK (*holding her*). Just to the ankle, child. Just to the very lowest portion of the sole.

KAETHCHEN. No, no, no, no; I'll meet you in a moment. (*She frees herself and runs away.*)

GOTTSCHALK (*turning back out of the brook, and calling after her*). Kaethchen, Kaethchen! I will turn my head away; I'll put my hands over my eyes. Kaethchen! there isn't any foot-bridge for a mile around! Well then, I wish her girdle would part. There she runs along the bank toward the river's source, the steep white peaks of the mountains. By my soul, if no ferryman takes pity on her, she'll get lost!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*outside*). Gottschalk! Heavens and earth! Gottschalk!

GOTTSCHALK. Shout on! — Here, gracious lord; I'm coming right away. (*Sulkily he leads his horse through the stream and disappears.*)

SCENE II

Castle Wetterstrahl. A spot thickly grown with trees near the outer, crumbled wall of the fortress. In the foreground an elderbush which forms a sort of natural arbor. Under this a seat built of rough stones

and covered with a straw-matting. A little shirt, a pair of stockings, etc., are hanging on the branches of the elder to dry. KAETHCHEN *is lying asleep.* THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *enters.*

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*thrusting the picture-case into his bosom*). Gottschalk, who brought me this case, told me that Kaethchen was here again. Kunigunde, now that her castle has burned down, has just driven in through the gates of mine. Then he came and said that again the girl was lying under the elderbush asleep, and begged with streaming eyes that I would let him prepare a place for her in the stables. I answered that till her old father Theobald came for her here I would provide lodgings for her at the inn. In the meanwhile I have stolen down here in order to reach some kind of an understanding with her. I cannot look upon this misery any longer. Here is this girl, destined to make happy the finest burgher in Swabia, and I want to know why I am accursed to drag her around with me like a strumpet. I want to know why she keeps tagging after me like a dog, through fire and water, after me unfortunate, whose sole claim to importance is a coat of arms on his shield. It is more than a case of two hearts beating in sympathy; some way her mood is kindled by hell, a delusion which carries on its sport within her bosom. As often as I have asked her: Kaethchen, why were you so frightened when you first saw me in Heilbronn? she has always looked at me confusedly and then replied: Why, worshipful lord, you know, I'm sure. — There she is! — Truly, as I see her lying there, with cheeks so red and folded hands, the whole sense of woman's charm comes over me and makes me weep. I will die on the spot if she has not forgiven me for taking down the whip — what's more — if she did not fall asleep in prayer for me, who had abused her. — But quick, before Gottschalk comes and disturbs me. Three different times he has told me: firstly, that she slept as soundly as a marmot; secondly, that she dreamt as vividly as a hunting dog; and thirdly, that she talked in her sleep. It is on these phenomena that I will base my experiment. — If I commit a sin, may God forgive it. (*He kneels down beside her and puts his arms gently about her. She moves as though she were on the point of awaking, but immediately lies motionless again.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What, sleeping, Kaethchen?

KAETHCHEN. No, my honored lord. (*Pause.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yet all the same you have your eyelids closed.

KAETHCHEN. My eyelids?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes, and firmly, so it seems.

KAETHCHEN. You're joking!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What? your eyes are open? No?

KAETHCHEN. Wide open, wide as I can make them, lord.
I see you surely, there, astride your horse.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Indeed! astride the chestnut?

KAETHCHEN. No! the gray. (*Pause.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Where are you then, my darling child? say on.

KAETHCHEN. I am lying on a beautiful green meadow,
Where all is rainbow-hued and full of flowers.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Just see the camomiles, forget-me-nots!

KAETHCHEN. And here a whole big clump of violets. See!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. I'll leave my horse, and sit on the grass beside you
A moment, Kaethchen, shall I?

KAETHCHEN. Do, great lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*pretending to call*). Gottschalk! where shall I leave my horse? Come, Gottschalk!

KAETHCHEN. Oh, let her stand. She'll not run off and leave you.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*smiling*). You think so? — Well, so be it!

(*Pause. He rattles his armor.*)

Dearest Kaethchen.

(*He takes her hand.*)

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You're my good friend, I know.

KAETHCHEN. Yes, from my heart.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. But I, — what think you, Kaethchen?
Not yours?

KAETHCHEN (*smiling*). You rogue!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What, rogue? I hope —

KAETHCHEN. You're joking!
No love-lorn beetle loves as you do me.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Beetle! what! I believe you are —
KAETHCHEN. What say you?
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with a sigh*).
Her faith is grounded firm as any tower.
So be it! I yield the point. — However, Kaethchen,
If things are as you say —
KAETHCHEN. Well, what's your pleasure?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. What, say, shall come of this?
KAETHCHEN. What come of this?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes, have you thought of that?
KAETHCHEN. Of course.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Explain.
KAETHCHEN. Next year at Easter you shall call me yours.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*repressing his laughter*).
What! call you mine! that, true, I didn't know.
Kaethchen, my dear, listen! who told you that?
KAETHCHEN. It was my Mariana told me that.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Ah! Mariana! Well, and who is she?
KAETHCHEN. The servant-girl who used to sweep our house.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. And she, she knew the fact in turn from whom?
KAETHCHEN. She saw it in lead, that she on New Year's Eve
Poured secretly with magic rites for me?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. What's this you tell me? Then she prophesied — ?
KAETHCHEN. A tall and handsome knight would call me his.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. And so you instantly conclude I'm he.
KAETHCHEN. Yes, my much honored lord. (*Pause.*)
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*moved*). Child, I must tell you
I think it is another; good knight Flammberg,
— Or someone else like that. — Don't you agree?
KAETHCHEN. No, no!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not he?
KAETHCHEN. No, no!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Why not? speak on.

KAETHCHEN. As I was going to bed on New Year's Eve,
When she had poured the lead, I prayed to God,
If that were true which Mariana said,
That God would show this knight to me in dreams.
And then at midnight you appeared, yes, you,
In living form, as now I see you here,
With loving language greeting me as bride.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You say that I — this all is new to me.
When was it, say you, that —

KAETHCHEN. On New Year's Eve —
Two years ago, when New Year's comes again.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Where? In Strahl castle?

KAETHCHEN. No, 'twas at Heilbronn,
The little chamber where my bed still stands.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Dear child, what aimless talk is this? I lay,
And sick to death, within my castle at Strahl.

(*Pause. She sighs, moves, and murmurs something.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What say you?

KAETHCHEN. Who?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You.

KAETHCHEN. I? I didn't speak. (*Pause.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to himself*). By heaven, this is strange! On New Year's Eve —

(*He falls into a brown study.*)

Tell me some more regarding this, my Kaethchen,
Came I alone?

KAETHCHEN. Oh no, my honored lord.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not so? who with me?

KAETHCHEN. Ah, you're joking!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Speak!

KAETHCHEN. Don't you remember that?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. No, on my life.

KAETHCHEN. My noble lord, a cherub came with you,
With wings as white as snow on either shoulder,
And light —! oh Lord! a sparkling, gleaming light —
'Twas he that led you by the hand to me.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*staring at her*). So truly as I hope for heaven, I think
You're right in this.
KAETHCHEN. Oh yes, my honored lord.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*in a strained voice*).
You lay there pillowed on a haircloth cushion,
The sheet was white, the woolen blanket red.
KAETHCHEN. That's right! just so.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. In your thin nightgown only.
KAETHCHEN. My nightgown? No.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Not so?
KAETHCHEN. In my thin nightgown?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You called out Mariana!
KAETHCHEN. Yes, Mariana.
Come quick, you girls, come right to me, Christina!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You looked at me with great black eyes?
KAETHCHEN. Yes, since I thought it was a dream.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Rose slowly,
With all your limbs a-tremble, from the bed,
And sank before my feet — ?
KAETHCHEN. And whispered you —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. And whispered me, My highly honored lord.
KAETHCHEN (*smiling*). Now, don't you see? The angel showed to you —
COUNT VOM STRAHL. The birth-mark — guard me, heavenly powers! — you have it?
KAETHCHEN. Yes, surely.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*pulling away her kerchief*).
Where? upon your neck.
KAETHCHEN (*moves*). Please, please!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Oh you eternal powers! —and then as I
Raised up your chin to look into your face?
KAETHCHEN. Yes, then came that superfluous Mariana,
Who brought a light — and everything was gone.
Just in my nightgown on the floor I lay,
With Mariana making fun of me.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Ye gods, be my protectors! I am double!
A spirit I, and wandering through the night!

(*He leaves her and jumps up.*)

KAETHCHEN (*awaking*). Lord of my life! great heaven, what's happening to me!

(*She rises and gazes around*).

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What seemed a dream to me was naked truth.
With feverish nerves within my castle at Strahl
I lay, it seemed, a dying man. And yet,
By one of heaven's cherubs led, my soul
Visited her in her Heilbronn abode.

KAETHCHEN. Heavens! the Count!

(*She puts on her hat and arranges her kerchief.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. What course of action now? (*Pause.*)

KAETHCHEN (*falling on her knees before him*).
My noble lord, I lie before your feet,
And wait what you ordain. You found me here
Beside your castle wall, despite your order.
I swear 'twas only for a moment's rest,
And I'll resume my journey instantly.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Woe's me! my soul, blind with miraculous light,
Reels where delirium's cruel chasm yawns!
For how shall I interpret that announcement,
Which through mine ear yet echoes silvery, saying
That she's the daughter of my emperor?

GOTTSCHALK (*outside*). Kaethchen! Ho there, my girl!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Get up at once!
Come, straighten out your kerchief! how you look!

SCENE III

GOTTSCHALK *enters.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. You come most timely, Gottschalk. You were asking,
Could this young lady lodge among my horses?

For many reasons, that's unfit. This maiden
Goes to the castle, goes to join my mother.

GOTTSCHALK. How? what? where? yonder to the castle?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Yes,
And instantly. Take up her things and parcel,
And follow her along the castle path.

GOTTSCHALK. By heaven's lightning, Kaethchen! did you hear?

KAETHCHEN (*with a charming curtsy*).
I take your offer, highly honored lord,
Till I have time to find my father.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Good!
I'll ask and learn his whereabouts at once.

(*Gottschalk ties up Kaethchen's things; she assists.*)

Well, have you finished?

(*He picks up a kerchief from the ground, and hands it to her.*)

KAETHCHEN (*blushing*). What! you wait on me?

(*Gottschalk takes her bundle in his hand.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Give me your hand.

KAETHCHEN. My highly honored lord!

(*He assists her over the fallen wall; when she is over he lets her precede, while he follows. All go off.*)

SCENE IV

A garden. In the background a grotto in gothic style. KUNIGUNDE, *enveloped from head to foot in a flame-colored wrap, enters accompanied by* ROSALIE.

KUNIGUNDE. Where did the Count vom Strahl go riding?

ROSALIE. My lady, his going is a mystery to the whole castle. Three imperial emissaries came late in the night and awakened him. He closeted himself with them, and to-day at sunrise he leaps on his horse and vanishes.

KUNIGUNDE. Unlock the grotto for me.

ROSALIE. It is open.

KUNIGUNDE. Knight Flammberg, I hear, is paying court to you. At noon when I have bathed and dressed, I shall ask you what his attentions signify.

(*She goes into the grotto.*)

SCENE V

LADY ELEONORA *enters.* ROSALIE.

ELEONORA. Good morning, Rosalie.

ROSALIE. Good morning, my lady. — What brings you here so early?

ELEONORA. Because the day's so warm, I'm going to bathe in this grotto with Kaethchen, the charming little guest whom the Count has brought to the castle.

ROSALIE. Pardon me! Lady Kunigunde is in the grotto.

ELEONORA. Lady Kunigunde? — who gave you the key?

ROSALIE. The key? the grotto was open.

ELEONORA. Didn't you find Kaethchen inside?

ROSALIE. No, my lady, not a soul.

ELEONORA. Ah, as truly as I live, Kaethchen is in there.

ROSALIE. In the grotto? impossible!

ELEONORA. Surely! in one of the little side chambers which are dark and hidden. She preceded me; I told her, as we came to the entrance, that I would fetch a towel from the Countess to dry us. Oh Lord of my life! there she comes!

SCENE VI

KAETHCHEN *coming out of the grotto.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

ROSALIE (*to herself*). Heaven! what do I see there?

KAETHCHEN (*trembling*). Eleonora!

ELEONORA. Ha, Kaethchen, have you had your bath already?
See how our little lady gleams and sparkles,
Just like a swan, with swelling bosom rising
From azure waves that crown the crystal lake. —
Have you refreshed those youthful limbs of yours?

KAETHCHEN. Eleonora, come away.

ELEONORA. What ails you?

ROSALIE (*deathly pale*). Where did you come from? From that grotto there?
You hid yourself among the passages?

KAETHCHEN. Eleonora, I implore you!
KUNIGUNDE (*from within the grotto*). Rosalie?
ROSALIE. Coming, my lady! (*to Kaethchen.*) Did you see her?
ELEONORA. What's this? Speak! why so pale?
KAETHCHEN (*sinking in her arms*). Eleonora!
ELEONORA. Help! God in heaven! Kaethchen, child, what ails you?
KUNIGUNDE (*in the grotto*). Rosalie!
ROSALIE (*to Kaethchen*). Now, by heaven! it were better
You tore your eyes out of their sockets, girl,
Than let them trust your tongue with what they've seen.
(*She goes into the grotto.*)

SCENE VII

KAETHCHEN *and* ELEONORA

ELEONORA. Child, what has happened? why did Rosalie scold you?
What makes you tremble so in all your limbs?
Had Death encountered you in yonder house
With scythe and hour-glass, terror could not seize
Your breast more savagely.
KAETHCHEN. I want to tell you —
(*She is unable to speak.*)
ELEONORA. Well, tell me all, I'm listening.
KAETHCHEN. Promise first
You'll not reveal this to a soul, Leonora.
ELEONORA. No, not to any one; rely on that.
KAETHCHEN. Look you, I'd stolen through the secret doors
Into the small side grot; too bright for me
Was the great, splendid central dome. And now,
After my bath revived me, jestingly
I stepped to that great central room. Imagine
It was yourself went stealing swiftly there.
And just then stepping down the basin's edge
My eye beheld —

ELEONORA. Well, what? whom? speak!
KAETHCHEN. What say I?
You must this moment to the Count, Leonora,
And make him know the whole heart-rending truth.
ELEONORA. My child, if only I could know what 'tis.
KAETHCHEN. But never tell him, no, for heaven's sake,
It comes from me. Do you hear me? I would sooner
This horror never were revealed to him.
ELEONORA. What riddles are you speaking, Kaethchen dear?
What horror was it? What is this you've seen?
KAETHCHEN. I feel that it is better, Leonora,
The word should never cross my lips. Through me,
Through me he never must be undeceived.
ELEONORA. Why not? what reason, pray, to hide from him — ?
If you but told —
KAETHCHEN (*turning*). Hark!
ELEONORA. Well, what now?
KAETHCHEN. They're coming!
ELEONORA. It's no one but the lady and Rosalie.
KAETHCHEN. Out! quick! away!
ELEONORA. Why?
KAETHCHEN. Fly, mad woman!
ELEONORA. Where?
KAETHCHEN. Away from here, out of this garden I'll —
ELEONORA. Have you your senses?
KAETHCHEN. Dearest Leonora,
I'm lost forever if she finds me here!
I'll fly for refuge to the countess' arms!
(*They go out.*)

SCENE VIII

KUNIGUNDE *and* ROSALIE *coming out of the grotto.*

KUNIGUNDE (*giving Rosalie a key*).
Here, take it — in the drawer below my mirror,
The powder in the black box on the right,
Shake it in wine, or milk or water. Say,

Come here, my Kaethchen. — Or, if so you'd rather,
Hold fast the child, perhaps, between your knees.
Revenge, death, poison! do it how you will,
But see to it for me, she sucks it down.

ROSALIE. Hear me, my lady —

KUNIGUNDE. Poison, pest, decay!
Don't talk to me, but make her dumb!
When she is poisoned, dead, her coffin nailed,
Interred, decayed, dispersed, like myrtle-stems,
Whispering in wind of what but now she saw, —
Then come and speak of gentleness and pardon,
Duty, and law and God and hell and devil,
Repentance and remorse's gnawing tooth.

ROSALIE. She's told already; this will do no good.

KUNIGUNDE. Night, ashes, poison, chaos's confusion!
That powder has power to eat the castle through,
Devouring cats and dogs! — Do as I said!
She rivaled me in secret for his heart,
As well I saw, and I — I'll die the death,
Unless that monkey-face roused love in him.
Away into the fog with her! the world
No more has room enough for her and me!

(They go off.)

ACT V

SCENE I

An open square before the imperial castle. At the side a throne. In the background the bar of the Holy Ordeal. THE KAISER *on the throne. At his side the* ARCHBISHOP OF WORMS, COUNT VON DER FLUEHE, *and several other knights, lords, and gentlemen-at-arms.* THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *in a light helmet and suit of mail and* THEOBALD *from head to foot in complete armor, both facing the throne.*

THE KAISER. Count Wetterstrahl, you have, while on a journey
That through Heilbronn led you three months ago,
Won victory in a foolish woman's bosom.

The wanton lately left her aged father;
You should have sent her home; instead you hid her
Within a wing of your ancestral castle.
Now, trying to extenuate such a crime,
You scatter rumors laughable and godless:
A cherub, so you say, in night appearing,
Told you in trust that she now living with you,
This girl, was child of my imperial loins.
Prophetic greetings so absurd, of course,
Win only our contempt. For all I care,
Go, set the crown yourself upon her head.
Be sure she heirs no inch of Swabian soil,
Nor let her dare come near my court at Worms.
But here there stands a man with sorrow bowed;
You, not contented with his daughter's ruin,
Would call her mother too a paramour.
Yet he through years of marriage found her true,
And thought himself this child's unhappy father.
Therefore, in answer to his grave complaints,
We called you here before our throne, to prove
The shame with which your tongue defames her grave.
Up! make you ready, friend of heaven's hosts,
For there you stand prepared in single fight
To prove their prophecy with words of steel!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*with a flush of anger*).

My lord imperial, here I lift an arm
Of power abounding, marrowy, armed in steel,
And fit in fight to meet the very fiend.
If once I land on yonder hoary head
I'll smash it flat as any cheese that lies,
Soft, half-decayed, on some Swiss herdsman's board.
Out of your grace and goodness give me leave
To explain to you a story much confused,
And crazy too. The common herd have framed it
From two events, — true seldom seen together —
Like the two fragments of a ring that fit,
And with officious shrewdness joined the two.

I beg you, in your royal wisdom, think
Of all which happened that past New Year's Eve
But as a feverish vision; and as little
As it would trouble me, if you should dream
I was a Jew, so little should you care
That I in madness called this burgher's daughter
Child of my highly honored emperor.

ARCHBISHOP. My prince and lord, in truth this declaration
Should pacify the accuser's manly heart.
To secret knowledge touching this man's wife
He makes no claim, Just see! What recently
In secret dialogue with Mariana
He prattled of, he has but now retracted.
Blame not the man whose sense a moment whirls
For that miraculous way the world is made.
He gave me, Theobald, scarce an hour ago,
His hand in pledge, that when you came to Strahl,
Within his castle he would give you Kaethchen.
Go hence, be comforted, and fetch your daughter,
You aged man, and let the matter rest.

THEOBALD. Curs'd hypocrite, how do you dare deny
That your whole soul is penetrated through
From scalp to shoe-sole, with the firm belief
That she's the daughter of the Kaiser's sin?
Have you not searched the parish records through
To find her day of birth? have you not reckoned
Just where the hour of her conception falls?
And not dug out with your accursed wits
That his exalted majesty, the Kaiser,
Through Heilbronn journeyed sixteen springs ago?
Presumptuous villain that you are, and sprung
From some god's kiss upon a fury's mouth;
A parricidal spirit, girt with light,
Who tries to tumble down each granite pillar
In Nature's primal temple! Son of Hell,
Whom my good sword shall now unmask, or, turning,
Hurl my own self into the night of the grave!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Well, poisonous soul, whom God himself
condemn,
My persecutor, though I harmed you never,
And rather now deserved your sympathy,
So be it, murderous brawler, as you wish.
A cherub armed in glory, who appeared
To me at night, as I lay near to death, —
Why now deny it longer — told to me,
In trust, the knowledge drawn from heaven's wells.
Here stand I under God's high countenance,
And in your ear I hurl the charge I make:
Kaethchen of Heilbronn, whom you call your child,
Is child of my great Kaiser there. Come on!
Convince me that the opposite is true.

THE KAISER. Blow, trumpeter, and sound the slanderer's death!
(*Blare of trumpets.*)

THEOBALD (*drawing*).
And were my sword turned to the merest rush,
And fitted with a handle loose and fragile
Of yellow wax, I'd cleave you none the less
From head to foot, like any poisonous mushroom
That sprouts upon the heath, to testify
Before the world, you murderous soul, you lie.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*unbuckling his sword and handing it to one of the by-standers*).
And were my helmet and the brow beneath it
Transparent, thin as knife-blade, breakable,
The hollow egg-shell of an empty egg,
Yet would your saber, spraying sparks, rebound,
And cast its fragments into every corner,
As if your blow encountered adamant,
To tell the world that I have spoken truth!
Strike! let me see whose cause is righteous now!
(*He takes off his helmet and steps directly in front of Theobald.*)

THEOBALD (*shrinking back*). Put on your helmet!
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Strike!
THEOBALD. Put on your helmet!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*dashing him to the ground*).
Just the bare lightning of my eye-lash lames you?
(*He wrenches the sword from Theobald's hand, stands over him, and plants a foot on his breast.*)
What hinders me, in wrath of righteous triumph,
From driving my foot into your brain? But live!
(*He throws the sword in front of the Kaiser's throne.*)
May Time, the ancient sphinx, disclose this riddle;
But Kaethchen none the less is, as I said,
The daughter of my lofty emperor!
THE PEOPLE (*confused shouts*).
Heavens! Count Wetterstrahl has won the fight!
THE KAISER (*rising, very pale*). Gentlemen, leave me!
ARCHBISHOP. Whither?
A KNIGHT (*from his train*). What has happened?
COUNT OTTO. Almighty God! what ails his majesty?
Follow, my lords! it seems he is not well.
(*All go off.*)

SCENE II

The same. A room in the imperial castle.

THE KAISER (*turning just as he passes through the door*). Away! no one shall follow me! Admit the Burggrave von Freiburg and the Knight von Waldstaedten; they are the only men with whom I wish to speak. (*He slams the door to.*) The angel of God who assured the Count vom Strahl that Kaethchen is my daughter — by my imperial honor, I believe he is right. The girl, as I hear, is fifteen years old; and sixteen years ago — minus three months, to count exactly — I celebrated the great tournament at Heilbronn in honor of my sister, the Palatine's wife. It was somewhere around eleven o'clock at night. Wearied with the dance, I walked out through the castle gate hoping to find some recreation in the garden that abutted on the castle, by moving incognito among the people gathered there. Jupiter was just rising in the east with sparkling light; and a star mild and powerful as he shed his rays, as I no longer doubt, on her conception.

Gertrude, as far as I can remember, was the name of the woman who bore me company in a little frequented part of the garden, by the glimmer of dying lamps, while the music, wafted from the distant dance, whispered around us in the fragrance of the linden trees. And Kaethchen's mother was called Gertrude! I remember that, as she wept bitterly, I unclasped a medallion bearing an image of Pope Leo from my breast, and put it in her bodice as a memento of me, whom she did not even know. And such a medallion, as I have just learned, Kaethchen of Heilbronn possesses. Oh heaven! the world is out of joint! If the Count vom Strahl, this confidant of the elect, can shake himself loose from the mistress to whom he is bound, then I will make this annunciation come true, compel Theobald, under some pretext or other, to entrust the child to me, and have her marry him. I'll not risk letting the cherub for the second time descend to earth, and reveal the whole secret that I here entrust to these four walls.

(*He goes out.*)

SCENE III

BURGGRAVE VON FREIBURG *and* GEORGE VON WALDSTAEDTEN *enter, followed by* KNIGHT FLAMMBERG.

FLAMMBERG (*astonished.*) Lord Burggrave von Freiburg! is that you, or is it your ghost? Oh, don't be in a hurry, I implore you —!

FREIBURG (*turning*). What do you want?

GEORGE. Whom are you looking for?

FLAMMBERG. For my unfortunate master, the Count vom Strahl! Lady Kunigunde, his betrothed — oh! that we had never won her from you! — She has tried to bribe the cook to poison Kaethchen —, poison, my worshipful lords, and verily for the most repulsive, incomprehensible, enigmatic reasons, because the child caught a glimpse of her in the bath.

FREIBURG. And you don't comprehend?

FLAMMBERG. No.

FREIBURG. Then I'll tell you. She is a piece of mosaic, put together from all the three kingdoms of nature. Her teeth belong to a girl in Munich, her hair was ordered from France, the

healthy glow of her cheeks comes from the mines of Hungary, and the graceful figure which you admire in her she owes to a shirt that a smith made for her out of Swedish steel. Do you understand?

FLAMMBERG. What!

FREIBURG. My regards to your master. (*He goes out.*)

GEORGE. Mine too! The count is on his way back to Strahlburg. Tell him if he will take the master-key and surprise her in the morning when her charms are lying about on the chairs, then he can become his own statue and have himself placed by the coal-burners' hut to immortalize his heroic deed. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE IV

Castle Wetterstrahl. Kunigunde's chamber. ROSALIE *busy at the toilet-table.* KUNIGUNDE *enters without rouge, just as she has come from her bed. Soon after the* COUNT VOM STRAHL.

KUNIGUNDE (*sitting down by the toilet-table*).
Is the door fastened, Rosalie?

ROSALIE. Firmly locked.

KUNIGUNDE. Locked! what are locks? I want to know it's bolted.

Both locked and bolted every single time.

(*Rosalie goes to bolt the door; the Count comes to meet her.*)

ROSALIE (*frightened*). Great heaven! how did you get in, Lord Count?

My lady!

KUNIGUNDE (*looking around*). Who?

ROSALIE. Just look, I beg you!

KUNIGUNDE. Rosalie!

(*She jumps up and hastens out.*)

SCENE V

THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *and* ROSALIE.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*as if stricken by lightning*).
Rosalie, who was that strange woman?

ROSALIE. Where?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. The one who passed us, — like the tower
of Pisa?
I surely hope 'twas not —
ROSALIE. Who?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Kunigunde?
ROSALIE. By heaven, I think you're joking. That's Sibylla,
My old step-mother, gracious master —
KUNIGUNDE (*within*). Rosalie!
ROSALIE. My lady's calling me; she's still in bed.
Just pardon me — (*She fetches a chair.*)
Will you be seated, sir?
(*She takes the toilet-table and goes out.*)

SCENE VI

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*as if annihilated*).
Now, Thou Almighty Heaven, this soul of mine,
It is not worthy to be called a soul!
The scale is false by which it measures things
That earth puts up at auction. Hideous evil
Is what I bought instead of gentle splendor!
Wretch! whither shall I fly to flee myself?
If somewhere now a thunder-storm were raging
In Swabia, I could mount my horse in wrath,
And seek the thunderbolt to blast my head!
What's now to do, my heart, or leave undone?

SCENE VII

KUNIGUNDE *in her accustomed splendor, and* ROSALIE. *Also the aged* SIBYLLA, *who, walking feebly on crutches, goes out through the middle door.*

KUNDIGUNDE. Behold Count Frederick! what occasion, sir,
Brings you so very early to my chamber?
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*pursuing Sibylla with his eyes*).
What! are the witches double?

KUNIGUNDE (*looking around*). Who?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*collecting himself.*) Your pardon!
I merely wished to ask about your health.

KUNIGUNDE. Well now? Is all made ready for the wedding?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*stepping nearer and examining her searchingly*).
Yes, all except the main point, nearly all —

KUNIGUNDE (*shrinking back*). What date is set?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. The date was set — to-morrow.

KUNIGUNDE (*after a pause*). A day my longing heart has long awaited.
But you, I think, appear not glad, not cheerful.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*bowing*).
Your pardon! I'm the happiest of men.

ROSALIE (*sadly*). Is't true, that child, that Kaethchen, yesterday,
Whom here you sheltered in your home — ?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Oh devil!

KUNIGUNDE (*taken aback*). What ails you? speak!

ROSALIE (*to herself*). Confound it!

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*collecting himself*). This world's lot!
She's in the churchyard, buried deep by now.

KUNIGUNDE. What's this you say?

ROSALIE. Not surely buried yet?

KUNIGUNDE. I must, by all means, see her in her shroud.

SCENE VIII

A SERVANT *enters.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

SERVANT. My gracious lord, a messenger from Gottschalk
Waits in the ante-room to speak with you.

KUNIGUNDE. Gottschalk?

ROSALIE. From where?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. From the departed's coffin.
But don't let that disturb your prinking, pray!

(*He goes out.*)

SCENE IX

KUNIGUNDE *and* ROSALIE. *Pause.*

KUNIGUNDE (*breaking out*).
He knows, it's all in vain, there's nothing helps!
He saw, my life is wrecked!

ROSALIE. He doesn't know.

KUNIGUNDE. He knows!

ROSALIE. He doesn't know! You sit and wail;
And I for very joy would like to skip.
He's firm in the delusion that the dame
Who sat here was Sibylla, was my mother.
And never was a happening luckier
Than this, that she was in your room just now.
The snow men gather round the mountain peaks
She'd put into the basin for your bath.

KUNIGUNDE. You saw the way he scanned and measured me.

ROSALIE. Who cares for that? he doesn't trust his eyes.
I'm happy as a squirrel in the pines!
Suppose some far off doubt did touch his mind,
The sight of you, tall, slender, wonderful,
Has beaten back his doubt to nothingness.
I'll die the death if he'd not hurl his glove
To challenge any man who dares to doubt
That you're the queen of women. Come, get ready;
Be brave; I'll wager morning's dawn will greet you
As Countess Kunigunde Wetterstrahl!

KUNIGUNDE. I would the earth would yawn and swallow me!

(*They go out.*)

SCENE X

The interior of a cave with an outlook over the landscape. KAETHCHEN, *in disguise, sits sadly on a stone, her head leaning against the wall.* COUNT OTTO VON DER FLUEHE, WENZEL VON NACHTHEIM, HANS VON BAERENKLAU, *in the garb of imperial counselors, and* GOTTSCHALK, *enter; then their followers, lastly* THE KAISER *and* THEOBALD, *who remain in the background, wrapped in their mantles.*

COUNT OTTO (*with a roll of parchment in his hand*).
Why lodge you here within this cavern's hollow,
Fit home for hawks, fair Lady of Heilbronn?
KAETHCHEN (*rising*). Oh God! what men are these?
GOTTSCHALK. Alarm her not!
A hostile woman's plot to murder her
Has made us hide her safe among the mountains.
COUNT OTTO. Your lord, Count Frederick, whom you serve, is where?
KAETHCHEN. I do not know.
GOTTSCHALK. The Count is on the way.
COUNT OTTO (*giving her the parchment*).
Receive this roll from us; the royal lord
Of ancient Swabia writes to you herein.
Scan quick and follow me; no place is here
To entertain fair ladies born of kings.
Worms opens now its castle doors for you.
THE KAISER (*in the background*). A sight that's charming!
THEOBALD. Ah, an angel truly!

SCENE XI

THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *enters.* THE PREVIOUS CHARACTERS.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*surprised*). Imperial counselors in festal pomp,
From Worms!
COUNT OTTO. Our greetings, Count.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. What news for me?
COUNT OTTO. My lord, a royal writ to this young lady.
Ask her yourself and let her lips explain.
COUNT VOM STAHL. Oh heart, why beat so?
(*To Kaethchen.*) Child, what's that you hold?
KAETHCHEN. Don't know, my noble lord. —
GOTTSCHALK. Give, give it him.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*reads*).
"Know ye, that Heaven has ordained my heart
To make the statement of its chosen true.

No more is Kaethchen child of Theobald,
The armorer, who gives her up to me,
From this day forward Kaethchen is my daughter,
And Katharine of Swabia is her name."

(*He turns through the other papers.*)

And here: " Be known "; and here: " the castle of Schwabach " —

(*Short pause.*)

Now would I gladly throw myself in dust
Before this honored lady, clasp her feet,
And wash them too with gratitude's hot tears.

KAETHCHEN (*sitting down*).

Help, Gottschalk, give me help, I feel unwell.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*to the counselors*).

Where is the Kaiser? Where is Theobald?

THE KAISER (*as they both throw off their mantles*). Behold them!

KAETHCHEN (*rising*). God in lofty heaven! Father!

(*She hastens to him; he embraces her.*)

GOTTSCHALK (*to himself*).

The Kaiser! true as I'm alive, he's there!

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Now speak, you — more than man! what name is yours?
Speak, read I rightly?

THE KAISER. Yes, by heaven, you did.
To whom a cherub plays the friend, to her
An emperor with pride can play the father.
Now Kaethchen's place is first in eyes of men,
As long it was in God's; who wishes her
Must ask her hand of me with honor now.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*on bended knee before him*).

Here on my knees I ask it; grant me her.

THE KAISER. Lord Count! What thought has seized him?

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Grant me her!
What other ending could your act imply?

THE KAISER. Well, thinks he that? But nothing sells for nothing,
And my condition follows.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Tell it! speak!
THE KAISER (*seriously*). Within your house you shall receive her father.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. You mock!
THE KAISER. What! you refuse me?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. With my hands,
With open hands and heart will I receive him.
THE KAISER (*to Theobald*). You hear, old man?
(*Theobald brings Kaethchen to him.*)
Give her to him. Whom God,
We read, hath joined, let no man put asunder.
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*rising and taking Kaethchen's hand*).
Now then, you've made me happiest of men! —
My father, let me press one kiss, one only,
Upon those heavenly-sweet lips of hers.
Had I ten lives, the bridal night once gone,
To each of you I'd yield them up rejoicing!
THE KAISER. Come, friends; let him explain the riddle to her!
(*They go off.*)

SCENE XII

THE COUNT VOM STRAHL *and* KAETHCHEN.

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*taking her by the hand and sitting down*).
Now then, my Kaethchen, come! come hither, maiden!
My lips have something now to tell in trust.
KAETHCHEN. Speak, noble lord! what signifies to me — ?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Sweet child, this I must tell you first, that I
With love eternal, inexpressible,
With sense and will am your devoted slave.
The stag who, tortured by the noonday heat,
Tears up the mangled turf with pointed horns,
He does not long so eagerly
To plunge from rocks amid the forest stream
That sweeps him on, as I, now you are mine,
To yield myself to all your youthful charms.

KAETHCHEN (*blushing shamefacedly*).
Jesu! what's this? Your words are blind to me.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Forgive me if my speech has pained you often,
Has often given offence; and if my conduct,
Abusive, rough, at times has caused you grief.
If I but think how loveless once my heart
Rejoiced to spurn you, yet I see you now,
So full of grace and goodness, standing near me,
Then, look you, sorrow overwhelms me, Kaethchen,
And I cannot restrain my tears. (*He weeps.*)
KAETHCHEN (*frightened*). Ah heaven!
What makes you weep? what is it moves you so?
What was it you did to me? I know of nothing.
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Oh maiden, when to-morrow's sun returns
Will I set down that foot in silk and gold
That, tired and sore, pursued my coursers' track.
A canopy shall guard this precious head
That once the noonday sun behind me burned.
Arabia shall send its fairest horse
Harnessed in gold, to carry my sweet child,
If blare of trumpets call me to the field;
And where the finch has built its nest, the finch
That twittered so, within the elderboughs,
There yet shall rise a summer-house for you,
Within its cheerful, wide-expanded chambers,
To welcome Kaethchen, should her lord return.
KAETHCHEN. My Frederick, my adored! What meaning, pray,
Should I attach to this? You mean — ? you tell me — ?
(*She tries to kiss his hand.*)
COUNT VOM STRAHL (*drawing it back*).
'Tis nothing, my sweet child, 'tis nothing.
(*He kisses her forehead.*)
KAETHCHEN. Nothing?
COUNT VOM STRAHL. Nothing. Forgive. I dreamed it was to-morrow.
What's that I'm trying to tell you further? Yes,

'Tis this: I would implore you for a favor.

(*He wipes the tears from his eyes.*)

KAETHCHEN (*softly*). A favor? well, what favor? only speak.

(*Pause*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. 'Tis this, now I recall. You know I wed to-morrow,
And all is ready for the bridal feast;
To-morrow noon the wedding train
Starts with my bride, and promptly, for the shrine.
Now I am thinking of a feast, sweet maid,
At which yourself should play the goddess' rôle.
For love of me, your master, you to-morrow
Should lay aside the clothes that now you wear,
And dress yourself in splendid festal raiment
Which mother keeps all ready treasured for you.
Will you do that?

KAETHCHEN (*holding her apron before her eyes*).
Yes, yes, I'll see it's done.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. But, mind you, very pretty, quiet but splendid,
Just as the style and your own nature bid.
My maids will bring you pearls and emeralds,
I'd gladly see your beauty blaze above
All women there, yes, even Kunigunde.
Why crying?

KAETHCHEN. I don't know, my honored lord.
'Twas something got into my eye.

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Your eye? just where?

(*He kisses the tears out of her eyes.*)

Well, come away now. Soon the skies will brighten.

(*He leads her out.*)

SCENE XIII

The castle-square. At the right in the foreground a portal. At the left, farther back, the castle with a terrace. In the background a church. A march. A procession. A herald leads it, followed by gentlemen-at-arms. A canopy carried by four Moors. In the middle of the square

stand the KAISER, THE COUNT VOM STRAHL, THEOBALD, COUNT OTTO VON DER FLUEHE, *the* RHINEGRAVE VOM STEIN, *the* BURGGRAVE VON FREIBURG, *with the rest of the* KAISER'S *following, and receive the canopy with welcome. Under the portal at the right* LADY KUNIGUNDE VON THURNECK *in bridal dress, with her* AUNTS *and* COUSINS, *ready to join the procession. In the background a crowd of people, among them* FLAMMBERG, GOTTSCHALK, ROSALIE, *etc.*

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Halt here with the canopy. Herald, do your office!

HERALD (*reading*). "Be it known to every man by these presents that the Count of the empire, Frederick Wetter vom Strahl, to-day celebrates his marriage with Katharine, Princess of Swabia, daughter of our illustrious lord and Kaiser. May heaven bless the high bridal pair, and pour out over their precious heads the whole contents of the horn of gladness that hovers in the clouds."

KUNIGUNDE (*to Rosalie*). Is this man beside himself, Rosalie?

ROSALIE. By heaven, if he is not, the plot is laid to bring us to that state.

FREIBURG. Where is the bride?

KNIGHTS OF THURNECK. Here, worshipful lords.

FREIBURG. Where?

THURNECK. Here stands the lady, our cousin, under this portal.

FREIBURG. We seek the bride of the Count vom Strahl. Gentlemen, to your office! Follow me and let us fetch her.

(*The Burggrave von Freiburg, George von Waldstaedten, and the Rhinegrave vom Stein ascend the terrace and go into the castle.*)

THE LORDS OF THURNECK. Hell, death, and the devil! What do these preparations signify?

SCENE XIV

KAETHCHEN *in imperial bridal dress descends the terrace, led by the* COUNTESS HELENA *and* LADY ELEONORA, *her train borne by three pages. Behind her the* BURGGRAVE VON FREIBURG *and the others.*

COUNT OTTO. Hail to thee, oh maiden!

KNIGHT FLAMMBERG AND GOTTSCHALK. Hail to thee, Kaethchen of Heilbronn, royal princess of Swabia!

PEOPLE. Hail to thee! hail! hail to thee!

HERRNSTADT *and* VON DER WART (*who have remained on the square*). Is this the bride?

FREIBURG. This is she.

KAETHCHEN. I? you great lords! Whose?

THE KAISER. His whom the cherub wooed for you. Will you exchange this ring with him?

THEOBALD. Will you give the Count your hand?

COUNT VOM STRAHL (*embracing her*). Kaethchen, my bride! will you have me?

KAETHCHEN. Protect me God and all the saints!

(*She sinks back, the Countess clasps her in her arms.*)

THE KAISER. Well, there, take her, Lord Count vom Strahl, and lead her to the altar.

(*Ringing of bells.*)

KUNIGUNDE. Plague, death, and revenge! You shall pay me for this insult! (*She goes out with her following.*)

COUNT VOM STRAHL. Poisoner!

(*A march. The Kaiser takes his place with Kaethchen and the Count vom Strahl under the canopy; the ladies and knights follow. Gentlemen-at-arms close the procession. All go out.*)

END

SECTION III

The Romantic Lyric

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO

(1781 — 1838)

Chamisso was French by blood and German by training. Like the French romanticists who followed him, he tells the most wildly fantastic incidents in a condensed and perspicuous style, more lucid, but less suggestive, than that of most of his Teuton contemporaries. He was a tragic, lonely figure. One half of his affection was fixed on France, the land of his ancestors, one half on Germany, the land of his allegiance, when these two nations were in mortal combat. " Peter Schlemihl " is a distinguished record of his sufferings, the man without a country speaking through the man without a shadow, recording Chamisso's scientific studies and wanderings in the effort to forget his grief, all under the mask of fiction. Chamisso was of a more realistic temperament than the two poems selected would indicate. Only a small amount of his verse, though it includes some of his best, is distinctly romantic. His masterpiece " Peter Schlemihl " has an inner kernel of distinctly humanistic pathos, wrapped in a shell of external romanticism to win the attention of a romantic age. It was so popular, and has been so often translated, that the editors have thought it unnecessary to include it here.

THE APPARITION

WITH conduct dissolute and beaker's clang
Our drunken crowd had watched the hours away,
When, wearied, out I stole as midnight rang,
And cold and dreary night around me lay.
The watchman's lonely step and distant call
Raised echoes lost in silence, even as they.
As from the noisy, feast-illumined hall
In hush and loneliness my step I turned,
A strange and mournful mood hung over all.
When I my own, my well-known house discerned,

Then I perceived, and stood as turned to stone,
That through my windows lamps and tapers burned.
I asked myself: Is this from wine alone?
And stood in doubt some lengthy time and stared,
What guest could want me near the hour of one?
I climbed the steps, and where the lamp-light glared
Within the well-known keyhole turned the key,
And opened wide the door, and in I fared.
And as I turned those flaming lights to see,
A sight arose that made my blood turn thick.
Beside my desk I saw myself — saw Me.
I cried, " Who are you, ghost? " He answered quick,
" Who startles me at this late, ghostly hour? "
And stared at me, like me turned pale and sick.
It seemed as if that moment had the power
To stretch to doom's-day. Mutually staring,
Dumb, open-mouthed, we could but gaze and glower.
With heart weighed down, I gathered first the daring
To cry, " Dread image cast in treason's mould,
Begone! Fight not! My home is not for sharing! "
And he like one whom fear alone controlled,
Restrained a touch of laughter, shy, unsure,
Upon his lips, and spoke in answer, " Hold!
I'm owner here, you'd be. The quadrature
Of that mad circle if we wish to learn,
Prove you're the man. I've doubts that need a cure.
I'll vanish then, to empty air I'll turn.
You ghost, who called me one, do you agree
To do the same if beaten? " Hot and stern
I answered angered: " Yes, so let it be!
My genuine selfhood here shall stand in view,
To nothingness this empty phantom flee! "
And he: " Then let us learn what man are you! "
And I: " A man am I who always yearned
Just for the beautiful, the good, the true.
No sacrifice to idol gods I burned,
Nor drudged in vain pursuits with worldly folk,

Misjudged, despised, by suffering never turned.
One, true, who erred and dreamed, and took the smoke
Often for flame, but waked and bravely stood
To guard the right. Can you speak what I spoke?"
He screeched a wild, loud laugh in mocking mood;
"The man you boast you are, I am not — no!
Far different all my life, and far less good.
A lying wretch, a coward before the foe,
Duping myself and others, selfish greed
Within my heart, false face for outward show.
You hero, so misjudged, who bear and bleed,
Which one has known himself? shown tokens true?
Which fools his life away, his folly's meed?
Come here, if so you dare! I'll yield to you."
With horror then I answered that strange wight:
"Stay! you are he! I'll vanish from your view."
And out I stole to weep amid the night.

THE CASTLE OF BONCOURT

I dream myself back into childhood,
  And shake the gray locks from my brow.
Ye forms that I counted forgotten,
  Why come ye to visit me now?

High towering from shadowy hedges,
  A castle looms gleaming and lone;
I recognize rampart and turret,
  The gate, and the bridges of stone.

From their ancient escutcheon the lions
  Look down so confiding and kind;
As I pass to the courtyard I greet them
  Like old friends that I tremble to find.

There slumbers the sphinx by the fountain;
  There the figtree looms green to my gaze;
With my face to those windows in childhood
  I dreamed the first dream of my days.

I steal through the door of the chapel;
  Through the graves of the dead I explore;
There my ancestor sleeps, on the pillar
  Hang the weapons and armor he bore.

My eyes cannot read the inscription,
  So deeply I drape them with tears,
Though the light through the bright painted windows
  Floods these carvings, grown dusty for years.

So stand you, oh towers of my fathers,
  In my vision enduring and bright;
From the face of the earth you have vanished,
  And the plow has gone over your site.

Oh ground so enriched be thou fertile!
  Deeply stirred and, yet calm and at rest,
I bless furrow and stranger who plows it;
  Twofold may that plowman be blest.

But I, I will rise in my courage,
  Strike notes from each quivering string,
Through the spaces of earth I will wander,
  And from country to country will sing.

LUDWIG UHLAND

(1787 — 1862)

Uhland has many affinities with Longfellow. The German poet had less versatility and more sincerity; but both alike loved the gorgeousness, the medieval picturesqueness, the sentimentalism of the romantic age; both lacked intensity and avoided mysticism, except as regards its picturesque externals; both toned down the aesthetic passion of Keats and Wackenroder into a more chastened enthusiasm; both were astonishingly popular with the reading public. Both were upright, respectable citizens of scholarly tastes. Both became university professors, though Uhland held his chair only a short time. Uhland was a poet of a single vein; with the passing of the romantic generation his poetical ability ended, and he was great enough to stop singing when he had nothing more to give. He survived as a dignified scholar and patriotic citizen. To many his poetry may seem a little conventional; but it often has great beauty of technique, often reflects the lovable nature and well-stored brain of the man who wrote it, and voices the spirit of the tradition-loving, monarch-worshipping, warm-hearted people of South Germany.

ON A DANCER

YOU lead the merry dance around,
You barely seem to touch the ground,
Hovering with youth's bright aureole;
Each eye in watching seems to say:
No creature you of earthly clay;
You're wholly ether, wholly soul.

But I — I shudder. When above
The angels call that form we love,
Oh soul, how ready will you be?
Yet, courage! butterflies that play,
And float and dance on flower and spray,
Are type of immortality.

THE POPPY

There, rocked by western breezes,
The poppy blossom gleams,
The flower that crowns and pleases
In sleep the god of dreams.
Now purple like the passing
Of twilight's gorgeous glow,
Now white and wan, as glassing
A moonbeam cold as snow.

Who dares — I've heard the warning —
Within a poppy sleep,
Is carried down ere morning,
In heavy dreams and deep.
He still retains on waking
Wild moods of joy and fear,
For empty phantoms taking
His friends most near and dear.

Long since, as time keeps tally,
I lay in youthful hours
Within a lovely valley,
All buried under flowers.
They breathed so sweetly, faintly,
The world but seemed to seem,
All life but painted quaintly,
The actual a dream.

Since then and never ending,
My dream alone seems true,
Live forms with visions blending,
As life and dream should do.
The stars of night were never
More clear than shades I see.
Breathe round my head forever,
Dream-flower of poësy.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY

I ride into the land of night;
Nor moon nor star are giving light;
The cold winds roar and rave.
Full often here I've journeyed on,
When round me laughed the golden sun,
Soft airs their kisses gave.

I ride to find a garden dark;
Trees rustle there with barren bark,
Leaves flutter sere and frozen.
Here I was wont, when roses blew,
And life to love was vassal true,
To walk beside my chosen.

The sun has quenched its kindly ray,
The rose has withered long away,
My love the turf has hidden.
I ride into the land of night,
In winter storms that give no light,
Cloaked well, where once I've ridden.

THE ROMANTICIST AND THE CRITIC

" Magic night of moonlight skies,
Captivating sense with glory,
Wondrous world of elfin story,
In your ancient splendor rise."
Tieck.

Romanticist

Black the night with mystery merging,
Nowhere shines a starry spark;
Yet at love's enamoured urging
Roam I through the fearful dark,

Song from harp and lute-string surging.
If Camilla now arise
And trim her lamp with loving eyes,
Then delighted I'll behold
Suddenly and starred with gold,
A magic night of moonlight skies.

CRITIC

Cease your howl, I beg sincerely,
Poetaster Helicanus!
What you sing is stolen merely
From Tieck's play "Octavianus,"
Not by me beloved so dearly,
Mocked by me to each learned Tory,
Over Europe spread before thee
As a work of that wild brood
Who took madness for their god,
Captivating sense with glory.

ROMANTICIST

Whence this rough interrogation?
From the rustic lout Hornvilla,
Butcher Clemens, high in station?
From the windows of Camilla,
Screech-owl, tumble to damnation.
Where the critic pen gains glory
Over Europe spread before thee,
Quite at home froth out decisions;
Only spare to us our visions,
Wondrous world of elfin story.

CRITIC

Harpers wakening all the sleepers,
Loud with ballads, dulcimers,
Self-declared the Muses' keepers;
When Apollo's feast occurs
Rhyme will come from chimney-sweepers.

Time when men with seeing eyes
Latin verse could make and prize,
Powdered wigs of bygone days,
Whereon nobles pressed the bays,
In your ancient splendor rise.

THE SHEPHERD

So close the handsome shepherd went
By royal tower and chamber too;
The lady from the ramparts bent,
And great her longing grew.

She called to him in tender phrase:
" Oh might I come to you below!
How white the lamb that round you plays,
How red the blossoms blow! "

The boy returned an answering prayer:
" Oh would you came to join me here!
How redly gleam those cheeks up there,
How white your arms appear! "

And every day in dawning still
He stopped and turned his eyes above,
While passing sadly by, until
Appeared his gracious love.

With friendly voice he hailed her then,
" King's darling child, I wish you joy; "
Her gentle answer rang again,
" Oh thank you, shepherd-boy! "

Now spring was come and winter gone.
Their richest hues the blossoms bore.
The shepherd sought her tower at dawn,
But she appeared no more.

His voice rang like a funeral bell,
" King's darling child, I wish you joy; "
A spirit sound for answer fell,
" Farewell, my shepherd boy! "

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the " shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call:
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,
" Now, bring me the Luck of Edenhall! "

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: " This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal! "
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys,
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
" This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite;
She wrote in it: If this glass doth fall
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall! "

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

" For its keeper takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall! "

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall.
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruins' fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

" The stone wall," saith he, " doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall! "

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

So loftily in olden times a royal castle stood,
Wide looked it o'er a landscape of hill, and plain, and flood;
And round it lay a garden, a bright and flowery ring,
Where flashed in rainbow splendor the gush of many a spring.

There dwelt a haughty monarch who ruled o'er far and near,
So pale he sate upon his throne, so gloomy was his cheer;
And what he thinks is terror, and what he looks is wrath —
And what he speaks is cruelty, and what he writes is death.

Once came there to the castle a noble ministrel pair
The one with golden ringlets, the other gray of hair;
The old man bore his cherished harp, and gaily did he ride,
And his young and gallant comrade went ever by his side.

Then spake the aged minstrel — " Now be prepared, my son,
Think o'er our choicest melodies — collect thy deepest tone —
Thy mirthful and thy passion'd lays be ready thou to sing,
For all we need to soften the heart of yonder king."

And soon within the pillar'd hall the minstrels both were seen,
Where sate the throned monarch, and by his side the queen;
The monarch fearfully arrayed, like the blood-red Northern glare,
The lady like the glorious moon, so gentle and so fair!

The old man touch'd his favorite harp, he touch'd it wondrous well,
That richer, ever richer rose the music's kindling swell;
Then poured with heavenly clearness the young man's strain along,
Betwixt his master's melody, like a happy spirit's song.

They sang of spring, they sang of love, of the golden days of youth,
Of freedom and immortal deeds, of virtue and of truth;
They sang of every tender thought that makes the bosom thrill,
They sang of every lofty deed which makes it loftier still.

The courtiers ceased from jesting — their hearts were overawed —
The warriors of the monarch they bowed themselves to God;
The queen, in love and transport, more melted than the rest,
Threw down unto the minstrel the rose from out her breast.

"Ye have misled my people, and dare ye shame my queen!"
The king cried out in anger, he stepped in wrath between;
He plunged his weapon, lightning-swift, into the young man's side,
And marr'd the gush of golden song in nature's ruddiest tide.

The courtier crowd are scattered in terror and alarm —
The youth hath fallen senseless into his master's arm,
Who wrapp'd his mantle round him, and placed him on his steed,
And bound the body upright, and left the place with speed.

But by the lofty portal, there stopped the minstrel gray,
There seized he on his harp which bore the prize from all away;
And 'gainst a marble pillar that jewel hath he flung,
And spoke, till with his prophet voice the hall and garden rung —

"Woe to thee, haughty palace! O never may the strain
Of harp, or lute, or melody be raised in thee again!
No! only may the step of slaves, the sigh and bitter groan,
Be heard 'till the avenging sprite hath torn thee stone from stone.

"Woe to ye, airy gardens, in the glorious light of May!
To you this bleeding corpse, this sight of ruin I display;
That a spell may come upon ye, that your fountains may abate,
And that forever ye may lie destroyed and desolate!

"Woe to thee, wicked murderer! To bards a curse and shame —
In vain be all thy strivings for a bloody wreath of fame:
Forgotten be thy very name — forgotten and for aye,
Lost utterly in empty air, like a wretch's latest sigh!"

The old man hath proclaimed it, and heaven hath heard his call;
Low lies the haughty palace, and ruin'd is the hall;
And but one pillar standeth yet of all its perished might,
And that, already cleft in twain, may fall before the night.

And round, instead of gardens, is a dry and barren land;
No tree gives shade or shelter, no fountain slakes the sand;
No song, no roll of chivalry, that monarch's name rehearse,
Unnoticed — unremembered — that is the Minstrel's Curse!

THE CAVE OF BELLS

I know a grot enchanted,
With crystal roofed around,
By magic echoes haunted;
Some god bequeathed the sound.
What every one there sings and tells
The echo turns to sound of bells.

There, tired of long concealing,
Two lovers first confess —
Moved by the self-same feeling —
The happy lovers' Yes.
A tiny bell, more soft than sleep,
Chimes in with one that's loud and deep.

There merry pleasure-seekers
Lie on the rock along;
They swing their brimming beakers,
And sing a drunken song.
The grotto booms, as ne'er before,
With fire-alarm and thunder's roar.

Two men, sincere, far-sighted,
Who own one hallowed band,
Discuss, as friends united,
The German Fatherland.
Then through the inmost cavern roll
Dull, heavy sounds like bells that toll.

FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN

(1770 — 1843)

HÖLDERLIN, scarcely known to his own generation and almost completely forgotten during many decades, has suddenly emerged from oblivion as a bearer of beauty and comfort to a people set adrift and discouraged. His heroic struggle to adjust his spiritual ideals to harsh reality, with resulting insanity at the age of thirty-two, has been made the theme of at least two biographical novels; his collected works have appeared in several de luxe editions; his high talents as one of Germany's most gifted poets have been so persistently emphasized over a short period that it seems reasonable to consider Hölderlin as meaning more to the present generation in Germany, than does Blake to his modern compatriots. Hölderlin is in fact not one of the sworn members of Romanticism; he blazed the trail for the on-moving of that gently violent spirit. Classical in form, his poetry and prose breathe the sweetest essence of the romantic. In his prose rhythm he comes nearest to perfecting the poetic form most typical of Germanic speech. Nietzsche learned of Hölderlin when he produced the matchless rhythm of his discourse. The Bible, Homer, Rousseau, all joined in making Hölderlin's style "a thing of beauty." He is the culmination, yes, the very formula of Germany's love for the land of the Greeks. "Hyperion" is in point of time the first, and in literary importance the grandest Philhellenic monument in the German language. In Hölderlin everywhere a noble, eruptive revolt was soon followed by a resignation truly Hellenic. He had indeed become a Greek living among northern barbarians.

HYPERION'S SONG OF FATE

YE roam there above us in light
Great, holy souls, on the soft floor of cloud!
Gleaming the breezes of heaven
Blow on you softly,
As a deft musician might touch
Strings that are hallowed.

Free from fate, like the infant
Slumbering, breathe the divine ones;
Chastely preserved
In its bud yet unopened,
Eternal the spirit
Blossoms for them,
And the bright eyes of heaven
Gleam in the silent,
Eternal clearness.

But for us it is fated,
Nowhere on earth to have rest.
The suffering peoples
Are vanishing, falling
Blindly in gloom
From one hour to another —
Like water hurled downward
From cliff unto cliff —
Through the years, to the darkling Unknown.

EVENING FANTASY

Before the peaceful shadow his cottage makes
The plowman sits, content near his steaming hearth,
As welcoming the traveler, rings
The evening bell in the peaceful village.

The sailor now returns to his haven, I know,
In far-off towns the busy noise of the market
Dies out in joy; in the still arbor
The social table is gleaming for friends.

Then whither I? These mortals around me live
From pay and toil; alternately tired and at peace
They all are glad; why never then
In my breast only will slumber the thorn?

A Spring is blossoming in the evening sky;
The roses bloom uncounted; and peaceful seems
The golden world; oh bear me thither,
Ye clouds of purple! and there above

In light and air let love and anguish leave me!
But lo! as if frightened by my foolish prayer,
The magic flees! the darkness grows, and lonely
Under the heaven, as ever, I am.

Come now, soft slumber! the heart desires too much;
But finally, youth, you cannot fail to wither,
You, void of rest and full of dreams!
Peaceful, serene, will old age be then.

TO THE FATES

Grant me one summer only, ye mighty ones,[1]
One autumn only to ripen song in me,
That willingly my soul, when sated
With the sweetness of verse, may die within me!

The soul who here upon earth its sacred right
Won not, in Orcus even shall never rest;
But once for me the holy thought that lies
Close to my heart, does surge in song, —

Oh welcome then, thou hush of the shadow-world!
I feel content, even though my lyre of verse
Goes not to the dark with me; one hour
I lived like gods, and I ask no more.

[1] O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Keats in *Sleep and Poetry.*

SECTION IV

The Spirit of Ultra-Romanticism

HYPERION

OF

Friedrich Hölderlin

SELECTION FROM THE SECOND BOOK

Hyperion to Bellarmin

LONG, since I have been in such mood.

As Jupiter's eagle harks to the song of the Muses, I list to the strange, endless concord within me. Untrammeled in mind and soul, alert and happy, smiling yet serious, I toy with Fate and the three sisters, the Parcae. Replete with divine youth my whole being rejoices, is entranced with creation. Like the starry firmament I am calm and astir.

Long, that my mood has been without festive resource to write you. Now I am composed, let me recount what befell me. While I spent my days in brooding, a friend on Kalaurea urged me to cross over. I should come into his mountains, he wrote; here one lived freer than elsewhere; moreover lemon-groves and palms and sweet-smelling herbs, myrtle and the sacred grape flourished here amid fir-trees and the rushing and gurgling of torrents. A garden had he terraced high on the slope of the mountain and raised a house, rearwards shaded by trees, and cooling zephyrs played about it in the heat of summer: like a bird perched on the top of the cedar one looked down on the stretches below, upon the hamlets and verdant hills and contented kine of the islet, where all like children lay about over the beautiful mountain and slaked their thirst in its fresh-foaming brooklets.

That gave me a touch of new life. It was a balmy, blue day in April; I chose to sail over. The sea was signally lovely and pure, and the atmosphere light as it is in the regions aloft. As I skimmed ahead in the bark, earth was relinquished as one foregoes the choice morsel when the sacred wine is decanted.

In vain did my brooding resist the allurement of the sea and the air. I deferred to their call, nor did I heed the promptings of self nor the welfare of others; I sought nothing, meditated on naught, yielded alone to a half slumber, safe in the tossing bark, and fancied I lay in the frail skiff of Charon. Oh, it is sweet to quaff a draught from the cup of forgetfulness.

Eagerly did the jolly skipper essay with sign or with question to break the ominous silence; but I was strangely laconic.

He pointed to right and to left and showed me the islands' blue outline; but soon I averted my gaze, only to return on the moment to my own pleasant dreaming.

Finally I lent him my ear when he bade me give heed to the majestic peaks in the distance and said that Kalaurea lay just before us. At these words my whole being unfolded to the mysterious attraction which on a sudden, unfathomable, beguiled me so sweetly, so calmly. Staring, astonished and joyful, I gazed out on the mazy horizon. My heart trembled for pleasure, and in joyous haste my hand slipped forth and grasped hold of the skipper:

"Tell me!" I cried, "tell me, is that Kalaurea?" And when in amazement he eyed me, forsooth I knew not — knew not myself.

I greeted my friend with abounding emotion. My soul was atremble with sweet agitation.

Scarce could I await the evening to rove over a part of the island. The forests and the secret valleys tempted me without measure, and the glorious day bewitched all creation.

How apparent it was that bread alone does not suffice for all creatures; that the bird even and the beast have their time of rejoicing.

All this delighted my eyes! Every living creature flew or sprang or strove up and out and into the divine ether; as when a mother cajoling asks who might be the dearest one of her children and they all rush to her knee and the babe even stretches forth its arms from the cradle. Beetles and swallows, pigeons and storks frolicked in criss-cross, now on high, now skimming the earth in jubilant confusion; and those creatures bound to the

earth flew as they sped: over the furrows bounded the steed and over the hedges the roe, while from the depths of the sea the fishes appeared and leapt over the watery surface. All felt the motherly embrace of the ether as she raised them up and drew them unto herself.

And the people came out of their doors into the magic of the evening's spring zephyr, felt how it gently played with their locks and cooled the bright sunbeam. With pleasure they loosened their garments to receive it into their bosoms; freer they breathed, came into tenderest contact with the clear tempting ether in which each lived and all had their being.

O sister to souls! Thou who rulest and livest within us mightily with telling effect, hallowed air! How comforting that whithersoever I wander Thou accompaniest me, Thou element omnipresent, immortal!

The balmy air was at its best in its play with the children. One peaceably crooned to itself, while from the lips of another slipped an unrhythmic songlet, a third jubilated in lustiest tones. Stretched at full length was another, his playmate leaped from the sod, while a wee one trudged o'er the meadow. And all this was a show of contentment, all in response to the loving embrace of the enrapturing breezes.

I was replete with peace and mysterious yearnings; held in a magic spell — a stranger to reason.

" Kindly spirit," quoth I to myself, " whither callest Thou me; to Elysium or elsewhere? "

Through a forest I wandered upwards along the banks of a murmuring brooklet, where it trickled down over the ledges and slipped along over pebbles until gradually it faded from view and alone left a trace in the curves of the valley, and the mid-day beams sent their lonesome rays into the silent umbrage.

Here — what is it that halts my speech, my Bellarmin! stays me from writing you calmly!

Speak? Oh, I am a layman when joy is the topic. I will speak! Truly silence dwells in the land of the blessed, and above the stars the heart forgets its anguish and is speechless. Devoutly have I preserved it! As a palladium have I concealed it within

me, the divine emanation, which to me was revealed! And if henceforth Fate seizes upon me and hurls me from one abyss into another, fetters my physical strength and my mental endowments, then shall this show of divinity alone survive me, shine resplendent in me and rule in eternal, indestructible lustre!

Thus didst thou lie prostrate, sweet life, thus didst thou look upwards, didst arise, didst take thy stand with supple grace, calm as a god with thy divine visage still filled with joyous rapture when I, an intruder, perturbed thee. Oh, whosoever has gazed into the calm of these orbs, for whom these sweet lips have unclosed, of what may he still discourse? Beauty, the mother of Peace! divine Peace; happy he who has healed the wounds of an active life and doubting spirit with thy balm! What other recourse to health hath he?

I cannot speak of her; yet indeed there are moments when the best, the inbeing of Beauty appears as in clouds, and the heaven of consummation opens a vista to auguring love. Then, Bellarmin! then meditate on her being, then fall on your knees by my side and essay to fathom my rapture! But forget not that I possessed what you in spirit premised, that with these eyes I saw, what appeared to you only in clouds.

Strange that man betimes should proclaim: I am happy! Be assured that ye have not so much as a premonition of joy! The shadow cast by joy's shadow has been kept from your vision! Be gone and speak not of the blue ether, ye purblind!

That one becomes as a child, that again the golden age of innocence returns, the time of peace and freedom, that one joy there be, a city of refuge below!

Is not man aged, not withered; is he not like a fallen leaf, loosed from its stem, whirled about by the wind, until entombed by the sand?

And still his Spring is renaissant!

Weep not, when the glorious withers and fades! Soon will it bud into life! Sorrow not, when your heart's melody is hushed! Soon will some hand adjust it for song!

What plight was mine? Was I not like a lyre unstrung? Wee and discordant the notes, such notes as smack of the tomb. I had

sung my lugubrious swan-song! My funeral wreath fain had I wound, but only winter flowers had I.

Whither now has vanished that great vain mortality, that stillness of death, the night, my soul's desolation? Forsooth life is trivial and lonely. We dwell here below like the diamond in the bowels of the earth. Whence we came, we ask in vain for light to grope our way thither.

As fire are we, that sleeps in tinder or pebble; with stir of might we seek at each moment the end of our cumbersome bondage. But they will come, those spaces of freedom outweighing aeons of struggle; when the infinite shall shatter its fetters, when the flame shall leap from the wood, and conquering, tongue upward over the ashes. Ha! then shall it seem as if the untrammeled spirit, forgetful of pangs and of serfdom, in triumph were returning into the halls of the sun!

"NOVALIS"

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG

(1772 — 1801)

Novalis was trained in a pious Moravian home, read in impressionable youth the mystic writings of Jacob Boehme, and, although he remained nominally Protestant, developed a deep enthusiasm for the medieval church. To this intense religious mysticism he added the aesthetic mysticism of Wackenroder. He was no idle dreamer, in business matters he was practical and efficient; but he was by nature the stuff of which martyrs, mystics, and reformers are made. Romantic literature was for him no pretty amusement but the expression of a burning faith. In his "Henry of Ofterdingen" he definitely said that he was attempting the Bible of literary art, its two parts corresponding to the Old and New Testaments. In the first part Henry aspires as a poet; in the second, which was left unfinished, he was to succeed as one. Limitations of space have made it impossible to present the "Henry," but that strange, though beautiful prose poem shows in romance what Thackeray's "Pendennis" shows in realism, the growth of a human soul. The author can hardly be expected to have a wide appeal for Anglo-Saxons; but the "fit though few" admirers of Emerson's poems, Wordsworth's "Prelude," and Shelley's "Alastor," may find a kindred glory in this strange and lonely apostle of beauty.

LONGING FOR DEATH

(Number 6 of his Hymns to the Night)

DOWN, down, to Earth's wide lap below,
And leave the realm of light;
Wild shock and raging pain but show
The soul's enraptured flight.
The narrow boat will bear us fast
To moor by heaven's shore at last.

We'll praise the never-ending night,
The sleep that knows no day;
Earth warmed us, true, beneath its light,
Care withered us away.
The heart that longed to quest and roam
Turns now to find its Father's home.

Why longer here on earth abide,
Hearts tender, warm, and true?
The old in scorn is thrown aside,
What means to us the new?
Oh! lone he stands and sore downcast
Who loves and who reveres the past.

The past, where visions of our race
Burnt flame-like toward the skies,
And where the Father's hand and face
Men yet could recognize,
And simple hearts, high-thoughted too,
More like their great Ideal grew.

The past, where ancient stems and grand
Burst out in glorious bloom,
And children sought the heavenly land
Demanding rack and tomb,
And when, though life and rapture spake,
Yet love made many a heart to break.

Those years when God stood self-revealed
In glowing youth sublimely,
And gave, with courage love had steeled,
His life to death untimely,
And drove not from Him grief and pain,
That dear to us He might remain.

In longing fear we see that past
With night's dim curtains blend,

And never while this life shall last
Our burning thirst shall end.
Like children we must journey home
Before that blessed time will come.

What checks us? Those we held most dear
Long since in rest were laid,
Their grave has closed our life career,
Sad wait we, and afraid.
No more is left to seek for here —
A sated heart — an empty sphere.

Infinite and mysterious,
Sweet trembling through me thrills;
An echo of the grief in us,
Methinks, the distance fills.
My loved ones long as well as I,
And sent to us their yearning sigh.

Down where the sweet bride waits in clay,
To Christ, our love, returning.
Take heart, the twilight gathers gray
For loving souls and mourning.
A dream shall break our bonds apart,
And lay us on our Father's heart.

WILHELM HEINRICH WACKENRODER

(1773 — 1798)

YOUTH naturally interprets the universe in terms of itself. The warmhearted and imaginative think that all human beings are like themselves until hard experience teaches them otherwise. If they die before gaining this experience, their judgment is greatly underrated by those who excel them only in likeness to degenerate humanity. Such was the fate of Wackenroder. His childlike, undisillusioned attitude toward life rouses the historian's smile, would have roused his own eventually if he had not died so early, yet it contains an inexpressible charm. What he gives us is not immature, adolescent emotion, it is a noble philosophy of life which would be thoroughly practical — if the world were peopled with fifteen-hundred million Wackenroders. The failure of earth to fulfill that condition throws his visions into the realm of utopias, but leaves them an inspiring subject for thought. He is the young Wordsworth dying instead of withering up; he is Blake of the " Songs of Innocence " taken from life before it has taught him the " Songs of Experience." He himself was the "genius " that he speaks of, strayed into a world that he did not understand, and filling its foreign climate with magic rhythms which to most were an alien tongue.

A MARVELLOUS ORIENTAL LEGEND OF A NAKED SAINT

THE Orient is the home of all that is marvellous. In the antiquity and childlike simplicity of opinions held there, one discovers the strangest suggestions and riddles, constantly being propounded to the reason that prides itself on superior shrewdness. Thus in the desert there strange beings often live, whom we call insane, but who there are honored as beings more than mortal. The spirit of the East regards these naked saints as the strange temporary abodes of a superior genius, who has wandered

from the realm of the firmament into a human shape and does not know how to conduct itself according to human customs. Also everything in this world is this way or that according as we regard it from one point of view or another; the reason of men is a wonder-working potion, through whose touch everything that exists is transformed at our pleasure.

So it chanced that one of these naked saints lived in a retired cavern, in front of which a small river went foaming by. Nobody could say how he had come to that place. He had been observed there several years before; a caravan had discovered him first, and since then there had been frequent pilgrimages to his lonely dwelling.

This strange creature had no rest day or night in his retreat; it seemed to him always that he heard unceasingly in his ear the wheel of time making its rushing circuit. By reason of its noise, he could do nothing, notice nothing. The great anxiety which drove him into never ceasing labor prevented him from seeing or hearing anything except the way in which — with roaring, with the rushing of a mighty storm-wind — that fearful wheel turned and turned again, reaching to the stars beyond. Like a cataract of thousands upon thousands of bellowing rivers, pouring out endlessly, endlessly, without a moment's pause, without the rest of a second, so it sounded in his ears. All his senses were powerfully concentrated on that idea alone; his laboring, anxious thoughts were constantly more and more seized and swept along into the vortex of that wild confusion; with ever increasing unnatural wildness the monotonous sounds roared and blended. Now he could rest no longer, but was seen day and night in the most tense, violent activity, like a man who is striving to whirl round a monstrous wheel. Visitors learned from his wild, fragmentary speeches that he felt as if he were being lifted bodily by the wheel, that he was trying to help with the full force of his body those revolutions, roaring and swift as arrows, so that time should be free from all danger of standing still for a single moment. When people asked him what he was doing, he would cry out as if in a convulsion: "Wretched beings! do you not hear the rushing wheel of time?" and then he would turn and

toil with greater energy till his sweat poured down on to the ground, and with distorted bearing he would lay his hand on his beating heart as if he were trying to learn by feeling whether the great cog-gear were going on in its eternal round. He would grow furious when he saw the pilgrims who came to look at him, standing perfectly calm and watching him, or walking back and forth and talking together. He would tremble with violent emotion and call their attention to the unceasing revolutions of the eternal wheel, the monotonous, measured, onward rushing of time. He would gnash his teeth finding that they felt and noticed nothing about the complicated machine in which they were entangled and whirled along. In his madness he would hurl them from him when they came too near. If they wished to avoid danger, they found themselves compelled to imitate energetically his strenuous conduct. But his madness grew still more wild and dangerous when anyone in his neighborhood happened to undertake some physical work; when perhaps some man who did not know him gathered herbs or felled trees near his cave. Then he would burst into a wild laugh at the thought that under the horrible onward rolling of time anyone could still think of these petty earthly employments. With one spring he would leap from his cave like a tiger, and if he could seize the wretch he would strike him dead to the earth at a blow. Then he would leap quickly back into his cave and turn the wheel of time even more violently than before. But for a long period after he would rage madly, and talk in broken speech about how it was possible for men to do anything else, to undertake a senseless employment.

He was not able to apply his arm to any other object or grasp anything else with his hand; he could not take a single step with his feet like other men. A quivering fear ran through all his nerves whenever he thought of interrupting for one single moment that dizzy rotation. Only often on beautiful nights, when the moon came out all at once before the mouth of his dark cave, he would stop suddenly, sink on the ground, toss back and forth, and whine in despair. He would weep bitterly too, like a child, to think that the rushing of the mighty time-wheel left him no leisure to do anything else on earth, to act, to work, to create.

Then he would feel a consuming longing for unknown and beautiful objects; he would make desperate efforts to stand erect and accustom his hands and feet to a calm and gentle motion, but he could not! He was seeking for something definite, unknown, which he wished to grasp and cling to. Outside of himself or within himself he wished to find a refuge from himself, but he could not! His weeping and despair would reach its climax; with a loud bellowing he would spring from the ground and begin turning once more the mighty rushing wheel of time. That lasted for several years, day and night.

But once there came a marvellously beautiful, moonlit summer night, when the saint lay again on the floor of his cave, weeping and wringing his hands. The night breathed rapture, the stars twinkled in the dark blue firmament like golden ornaments on a protecting shield spread wide overhead; and the moon from the bright cheeks of its face radiated a gentle light in which the green earth was bathed. In that magic gleam the trees hung on their stems like waving clouds; the dwellings of men were transformed into dark shapes of rock and twilight palaces of ghosts. Men and women, no longer blinded by the sun's brilliance, kept their glances fixed on the sky, and their souls seemed mirrored in beauty in the heavenly gleam of the moonlit night.

Two lovers, wishing to surrender wholly to the marvels of nocturnal solitude, came floating this night in a light skiff down the river which went rushing by the cave of the saint. The penetrating moonbeams had lighted up and unlocked the innermost, darkest depths of the lovers' souls; their most tender sentiments dissolved in united waves among streams without a shore. An ethereal music from the skiff went rolling up among the heavenly spaces. Sweet horns and I know not what other magical instruments produced a floating world of notes, and among those notes, as they rose and fell, the following song was heard:

Over field and river faring,
Sweet, prophetic tremors move,
Moonbeam hands our couch preparing,
Kind to senses drunk with love.
How the waves whisper, how they keep passing,
The arch of the sky their waters are glassing.

Love among the starry choir,
Under us in these bright floods;
Starbeams kindle; none take fire,
Save as love wakes bolder moods.
And, fanned by breezes divine, beguiling,
Heaven and water and earth are smiling.

Moonlight lies on bloom and berry,
All the palms are sleeping things,
Through each woodland sanctuary
Music's love-note rules and rings.
Blossom and music and palm are proclaiming
The beauty of love, which they slumber in naming.

With the first note of the music and the song, the rushing wheel of time had vanished for that naked saint. Those were the first notes which had sounded in this desert; the uncomprehended longing was stilled, the magic spell was loosed, the genius that had gone astray was freed from its earthly shell. The saint's form had vanished. A spiritual figure, beautiful as an angel, formed of thin vapor, floated out of the cave, stretched its slender arms longingly up toward heaven, and, following the notes of music in a dance-like motion, soared aloft from the ground. Ever higher and higher in the air hovered the bright airy shape, borne upward by the gently swelling notes of the horns and song. The shape danced here and there in heavenly rapture, back and forth on the white clouds which floated in the airy spaces; ever higher he soared with dancing feet up into heaven and flew at last in serpentine windings between the stars. Then all the stars sang out, and breathed through the air a low, deep, heavenly note that seemed to spread radiance with it, until the genius was lost in the endless firmament.

Passing caravans saw with astonishment this marvellous phenomenon of the night, and the lovers imagined that they beheld the genius of love and of music.

CONCERNING TWO MARVELLOUS LANGUAGES AND THEIR MYSTERIOUS POWER

THE language of words is a great gift of Heaven, and the Creator conferred an everlasting benefit in loósing the tongue of the first man. That gift brought him the power of naming all things with which the Most High had surrounded him in the world, all spiritual images which the Lord had impressed upon his soul, the power of developing his spirit by practice in the most varied plays with this wealth of names. By means of words we are lords over the whole globe; by words we acquire with far less effort all treasures of the earth. Only the invisible world that hovers above us no phrases can bring down into our hearts.

We hold earthly objects in our hands when we speak their names; — but when we hear expressions for God's all-embracing kindness or the virtue of saints, objects that certainly exist, that ought to affect our whole being, our ears are merely filled with empty sounds, and our spirit feels no proper exaltation.

Yet I know two marvellous languages through which the Creator has granted men full power to grasp and comprehend heavenly matters — so far, that is (without speaking too boldly) as is possible for mortal creatures. They reach our inner man through a medium wholly different from the help of words; they stir our entire being immediately and in marvellous manner; they penetrate through every nerve and every blood-drop which is ours. One of these marvellous languages is spoken by God alone; the other only by a few chosen souls among men whom He has anointed as His favorites. I mean Nature and Art.

From earliest youth down, since I first learned to know the God of men from the ancient holy books of our religion, Nature was always for me the most fundamental and clear revelation concerning His being and attributes. The sighing of winds in the forest boughs, and the thunder's roll have told me secret truths of Him, which I cannot reduce to words. A beautiful valley, encircled with romantic forms of rock, or a smooth river wherein the bending trees cast their reflection, or a cheery green meadow

bright with radiance from the blue heaven — ah, these objects have stirred in my inmost heart more marvellous emotions, have filled my spirit more inwardly with the omnipotence and love of God, have more purified and exalted my entire soul — than the language of words could ever do. That is, I think, a far too earthly and clumsy tool for handling the incorporeal as it does the corporeal.

I find here a great occasion for praising the Creator's power and goodness. He has surrounded us mortals with an endless multitude of objects, each with its own peculiar nature, each beyond our understanding and comprehension. We do not know what a tree is, nor a meadow, nor a rock; we cannot talk with them in our language; we can merely understand one another. Nevertheless the Creator has implanted in human hearts such a marvellous sympathy for these objects that in unknown ways they bring to our minds feelings or thoughts, or whatever you please to call them, which we never can express in words at all.

The zeal of the worldly-wise for truth, praiseworthy in itself, has led them astray. They have attempted to uncover the secrets of Heaven, and set these up among earthly objects in an earthly illumination; and in strenuous defence of themselves they have banished from their breasts these obscure intimations of those secrets. Has feeble man the power to throw light on the secrets of Heaven? Does he rashly think that he can drag into open day what God has covered with His hand? Shall he feel free to thrust haughtily from him those obscure emotions which descend to us like veiled angels? I honor them in deep humility, for it is a great grace of God to send down among us these genuine witnesses of the truth. I fold my hands and pray.

Art is a form of language utterly different from Nature; but that also possesses, by similar occult and secret means, a marvellous power over human hearts. It speaks through images of men, and so makes use of a hieroglyphic writing, whose symbols we know and understand, as external expressions. But what is spiritual and beyond reason it blends with the visible shapes so touchingly and admirably that our whole being, in turn, and all that is in us is moved and thrilled to its depths. Many paintings

of Christ's passion, or of the holy Virgin, or of the history of saints, I dare well say, have more purified my soul and inspired more virtuous thoughts in my innermost heart than have systems of ethics and spiritual contemplation. Among others, I meditate still with glowing fervor on a supremely magnificent painted likeness of Saint Sebastian, as he stands naked bound to a tree, one angel drawing the arrows from his breast, and another angel bringing from heaven a garland for his head. To that painting I owe moods of Christian thought urgent and insistent, and even yet I can scarcely see that picture vividly in my mind's eye without bursting into tears.

The teachings of sages move only our brain, only one half of our being; but the two marvellous languages whose power I here proclaim, touch our senses as well as our souls. Or rather (I can express it in no way but this) all the parts of our being, incomprehensible to ourselves, seem to blend together into a new organum, which grasps and comprehends the miracles of Heaven in this twofold way.

The one of these languages which is spoken by the Most High Himself from eternity to eternity, unending, ever living Nature, leads us through the wide spaces of the air immediately up to the Godhead. Art, however, by the ingenious mixture of colored earth and a little moisture imitates the human figure striving toward inner perfection in a narrow, limited space, such a creation as mortal creatures are permitted to produce. It uncloses for us the treasures of the human breast, directs our glance toward our own inner nature, and shows us the invisible, I mean all that is noble, great, and godlike in human shape.

When I turn from contemplating Christ on the cross, and step from the consecrated chapel of our cloister out into the free air, when the sunshine from the blue sky encircles me warm and full of life, when the beautiful landscape, with mountains, streams, and trees appeals to my eye, — then I see a world that is God's own realm stretched out before me and feel in unwonted fashion great thoughts rise in my bosom. And when I step back into the chapel and contemplate with deep and earnest feeling the painting of Christ on the cross, then I see in turn another world that

is God's own realm stretched out before me and feel in another unwonted fashion great thoughts rise in my bosom.

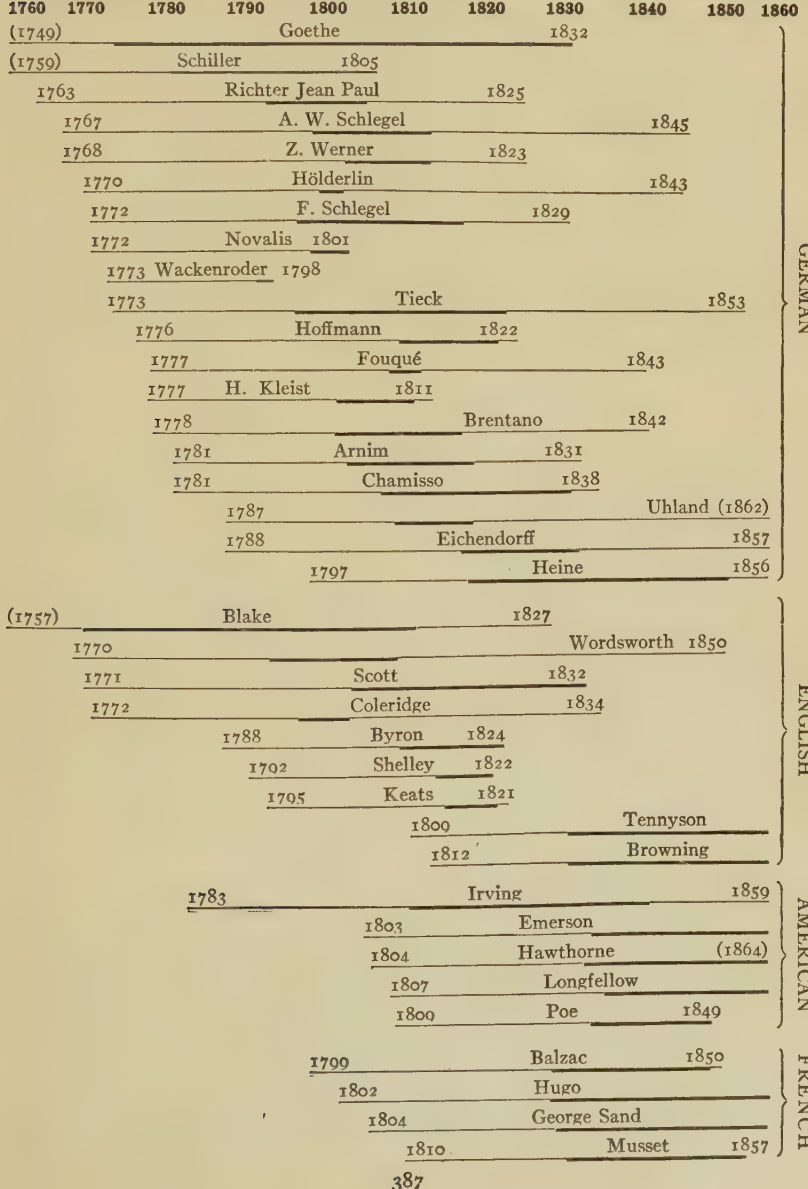
Art places before us the highest human perfection. Nature, as much of it as a mortal eye can see, resembles fragmentary oracular revelations from the mouth of the Godhead. Yet, if it be permitted to speak thus of such matters, one might perhaps say that God beholds all Nature, or the entire world, in the same way in which we do a work of art.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

A COMPARATIVE CHART OF ROMANTIC AUTHORS

(The part of the line in heavy black face shows the author's chief productive period)



APPENDIX B

DESIRABLE ADDITIONAL READINGS

THE following list contains only a few of the most valuable books. A much more complete list, to which ours is heavily indebted, can be found in B. Q. Morgan's "Bibliography of German Literature in English Translation," University of Wisconsin Studies, No. 16.

Books published or reprinted since 1900 are usually obtainable from the publishers, and are marked below with a double asterisk. The other books are usually out of print, but can be found in the larger libraries.

A. GENERAL COLLECTIONS

**1. The German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, edited by Kuno Francke and W. G. Howard, New York, German Publishing Society 1913-15. (Volumes IV and V contain selections, generally well rendered, from most of the leading Romanticists.)

2. The Poetry of Germany, by A. Baskerville, Leipzig, Mayer; New York, Garrigue; London, Williams & Norgate 1853. 14th Edition, Philadelphia, Schaefer & Konradi 1886. (Selections from several Romanticists, well chosen and literal; poetry often good, sometimes cramped by too slavish adherence to original.)

3. Prose writers of Germany, by F. H. Hedge; Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, 1849. New edition revised and enlarged, Philadelphia, Potter & Coates 1870. (Selections from Fichte, the Schlegels, Schleiermacher, Novalis, Tieck, Chamisso, Hoffmann. Well rendered.)

B. INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER

1. The Death of an Angel, and other Pieces. Translated by A. Kenny, London, Black, 1839. (Sixty-eight prose selections.)

2. The Campagner Thal, and other Writings, Boston, Ticknor & Field, 1864. (Translations by Juliette Bauer, T. Carlyle, T. De Quincey.)

3. Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Siebenkäs. Translated by E. H. Noel, London, Smith, 1845; Boston, Ticknor & Field, 1863.

4. Hesperus; or Forty-five Dog-Post-Days. Translated by C. T. Brooks. Boston, Ticknor & Field, 1865.

5. The Invisible Lodge. Translated by C. T. Brooks, New York, Holt, 1883.
**6. Life of Quintus Fixlein. In T. Carlyle's German Romance, or Tales by Musaeus, Tieck, Richter, New York, Scribner's, 1874.
7. Titan, a Romance. Translated by C. T. Brooks. Boston, Ticknor; London, Trübner, 1862.

AUGUST WILHELM SCHLEGEL

1. A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. Translated by F. Black, London, for Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, 1815; revised by A. J. W. Morrison, London, 1871. Bohn's Standard Library, second edition, London, G. Bell & Sons, 1886.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL

1. The Aesthetic and Miscellaneous Works. Translated by Ellen T. Millington, London, G. Bell & Sons, 1889 (style poor), Bohn's Standard Library.
2. Lectures on the History of Literature Ancient and Modern. Translated by F. G. Lockhart, Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1818. New Edition, 1846.
3. A Course of Lectures on Modern History. Translated by L. Purcell and R. H. Whitelock, London, 1886. Bohn's Standard Library.

NOVALIS

1. Henry of Ofterdingen. Cambridge, Mass. Translated by John Owen, 1843. New York; Moore, 1853. Wiley, 1853.
2. Rampolli, by George MacDonald, London, Longmans, Green & Co., 1897. (Contains translations of Hymns to Night and Spiritual Songs.)

LUDWIG TIECK

**1. German Romance, Specimens of its chief authors. Boston, Munroe, 1841, or Tales by Musaeus, Tieck, Richter, New York, Scribner's, 1874. Recent reprints. (Translations by T. Carlyle of five of Tieck's best short stories.)

CLEMENS BRENTANO

1. Fairy Tales told by Kate F. Kroeker, London, Unwin, 1885. New Fairy Tales, 1888. Fairy Tales in English. New Edition, 1890.
**2. Gockel, Hinkel, and Gackeleia. Translated by Helen B. Dole, New York, Silver, Burdett & Co., 1914.

LUDWIG UHLAND

1. Poems. Translated by A. Platt, Leipzig, 1848.
2. Songs and Ballads of Uhland. Translated by W. W. Skeat, London, Williams & Norgate, 1864. (A little bookish and stiff in diction, but otherwise excellent.)

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

**1. The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl. Translated by T. Bolton, New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1923.

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

**1. The Happy-Go-Lucky, or Leaves from the Life of a Good-for-Nothing. Translated by Mrs. Wister. Illustrated, P. Johann, E. Konold, and Eva N. Wolf. Philadelphia; London, Lippincott, 1906.

FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

There are many translations of Fouqué, most of which are not very good. The following can be recommended:

1. The Magic Ring, A Romance. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, 1825.
**2. Undine and other Tales. Translated by F. E. Bunnett, New York, Burt, 1901.
**3. Undine. Translated by Gosse. New edition, Sidgwick & J., 1912.
**4. Undine, a Romance. Translated by G. P. Upton, Chicago, McClurg, 1908.
**5. Undine. Bunnett's translation, New York, McLaughlin, 1911.
**6. Two of Fouqué's short novels in Complete Works of T. Carlyle.

ERNST THEODOR AMADEUS HOFFMANN

**1. Serapion Brethren. Translated by Major Alexander Ewing, London, Bell, 1886–92, two volumes. Macmillan, 1902. (An excellent rendering of Hoffmann's best work.)
**2. Weird Tales. New Translation by J. T. Bealby, New York, Scribner's, 1885, 1896, 1923.
**The Golden Jar. With tales of Tieck by Carlyle. See above.

C. HISTORIES OF THE GERMAN ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

The best books in this field are those of Rudolph Haym, Ricarda Huch, Oscar Walzel and Josef Nadler, but these are German works that have not yet been translated. The best books in English for general readers are the following:

**1. An Outline of German Romanticism, by A. W. Porterfield, Ginn & Co., 1914. (Somewhat cramped by the needs of a textbook, but one of the most thorough and reliable books in the field.)
**2. Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany, by R. M. Wernaer, New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1910. (A sympathetic study of the earlier Romanticists and their attitude toward life).
**3. The Romantic School in Germany, by Georg Brandes. Volume II of his Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. The Macmillan Co., New York. (This book is written in a partisan spirit hostile to Romanticism. It is usually unfair and sometimes inaccurate, but it is interestingly written and contains a great deal of valuable material.)
4. The Romantic School by Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleischman, New York, Holt, 1882. (Much more hostile and unjust even than Brandes, but delightful in style and full of interesting comments.)

D. GENERAL HISTORIES OF GERMAN LITERATURE

Interesting and helpful chapters on German Romanticism can be found in the following books:

1. Essays on German Literature, by H. H. Boyesen, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892.

2. Social Forces in German Literature, by Kuno Francke, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1896.

3. Outlines of German Literature, by Gostwick and Harrison, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1873.

4. Hours with German Classics, by F. H. Hedge, Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1886.

5. German Thought, by Karl Hillebrand, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1880.

6. A Short History of German Literature. Revised edition by J. K. Hosmer, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891.

**7. A Brief History of German Literature, by G. M. Priest, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

**8. The Literature of Germany, by J. G. Robertson, New York, Henry Holt & Co.; London, Williams & Norgate. Without date.

9. A History of German Literature, by Wilhelm Scherer. Translated from the third German edition by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886.

**10. Modern German Literature, by B. W. Wells. Second edition revised and enlarged, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1904.

APPENDIX C

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPARATIVE READINGS

With Tieck's "Runenberg" *cf.* (for general symbolism, not for details) Hawthorne's "Birthmark" and "Ethan Brand."

With Hoffmann's "The Vow" *cf.* (a) for penitent's mask, Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil"; (b) for clairvoyant element Poe's "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains."

With Brentano's "The Just Casper and Fair Annie" *cf.* "The Headsman" in "Tales from Blackwood" (reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine).

With Eichendorff's "Marble Statue" *cf.* William Morris's "Hill of Venus" and Swinburne's "Laus Veneris."

With Kleist's "Kaethchen of Heilbronn" *cf.* Longfellow's "Golden Legend." (This was largely based on an old German rhymed tale, "Der Arme Heinrich.")

With Chamisso's "Lady of Castle Windeck" * *cf.* Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

With Chamisso's "The Apparition" *cf.* R. L. Stevenson's "Markheim" and Poe's "William Wilson."

With Hölderlin's "Evening Fantasy" *cf.* for both metre and atmosphere William Collins's "Ode on Evening."

With Uhland's "Cave of Bells" *cf.* Poe's "The Bells."

With Wackenroder's "Concerning Two Marvellous Languages" *cf.* Coleridge's "Sunrise Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni" and Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

* In W. C. Bryant's poems.

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